















*she turn'd away  
Her glancing eyes;*      *Vol. I. Book III. page 100.*

# ILIAD OF HOMER,

Translated by  
A. POPE, ESQ.



*She speeds to Lemnos, o'er the rolling deep,  
And seeks the cove, of Deaths half brother sleep.*  
Vol. II. Book XIX. page 44.

PHILADELPHIA

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Baltimore  
1813.

H. M. Mackenzie

Homerus.

111

THE

*W. S. L.*  
ILIAD *Hammer*

OF

1817

HOMER;

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK

BY

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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## PREFACE.

**H**OMER is universally allowed to have had the greatest Invention of any writer whatever. The praise of Judgment Virgil has justly contested with him, and others may have their pretensions as to particular excellencies; but his Invention remains yet unrivalled. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greatest of poets, who most excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the Invention that in different degrees distinguishes all great geniuses: the utmost stretch of human study, learning, and industry, which masters every thing besides, can never attain to this. It furnishes Art with all her materials, and without it, Judgment itself can at best but steal wisely: for Art is only like a prudent steward, that lives on managing the riches of Nature. Whatever praises may be given to works of judgment, there is not even a single beauty in them to which the Invention must not contribute; as in the most regular gardens, Art can only reduce the beauties of Nature to more regularity, and such a figure, as the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertained with. And perhaps the reason why common critics are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one, is because they find it easier for themselves, to pursue their observations through a uniform and bounded walk of Art, than to comprehend the vast and various extent of Nature.

Our author's work is a wild paradise, where if we cannot see all the beauties so distinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only because the number of them is infi-

nately greater. It is like a copious nursery, which contains the seeds and first productions of every kind, out of which those who followed him have but selected some particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If some things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the richness of the soil; and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only because they are overrun and oppressed by those of a stronger nature.

It is to the strength of this amazing Invention we are to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture, which is so forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical spirit is master of himself while he reads him. What he writes, is of the most animated nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was said or done as from a third person; the reader is hurried out of himself by the force of the Poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a spectator. The course of his verses resembles that of the army he describes,

Οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἴσαν, ὥς τε πυρὶ χθονὶ πᾶσα νεμοίη.

"They pour along like a fire that sweeps the whole "earth before it." It is however remarkable, that his fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not discovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fullest splendor: it grows in the progress both upon himself and others, and becomes on fire, like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact disposition, just thought, correct elocution, polished numbers, may have been found in a thousand; but this poetic fire, this "*vivida vis animi*," in a very few. Even in works where all those are imperfect or neglected, this can overpower criticism, and make us admire even while we disapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with absurdities, it brightens all the rubbish about it, till we



see nothing but its own splendor. This Fire is discerned in Virgil, but discerned as through a glass, reflected from Homer, more shining than fierce, but every where equal and constant: in Lucan and Statius, it bursts out in sudden, short, and interrupted flashes: in Milton it glows like a furnace kept up to an uncommon ardor by the force of art: in Shakspeare, it strikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven: but in Homer, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irresistibly.

I shall here endeavour to show, how this vast Invention exerts itself in a manner superior to that of any poet, through all the main constituent parts of his work, as it is the great and peculiar characteristic which distinguishes him from all other authors.

This strong and ruling faculty was like a powerful star, which, in the violence of its course, drew all things within its vortex. It seemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compass of nature, to supply his maxims and reflections; all the inward passions and affections of mankind, to furnish his characters; and all the outward forms and images of things for his descriptions; but wanting yet an ampler sphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the invention of Fable. That which Aristotle calls the "Soul of poetry," was first breathed into it by Homer. I shall begin with considering him in this part, as it is naturally the first, and I speak of it both as it means the design of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the Probable, the Allegorical, and the Marvellous. The Probable Fable is the recital of such actions as though they did not happen, yet might, in the common course of nature: or of such as, though they did, become fables by the additional episodes and manner of telling them. Of this sort is the main story of an Epic poem, the Return of Ulysses, the

Settlement of the Trojans in Italy, or the like. That of the *Iliad* is the Anger of Achilles, the most short and single subject that ever was chosen by any Poet. Yet this he has supplied with a vaster variety of incidents and events, and crowded with a greater number of councils, speeches, battles, and episodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in those poems whose schemes are of the utmost latitude and irregularity. The action is hurried on with the most vehement spirit, and its whole duration employs not so much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of so warm a genius, aided himself by taking in a more extensive subject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the design of both Homer's poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other Epic Poets have used the same practice, but generally carried it so far as to superinduce a multiplicity of fables, destroy the unity of action, and lose their readers in an unreasonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main design that they have been unable to add to his Invention, but they have followed him in every episode and part of story. If he has given a regular Catalogue of an Army, they all draw up their forces in the same order. If he has Funeral Games for Patroclus, Virgil has the same for Anchises; and Statius (rather than omit them) destroys the unity of his action for those of Archemoras. If Ulysses visits the shades, the *Æneas* of Virgil, and Scipio of Silius, are sent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of Calypso, so is *Æneas* by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be absent from the army on the score of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo must absent himself just as long, on the like account. If he gives his hero a suit of Celestial Armour, Virgil and Tasso make the same present to theirs. Virgil has not only observed this close imitation of Homer, but, where he had not led the way, supplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the story of Sinon and the taking of

Troy was copied (says Macrobius) almost word for word from Pisander, as the loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from those of Medea and Jason in Apollonius, and several others in the same manner.

To proceed to the Allegorical Fable: If we reflect upon those innumerable knowledges, those secrets of nature and physical philosophy, which Homer is generally supposed to have wrapped up in his Allegories, what a new and ample scene of wonder may this consideration afford us! how fertile will that imagination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and persons; and to introduce them into actions agreeable to the nature of the things they shadowed! This is a field in which no succeeding poets could dispute with Homer; and whatever commendations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarged his circle, but for their judgment in having contracted it. For when the mode of learning changed in following ages, and science was delivered in a plainer manner; it then became as reasonable in the more modern poets to lay it aside, as it was in Homer to make use of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumstance for Virgil, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of so great an invention, as might be capable of furnishing all those allegorical parts of a poem.

The Marvellous Fable includes whatever is supernatural, and especially the machines of the Gods. He seems the first who brought them into a system of machinery for poetry, and such a one as makes its greatest importance and dignity. For we find those authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the Gods, constantly laying their accusation against Homer as the chief support of it. But whatever cause there might be to blame his machines in a philosophical or religious view, they are so perfect in the poetic,

that mankind have been ever since contented to follow them: none have been able to enlarge the sphere of poetry beyond the limits he has set: every attempt of this nature has proved unsuccessful; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his Gods continue to this day the Gods of poetry.

We come now to the Characters of his Persons; and here we shall find no author has ever drawn so many, with so visible and surprising a variety, or given us such lively and affecting impressions of them. Every one has something so singularly his own, that no painter could have distinguished them more by their features, than the poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the distinctions he has observed in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The single quality of courage is wonderfully diversified in the several characters of the *Iliad*. That of Achilles is furious and intractable; that of Diomed forward, yet listening to advice and subject to command: that of Ajax is heavy, and self-confiding; of Hector, active and vigilant: the courage of Agamemnon is inspirited by love of empire and ambition: that of Menelaus mixed with softness and tenderness for his people: we find in Idomeneus a plain direct soldier, in Sarpedon a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and astonishing diversity to be found only in the principal quality which constitutes the main of each character, but even in the under parts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example, the main characters of Ulysses and Nestor consist in wisdom; and they are distinct in this, that the wisdom of one is artificial and various; of the other, natural, open, and regular. But they have, besides, characters of courage; and this quality also takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence: for one in the war depends still upon caution, the other upon experience. It would be endless to produce instances of these kinds. The charac-

ters of Virgil are far from striking us in this open manner; they lie in a great degree hidden and undistinguished, and where they are marked most evidently, affect us not in proportion to those of Homer. His characters of valor are much alike; even that of Turnus seems no way peculiar but as it is in a superior degree; and we see nothing that differences the courage of Menestheus from that of Sergestus, Cloanthus, or the rest. In like manner it may be remarked of Statius's heroes, that an air of impetuosity runs through them all; the same horrid and savage courage appears in his Capaneus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, &c. They have a parity of character, which makes them seem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this track of reflection, if he will pursue it through the Epic and Tragic writers, he will be convinced how infinitely superior in this point the Invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The Speeches are to be considered as they flow from the characters, being perfect or defective as they agree or disagree with the manners of those who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in the Iliad, so there is of speeches, than in any other poem. Every thing in it has manners (as Aristotle expresses it); that is, every thing is acted or spoken. It is hardly credible, in a work of such length, how small a number of lines are employed in narration. In Virgil the dramatic part is less in proportion to the narrative; and the speeches often consist of general reflections or thoughts, which might be equally just in any person's mouth upon the same occasion. As many of his persons have no apparent characters, so many of his speeches escape being applied and judged by the rule of propriety. We oftener think of the author himself when we read Virgil, than when we are engaged in Homer; all of which are the effects of a colder invention, that interests us less in the action described: Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

If in the next place we take a view of the Sentiments, the same presiding faculty is eminent in the sublimity and spirit of his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excelled. What were alone sufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his sentiments in general, is, that they have so remarkable a parity with those of the Scripture: Duport, in his *Gnomologia Homerica*, has collected innumerable instances of this sort. And it is with justice an excellent modern writer allows, that if Virgil has not so many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not so many that are sublime and noble; and that the Roman author seldom rises into very astonishing sentiments, where he is not fired by the *Iliad*.

If we observe his Descriptions, Images, and Similes, we shall find the Invention still predominant. To what else can we ascribe that vast comprehension of images of every sort, where we see each circumstance of art, and individual of nature summoned together, by the extent and fecundity of his imagination; to which all things, in their various views, presented themselves in an instant, and had their impressions taken off to perfection, at a heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full prospects of things, but several unexpected peculiarities and side-views, unobserved by any painter but Homer. Nothing is so surprising as the descriptions of his battles, which take up no less than half the *Iliad*, and are supplied with so vast a variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeness to another; such different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the same manner; and such a profusion of noble ideas, that every battle rises above the last in greatness, horror, and confusion. It is certain there is not near that number of images and descriptions in any Epic Poet; though every one has assisted himself with a great quantity out of him: and it is evident of Virgil espe-

cially, that he has scarce any Comparisons which are not drawn from his master.

If we descend from hence to the Expression, we see the bright imagination of Homer shining out in the most enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction, the first who taught that language of the Gods to men. His expression is like the coloring of some great masters, which discovers itself to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is indeed the strongest and most glowing imaginable, and touched with the greatest spirit. Aristotle had reason to say, He was the only poet who had found out living words; there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author whatever. An arrow is impatient to be on the wing, and a weapon thirsts to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like. Yet his expression is never too big for the sense, but justly great in proportion to it. It is the sentiment that swells and fills out the diction, which rises with it, and forms itself about it: for in the same degree that a thought is warmer, an expression will be brighter; as that is more strong, this will become more perspicuous: like glass in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude and refines to a greater clearness, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intense.

To throw his language more out of prose, Homer seems to have affected the Compound Epithets. This was a sort of composition peculiarly proper to poetry, not only as it heightened the diction, but as it assisted and filled the numbers with greater sound and pomp, and likewise conduced in some measure to thicken the images. On this last consideration I cannot but attribute these also to the fruitfulness of his Invention, since (as he has managed them) they are a sort of supernumerary pictures of the persons or things to which they are joined. We see the motion of Hector's plumes in the epithet *κορυβαίολος*, the landscape

of mount Neritus in that of εἰνοσιφυλλος, and so of others; which particular images could not have been insisted upon so long as to express them in a description (though but of a single line) without diverting the reader too much from the principal action or figure. As a metaphor is a short simile, one of these epithets is a short description.

Lastly, if we consider his Versification, we shall be sensible what a share of praise is due to his Invention in that. He was not satisfied with his language as he found it settled in any one part of Greece, but searched through its differing dialects with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers: he considered these as they had a greater mixture of vowels or consonants, and accordingly employed them as the verse required either a greater smoothness or strength. What he most affected was the Ionic, which has a peculiar sweetness from its never using contractions, and from its custom of resolving the diphthongs into two syllables; so as to make the words open themselves with a more spreading and sonorous fluency. With this he mingled the Attic contractions, the broader Doric, and the feebler Æolic, which often rejects its aspirate, or takes off its accent; and completed this variety by altering some letters with the license of poetry. Thus his measures, instead of being fetters to his sense, were always in readiness to run along with the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a further representation of his notions, in the correspondence of their sounds to what they signified. Out of all these he has derived that harmony, which makes us confess he had not only the richest head, but the finest ear in the world. This is so great a truth, that whoever will but consult the tune of his verses, even without understanding them (with the same sort of diligence as we daily see practised in the case of Italian Operas) will find more sweetness, variety, and majesty of sound, than in any other language or poetry. The beauty of his numbers



is allowed by the critics to be copied but faintly by Virgil himself, though they are so just as to ascribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue: indeed the Greek has some advantages both from the natural sound of its words, and the turn and cadence of its verse, which agree with the genius of no other language. Virgil was very sensible of this, and used the utmost diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatsoever graces it was capable of; and in particular never failed to bring the sound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its sense. If the Grecian poet has not been so frequently celebrated on this account as the Roman, the only reason is, that fewer critics have understood one language than the other. Dionysius of Halicarnassus has pointed out many of our author's beauties of this kind, in his treatise of the Composition of Words. It suffices at present to observe of his numbers, that they flow with so much ease, as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to transcribe as fast as the Muses dictated: and at the same time with so much force and inspiriting vigor, that they awaken and raise us like the sound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full; while we are borne away by a tide of verse, the most rapid, and yet the most smooth imaginable.

Thus, on whatever side we contemplate Homer, what principally strikes us is his Invention. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more extensive and copious than any other, his manners more lively and strongly marked, his speeches more affecting and transported, his sentiments more warm and sublime, his images and descriptions more full and animated, his expression more raised and daring, and his numbers more rapid and various. I hope, in what has been said of Virgil, with regard to any of these heads, I have no way derogated from his

character. Nothing is more absurd or endless, than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an opposition of particular passages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and distinguishing excellence of each: it is in that we are to consider him, and in proportion to his degree in that we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty; and as Homer has done this in Invention, Virgil has in Judgment. Not that we are to think Homer wanted Judgment, because Virgil possessed it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted Invention, because Homer had a larger share of it: each of these great authors had more of both than perhaps any man besides, and are only said to have less in comparison with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist. In one we most admire the man, in the other the work: Homer hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity, Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty: Homer scatters with a generous profusion, Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundless overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets resemble the heroes they celebrate: Homer, boundless and irresistible as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the tumult increases; Virgil, calmly daring like Æneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action; disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But after all, it is with great parts, as with great virtues, they naturally border on some imperfection; and it is often hard to distinguish exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may sometimes sink to suspicion, so may a great judgment decline to coldness; and as magnanimity may run up to profusion or extravagance, so may a great invention to redundancy or wildness. If we look upon Homer in this view, we shall perceive the chief objections against him to proceed from so noble a cause as the excess of this faculty.

Among these we may reckon some of his Marvellous Fictions, upon which so much criticism has been spent, as surpassing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and superior souls, as with gigantic bodies, which, exerting themselves with unusual strength, exceed what is commonly thought the due proportion of parts, to become miracles in the whole; and like the old heroes of that make, commit something near extravagance, amidst a series of glories and inimitable performances. Thus Homer has his speaking Horses, and Virgil his Myrtles distilling blood, where the latter has not so much as contrived the easy intervention of a Deity to save the probability.

It is owing to the same vast Invention, that his similes have been thought too exuberant and full of circumstances. The force of this faculty is seen in nothing more, than in its inability to confine itself to that single circumstance upon which the comparison is grounded: it runs out into embellishments of additional images, which however are so managed as not to overpower the main one. His similes are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeable to the original, but is also set off with occasional ornaments and prospects. The same will account for his manner of heaping a number of comparisons together in one breath, when his fancy sug-

gested to him at once so many various and correspondent images. The reader will easily extend this observation to more objections of the same kind.

If there are others which seem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowness of genius, than an excess of it; those seeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he lived in. Such are his grosser representations of the Gods, and the vitious and imperfect manners of his Heroes; but I must here speak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carried into extremes, both by the censurers and defenders of Homer. It must be a strange partiality to antiquity, to think with Madam Dacier, "that those times and manners are so much the more excellent, as they are more contrary to ours."\* Who can be so prejudiced in their favor as to magnify the felicity of those ages, when a spirit of revenge and cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and robbery, reigned through the world; when no mercy was shown but for the sake of lucre; when the greatest princes were put to the sword, and their wives and daughters made slaves and concubines? On the other side, I would not be so delicate as those modern critics, who are shocked at the servile offices and mean employments in which we sometimes see the heroes of Homer engaged. There is a pleasure in taking a view of that simplicity in opposition to the luxury of succeeding ages, in beholding monarchs without their guards, princes tending their flocks, and princesses drawing water from the springs. When we read Homer, we ought to reflect that we are reading the most ancient author in the heathen world; and those who consider him in this light, will double their pleasure in the perusal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now no more; that they are stepping almost three thousand years back into the remotest antiquity, and

\* Preface to her Homer.

entertaining themselves with a clear and surprising vision of things no where else to be found, the only true mirror of that ancient world. By this means alone their greatest obstacles will vanish; and what usually creates their dislike, will become a satisfaction.

This consideration may further serve to answer for the constant use of the same epithets to his Gods and Heroes, such as the far-darting Phœbus, the blue-eyed Pallas, the swift-footed Achilles, &c. which some have censured as impertinent and tedious repetitions. Those of the Gods depended upon the powers and offices then believed to belong to them, and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and solemn devotions in which they were used: they were a sort of attributes with which it was a matter of religion to salute them on all occasions, and which it was an irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Mons. Boileau is of opinion, that they were in the nature of surnames, and repeated as such; for the Geeeks, having no names derived from their fathers, were obliged to add some other distinction of each person; either naming his parents expressly, or his place of birth, profession, or the like: as Alexander the son of Philip, Herodotus of Halicarnassus, Diogenes the Cynic, &c. Homer therefore complying with the custom of his country, used such distinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And indeed we have something parallel to these in modern times, such as the names of Harold Harefoot, Edmund Ironside, Edward Longshanks, Edward the Black Prince, &c. If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I shall add a further conjecture. Hesiod, dividing the world into its different ages, has placed a fourth age between the brazen and the iron one, of "Heroes distinct from other men: a divine race, who fought at Thebes and Troy, are called "Demigods, and live by the care of Jupiter in the

“ islands of the blessed.”\* Now among the divine honors which were paid them, they might have this also in common with the Gods, not to be mentioned without the solemnity of an epithet, and such as might be acceptable to them by its celebrating their families, actions, or qualities.

What other cavils have been raised against Homer, are such as hardly deserve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the course of the work. Many have been occasioned by an injudicious endeavour to exalt Virgil; which is much the same, as if one should think to raise the superstructure by undermining the foundation: one would imagine by the whole course of their parallels, that these critics never so much as heard of Homer's having written first; a consideration which whoever compares these two poets, ought to have always in his eye. Some accuse him for the same things which they overlook or praise in the other; as when they prefer the fable and moral of the *Æneis* to those of the *Iliad*, for the same reasons which might set the *Odyssey* above the *Æneis*: as that the hero is a wiser man; and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other: or else they blame him for not doing what he never designed; as because Achilles is not as good and perfect a prince as *Æneas*, when the very moral of his poem required a contrary character: it is thus that Rapin judges in his comparison of Homer and Virgil. Others select those particular passages of Homer, which are not so labored as some that Virgil drew out of them: this is the whole management of Scaliger in his *Poetics*. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expressions, sometimes through a false delicacy and refinement, oftener from an ignorance of the graces of the original; and then triumph in the awkwardness of their own translations; this is the con-

\* Hesiod. lib. i. v. 155, &c.

duct of Perault in his *Parallels*. Lastly, there are others, who, pretending to a fairer proceeding, distinguish between the personal merit of Homer, and that of his work; but when they come to assign the causes of the great reputation of the *Iliad*, they found it upon the ignorance of his times, and the prejudice of those that followed: and in pursuance of this principle, they make those accidents (such as the contention of the cities, &c.) to be the causes of his fame, which were in reality the consequences of his merit. The same might as well be said of Virgil, or any great author, whose general character will infallibly raise many casual additions to their reputation. This is the method of Mons. de la Motte; who yet confesses upon the whole, that in whatever age Homer had lived, he must have been the greatest poet of his nation, and that he may be said in this sense to be the master even of those who surpassed him.

In all these objections we see nothing that contradicts his title to the honor of the chief Invention; and as long as this (which is indeed the characteristic of poetry itself) remains unequalled by his followers, he still continues superior to them. A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the eyes of one sort of critics: but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudest and most universal applauses, which holds the heart of a reader under the strongest enchantment. Homer not only appears the inventor of poetry, but excels all the inventors of other arts in this, that he has swallowed up the honor of those who succeeded him. What he has done admitted no increase, it only left room for contraction or regulation. He showed all the stretch of fancy at once; and if he has failed in some of his flights, it was but because he attempted every thing. A work of this kind seems like a mighty tree which rises from the most vigorous seed, is improved with industry, flourishes, and produces the finest fruit; nature and art conspire

to raise it; pleasure and profit join to make it valuable: and they who find the justest faults, have only said, that a few branches (which run luxuriant through a richness of nature) might be lopped into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now spoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the translation, with the same view to the chief characteristic. As far as that is seen in the main parts of the poem, such as the fable, manners, and sentiments, no translator can prejudice it but by wilful omissions or contractions. As it also breaks out in every particular image, description, and simile; whoever lessens or too much softens those, takes off from this chief character. It is the first grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unmaimed; and for the rest, the diction and versification only are his proper province; since these must be his own; but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It should then be considered what methods may afford some equivalent in our language for the graces of these in the Greek. It is certain no literal translation can be just to an excellent original in a superior language: but it is a great mistake to imagine (as many have done) that a rash paraphrase can make amends for this general defect; which is no less in danger to lose the spirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern manners of expression. If there be sometimes a darkness, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better preserves than a version almost literal. I know no liberties one ought to take, but those which are necessary for transfusing the spirit of the original, and supporting the poetical style of the translation: and I will venture to say, there have not been more men misled in former times by a servile dull adherence to the latter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical insolent hope of raising and improving their author. It is not



to be doubted that the fire of the poem is what a translator should principally regard, as it is most likely to expire in his managing: however, it is his safest way to be content with preserving this to his utmost in the whole, without endeavouring to be more than he finds his author is, in any particular place. It is a great secret in writing to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us, if we will but follow modestly in his footsteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raise ours as high as we can; but where his is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterred from imitating him by the fear of incurring the censure of a mere English critic. Nothing that belongs to Homer seems to have been more commonly mistaken than the just pitch of his style: some of his translators having swelled into fustian in a proud confidence of the sublime; others sunk into flatness in a cold and timorous notion of simplicity. Methinks I see these different followers of Homer, some sweating and straining after him by violent leaps and bounds (the certain signs of false mettle;) others slowly and servilely creeping in his train, while the poet himself is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majesty before them. However, of the two extremes, one could sooner pardon frenzy than frigidity: no author is to be envied for such commendations as he may gain by that character of style, which his friends must agree together to call simplicity, and the rest of the world will call dulness. There is a graceful and dignified simplicity, as well as a bald and sordid one, which differ as much from each other as the air of a plain man from that of a sloven: it is one thing to be tricked up, and another not to be dressed at all. Simplicity is the mean between ostentation and rusticity.

This pure and noble simplicity is no where in such perfection as in the Scripture and our author. One may affirm, with all respect to the inspired writings,

that the divine Spirit made use of no other words but what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and as Homer is the author nearest to those, his style must of course bear a greater resemblance to the sacred books than that of any other writer. This consideration (together with what has been observed of the parity of some of his thoughts) may methinks induce a translator on the one hand to give into several of those general phrases and manners of expression, which have attained a veneration even in our language from being used in the Old Testament; as on the other, to avoid those which have been appropriated to the Divinity, and in a manner consigned to mystery and religion.

For a further preservation of this air of simplicity, a particular care should be taken to express with all plainness those moral sentences and proverbial speeches which are so numerous in this poet. They have something venerable, and as I may say oracular, in that unadorned gravity and shortness with which they were delivered: a grace which would be utterly lost by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is, a more modern) turn in the paraphrase.

Perhaps the mixture of some Grecisms and old words after the manner of Milton, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a version of this particular work, which most of any other seems to require a venerable antique cast. But certainly the use of modern terms of war and government, such as platoon, campaign, junto, or the like, (into which some of his translators have fallen) cannot be allowable; those only excepted, without which it is impossible to treat the subjects in any living language.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction which are a sort of marks, or moles, by which every common eye distinguishes him at first sight: those

who are not his greatest admirers look upon them as defects, and those who are, seem pleased with them as beauties. I speak of his compound epithets, and of his repetitions. Many of the former cannot be done literally into English, without destroying the purity of our language. I believe such should be retained as slide easily of themselves into an English compound, without violence to the ear or to the received rules of composition; as well as those which have received a sanction from the authority of our best poets, and are become familiar through their use of them; such as the cloud-compelling Jove, &c. As for the rest, whenever any can be as fully and significantly expressed in a single word as in a compound one, the course to be taken is obvious.

Some that cannot be so turned as to preserve their full image by one or two words, may have justice done them by circumlocution; as the epithet *εινοσιφυλλος* to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous translated literally "leaf-shaking," but affords a majestic idea in the periphrasis: "The lofty mountain shakes his waving woods." Others that admit of differing significations, may receive an advantage by a judicious variation according to the occasions on which they are introduced. For example, the epithet of Apollo, *εκηβολος*, or "far-shooting," is capable of two explanations; one literal in respect to the darts and bow, the ensigns of that God; the other allegorical with regard to the rays of the sun: therefore in such places where Apollo is represented as a God in person, I would use the former interpretation; and where the effects of the sun are described, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be necessary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the same epithets which we find in Homer; and which, though it might be accommodated (as has been already shown) to the ear of those times, is by no means so to ours: but one may wait for opportunities of placing them, where they

derive an additional beauty from the occasions on which they are employed; and in doing this properly, a translator may at once show his fancy and his judgment.

As for Homer's repetitions, we may divide them into three sorts; of whole narrations and speeches, of single sentences, and of one verse or hemistich. I hope it is not impossible to have such a regard to these, as neither to lose so known a mark of the author on the one hand, nor to offend the reader too much on the other. The repetition is not ungraceful in those speeches where the dignity of the speaker renders it a sort of insolence to alter his words; as in the messages from gods to men, or from higher powers to inferiors in concerns of state, or where the ceremonial of religion seems to require it, in the solemn forms of prayers, oaths, or the like. In other cases, I believe, the best rule is, to be guided by the nearness, or distance, at which the repetitions are placed in the original: when they follow too close, one may vary the expression; but it is a question whether a professed translator be authorized to omit any: if they be tedious, the author is to answer for it.

It only remains to speak of the versification. Homer (as has been said) is perpetually applying the sound to the sense, and varying it on every new subject. This is indeed one of the most exquisite beauties of poetry, and attainable by very few: I know only of Homer eminent for it in the Greek, and Virgil in Latin. I am sensible it is what may sometimes happen by chance, when a writer is warm, and fully possessed of his image: however it may be reasonably believed they designed this, in whose verse it so manifestly appears in a superior degree to all others. Few readers have the ear to be judges of it; but those who have, will see I have endeavoured at this beauty.

Upon the whole, I must confess myself utterly incapable of doing justice to Homer. I attempt him

in no other hope but that which one may entertain without much vanity, of giving a more tolerable copy of him than any entire translation in verse has yet done. We have only those of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. Chapman has taken the advantage of an immeasurable length of verse, notwithstanding which, there is scarce any paraphrase more loose and rambling than his. He has frequent interpolations of four or six lines, and I remember one in the thirteenth book of the *Odyssey*, ver. 312, where he has spun twenty verses out of two. He is often mistaken in so bold a manner, that one might think he deviated on purpose, if he did not in other places of his notes insist so much upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a strong affectation of extracting new meanings out of his author, insomuch as to promise, in his rhyming preface, a poem of the mysteries he had revealed in Homer: and perhaps he endeavoured to strain the obvious sense to this end. His expression is involved in fustian, a fault for which he was remarkable in his original writings, as in the tragedy of *Bussy d'Amboise*, &c. In a word, the nature of the man may account for his whole performance; for he appears, from his preface and remarks, to have been of an arrogant turn, and an enthusiast in poetry. His own boast of having finished half the *Iliad* in less than fifteen weeks, shows with what negligence his version was performed. But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery spirit that animates his translation, which is something like what one might imagine Homer himself would have writ before he arrived at years of discretion.

Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the sense in general; but for particulars and circumstances he continually lops them, and often omits the most beautiful. As for its being esteemed a close translation, I doubt not many have been led into that

error by the shortness of it, which proceeds not from his following the original line by line, but from the contractions above mentioned. He sometimes omits whole similes and sentences, and is now and then guilty of mistakes, into which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but through carelessness. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's, is too mean for criticism.

It is a great loss to the poetical world that Mr. Dryden did not live to translate the *Iliad*. He has left us only the first book, and a small part of the sixth; in which if he has in some places not truly interpreted the sense, or preserved the antiquities, it ought to be excused on account of the haste he was obliged to write in. He seems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whose words he sometimes copies, and has unhappily followed him in passages where he wanders from the original. However, had he translated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil, his version of whom (notwithstanding some human errors) is the most noble and spirited translation I know in any language. But the fate of great geniuses is like that of great ministers, though they are confessedly the first in the commonwealth of letters, they must be envied and calumniated only for being at the head of it.

That which, in my opinion, ought to be the endeavour of any one who translates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that spirit and fire which make his chief character: in particular places, where the sense can bear any doubt, to follow the strongest and most poetical, as most agreeing with that character; to copy him in all the variations of his style, and the different modulations of his numbers; to preserve, in the more active or descriptive parts, a warmth and elevation; in the more sedate or narrative, a plainness and solemnity; in the speeches, a fulness and perspicuity; in the sentences, a shortness and gravity: not to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words;

nor sometimes the very cast of the periods; neither to omit nor confound any rites or customs of antiquity: perhaps too he ought to include the whole in a shorter compass, than has hitherto been done by any translator, who has tolerably preserved either the sense or poetry. What I would further recommend to him is, to study his author rather from his own text, than from any commentaries, how learned soever, or whatever figure they may make in the estimation of the world; to consider him attentively in comparison with Virgil above all the ancients, and with Milton above all the moderns. Next these, the archbishop of Cambray's *Telemachus* may give him the truest idea of the spirit and turn of our author, and Bossu's admirable treatise of the epic poem the justest notion of his design and conduct. But after all, with whatever judgment and study a man may proceed, or with whatever happiness he may perform such a work, he must hope to please but a few; those only who have at once a taste of poetry, and competent learning. For to satisfy such as want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking; since a mere modern wit can like nothing that is not modern, and a pedant nothing that is not Greek.

What I have done is submitted to the public, from whose opinions I am prepared to learn; though I fear no judges so little as our best poets, who are most sensible of the weight of this task. As for the worst, whatever they shall please to say, they may give me some concern as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this translation by judgments very different from theirs, and by persons for whom they can have no kindness, if an old observation be true, that the strongest antipathy in the world is that of fools to men of wit. Mr. Addison was the first whose advice determined me to undertake this task, who was pleased to write to me upon that occasion in such terms as I cannot repeat

without vanity. I was obliged to Sir Richard Steele for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the public. Dr. Swift promoted my interest with that warmth with which he always serves his friend. The humanity and frankness of Sir Samuel Garth are what I never knew wanting on any occasion. I must also acknowledge, with infinite pleasure, the many friendly offices, as well as sincere criticisms of Mr. Congreve, who had led me the way in translating some parts of Homer; as I wish for the sake of the world he had prevented me in the rest. I must add the names of Mr. Rowe and Dr. Parnell, though I shall take a further opportunity of doing justice to the last, whose good-nature (to give it a great panegyric) is no less extensive than his learning. The favour of these gentlemen is not entirely undeserved by one who bears them so true an affection. But what can I say of the honour so many of the great have done me, while the first names of the age appear as my subscribers, and the most distinguished patrons and ornaments of learning as my chief encouragers? Among these it is a particular pleasure to me to find, that my highest obligations are to such who have done most honour to the name of poet: that his grace the duke of Buckingham was not displeased I should undertake the author to whom he has given (in his excellent essay) so complete a praise.

“ Read Homer once, and you can read no more;  
“ For all books else appear so mean, so poor,  
“ Verse will seem Prose: but still persist to read,  
“ And Homer will be all the books you need.”

That the earl of Halifax was one of the first to favor me, of whom it is hard to say whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his generosity or his example. That such a genius as my lord Bolingbroke, not more distinguished in the great



scenes of business, than in all the useful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refused to be the critic of these sheets, and the patron of their writer. And that so excellent an imitator of Homer as the noble author of the tragedy of Heroic Love, has continued his partiality to me, from my writing Pastorals, to my attempting the Iliad. I cannot deny myself the pride of confessing, that I have had the advantage not only of their advice for the conduct in general, but their correction of several particulars of this translation.

I could say a great deal of the pleasure of being distinguished by the earl of Carnarvon; but it is almost absurd to particularize any one generous action in a person whose whole life is a continued series of them. Mr. Stanhope, the present secretary of state, will pardon my desire of having it known that he was pleased to promote this affair. The particular zeal of Mr. Harcourt (the son of the late lord chancellor) gave me a proof how much I am honored in a share of his friendship. I must attribute to the same motive that of several others of my friends, to whom all acknowledgments are rendered unnecessary by the privileges of a familiar correspondence: and I am satisfied I can no way better oblige men of their turn, than by my silence.

In short, I have found more patrons than ever Homer wanted. He would have thought himself happy to have met the same favor at Athens, that has been shown me by its learned rival, the university of Oxford. If my author had the wits of after-ages for his defenders, his translator has had the beauties of the present for his advocates; a pleasure too great to be changed for any fame in reversion. And I can hardly envy him those pompous honours he received after death, when I reflect on the enjoyment of so many agreeable obligations, and easy friendships, which make the satisfaction of life. This distinction is the

the more to be acknowledged, as it is shown to one whose pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular parties, or the vanities of particular men. Whatever the success may prove, I shall never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienced the candor and friendship of so many persons of merit; and in which I hope to pass some of those years of youth that are generally lost in a circle of follies, after a manner neither wholly unuseful to others, nor disagreeable to myself.

THE  
**ILIAD.**

BOOK I.

## ARGUMENT.

### *The Contention of Achilles and Agamemnon,*

In the war of Troy, the Greeks, having sacked some of the neighbouring towns, and taken from thence two beautiful captives, Chryseïs and Briseïs, allotted the first to Agamemnon, and the last to Achilles. Chryses, the father of Chryseïs, and priest of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ransom her; with which the action of the poem opens, in the tenth year of the siege. The priest being refused, and insolently dismissed by Agamemnon, intreats for vengeance from his God, who inflicts a pestilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a council, and encourages Chalcas to declare the cause of it, who attributes it to the refusal of Chryseïs. The king being obliged to send back his captive, enters into a furious contest with Achilles, which Nestor pacifies; however as he had the absolute command of the army, he seizes on Briseïs, in revenge. Achilles in discontent withdraws himself and his forces from the rest of the Greeks; and complaining to Thetis, she supplicates Jupiter to render them sensible of the wrong done to her son, by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter granting her suit, incenses Juno, between whom the debate runs high, till they are reconciled by the address of Vulcan.

The time of two and twenty days is taken up in this book; nine during the plague, one in the council and quarrel of the princes, and twelve for Jupiter's stay with the Æthiopians, at whose return Thetis prefers her petition. The scene lies in the Grecian camp, then changes to Chrysa and lastly to Olympus.

THE  
ILIAD.

BOOK I.

**A**CHILLES' wrath, to Greece the direful spring  
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly Goddess, sing!  
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign  
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain;  
Whose limbs unbury'd on the naked shore, 5  
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore;  
Since great Achilles and Atrides strove,  
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove!

Declare, O Muse! in what ill-fated hour  
Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended power? 10  
Latona's son a dire contagion spread,  
And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead;  
The king of men his reverend priest defy'd,  
And for the king's offence the people dy'd.

For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain 15  
His captive daughter from the victor's chain:  
Suppliant the venerable father stands,  
Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands:  
By these he begs; and lowly bending down,  
Extends the sceptre and the laurel crown. 20  
He sued to all, but chief implor'd for grace  
The brother-kings, of Atreus' royal race.

Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be crown'd,  
And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground.  
May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er, 25  
Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.

But oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,  
And give Chryseis to these arms again;  
If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,  
And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove. 30  
The Greeks in shouts their joint assent declare,  
'The priest to reverence, and release the fair.  
Not so Atrides: he, with kingly pride,  
Repuls'd the sacred sire, and thus reply'd:

Hence on thy life, and fly these hostile plains, 35  
Nor ask, presumptuous, what the king detains;  
Hence, with thy laurel crown, and golden rod,  
Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy God.  
Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain;  
And prayers, and tears, and bribes, shall plead in vain;  
Till time shall rifle every youthful grace, 41  
And age dismiss her from my cold embrace,  
In daily labors of the loom employ'd,  
Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd.  
Hence then, to Argos shall the maid retire, 45  
Far from her native soil, and weeping sire.

The trembling priest along the shore return'd,  
And in the anguish of a father mourn'd.  
Disconsolate, not daring to complain,  
Silent he wander'd by the sounding main; 50  
Till, safe at distance, to his God he prays,  
The God who darts around the world his rays.  
O Smintheus! sprung from fair Latona's line,  
Thou guardian power of Cilla the divine,  
Thou source of light! whom Tenedos adores, 55  
And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's shores:  
If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,  
Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain;  
God of the silver bow! thy shafts employ,  
Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy. 60  
Thus Chryses pray'd: The favoring power attends,  
And from Olympus' lofty tops descends.  
Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound;  
Fierce as he mov'd, his silver shafts resound.

Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread, 65

And gloomy darkness roll'd about his head.

The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,

And hissing fly the feather'd fates below.

On mules and dogs th' infection first began;

And last, the vengeful arrows fix'd in man. 70

For nine long nights through all the dusky air

The pyres thick-flaming shot a dismal glare.

But ere the tenth revolving day was run,

Inspir'd by Juno, 'Thetis' godlike son

Conven'd to council all the Grecian train; 75

For much the Goddess mourned her heroes slain.

'Th' assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,

Achilles thus the king of men address:

Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore,  
And measure back the seas we crost before? 80

The plague destroying whom the sword would spare,

'Tis time to save the few remains of war.

But let some prophet, or some sacred sage,

Explore the cause of great Apollo's rage;

Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove, 85

By mystic dreams, for dreams descend from Jove.

If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,

Let altars smoke, and hecatombs be paid.

So heaven aton'd shall dying Greece restore,

And Phœbus dart his burning shafts no more. 90

He said, and sat: when Chalcas thus reply'd:

Chalcas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide,

That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view

The past, the present, and the future knew:

Uprising slow, the venerable sage 95

Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age.

Belov'd of Jove, Achilles! wouldst thou know

Why angry Phœbus bends his fatal bow?

First give thy faith, and plight a prince's word

Of sure protection, by thy power and sword. 100

For I must speak what wisdom would conceal,

And truths, invidious to the great, reveal.

Bold is the task, when subjects grown too wise,  
Instruct a monarch where his error lies;  
For though we deem the short-liv'd fury past, 105  
'Tis sure, the Mighty will revenge at last.

To whom Pelides. From thy inmost soul  
Speak what thou know'st, and speak without control.  
Ev'n by that God I swear, who rules the day,  
'To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey, 110  
And whose blest oracles thy lips declare;  
Long as Achilles breathes this vital air,  
No daring Greek of all the numerous band  
Against his priest shall lift an impious hand:  
Not ev'n the chief by whom our hosts are led, 115  
The king of kings, shall touch that sacred head.

Encourag'd thus, the blameless man replies;  
Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,  
But he, our chief, provok'd the raging pest,  
Apollo's vengeance for his injur'd priest, 120  
Nor will the God's awaken'd fury cease,  
But plagues shall spread, and funeral fires increase,  
'Till the great king, without a ransom paid,  
'To her own Chrysa send the black-ey'd maid.  
Perhaps, with added sacrifice and prayer, 125  
The priest may pardon, and the God may spare.

The prophet spoke; when with a gloomy frown  
The monarch started from his shining throne;  
Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire,  
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living fire. 130  
Augur accurst! denouncing mischief still,  
Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill!  
Still must that tongue some wounding message bring,  
And still thy priestly pride provoke thy king?  
For this are Phœbus' oracles explor'd, 135  
To teach the Greeks to murmur at their lord?  
For this with falsehoods is my honor stain'd,  
Is heaven offended, and a priest profan'd;  
Because my prize, my beauteous maid, I hold,  
And heavenly charms prefer to proffer'd gold? 140



A maid, unmatch'd in manners as in face,  
Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with every grace.  
Not half so dear were Clytæmnestra's charms,  
When first her blooming beauties blest my arms.  
Yet if the Gods demand her, let her sail; 145  
Our cares are only for the public weal:  
Let me be deem'd the hateful cause of all,  
And suffer, rather than my people fall.  
The prize, the beauteous prize, I will resign,  
So dearly valued, and so justly mine. 150  
But since for common good I yield the fair,  
My private loss let grateful Greece repair;  
Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,  
That he alone has fought and bled in vain.

Insatiate king (Achilles thus replies) 155  
Fond of the power, but fonder of the prize!  
Wouldst thou the Greeks their lawful prey should yield,  
The due reward of many a well-fought field?  
The spoils of cities raz'd, and warriors slain,  
We share with justice, as with toil we gain: 160  
But to resume, whate'er thy avarice craves,  
(That trick of tyrants) may be borne by slaves.  
Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,  
The spoils of Ilion shall thy loss requite,  
Whene'er by Jove's decree our conquering powers 165  
Shall humble to the dust her lofty towers.

Then thus the king. Shall I my prize resign  
With tame content, and thou possessest of thine?  
Great as thou art, and like a God in fight,  
Think not to rob me of a soldier's right. 170  
At thy demand shall I restore the maid?  
First let the just equivalent be paid;  
Such as a king might ask; and let it be  
A treasure worthy her, and worthy me.  
Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim, 175  
This hand shall seize some other captive dame.  
The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign,  
Ulysses' spoils, or ev'n thy own be mine.

The man who suffers, loudly may complain;  
 And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain. 180  
 But this when time requires—It now remains  
 We launch a bark to plough the watery plains,  
 And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores,  
 With chosen pilots, and with laboring oars.  
 Soon shall the fair the sable ship ascend, 185  
 And some deputed prince the charge attend;  
 This Creta's king, or Ajax shall fulfil,  
 Or wise Ulysses see perform'd our will;  
 Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,  
 Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main; 190  
 Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,  
 The God propitiate, and the pest assuage.

At this, Pelides, frowning stern, reply'd:  
 O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride!  
 Inglorious slave to interest, ever join'd 195  
 With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind!  
 What generous Greek, obedient to thy word,  
 Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword?  
 What cause have I to war at thy decree?  
 The distant Trojans never injur'd me: 200  
 To Phthia's realms no hostile troops they led,  
 Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed;  
 Far hence remov'd, the hoarse-resounding main,  
 And walls of rocks, secure my native reign,  
 Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace, 205  
 Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race.  
 Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng,  
 T' avenge a private, not a public wrong:  
 What else to Troy th' assembled nations draws,  
 But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause? 210  
 Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve;  
 Disgrac'd and injur'd by the man we serve?  
 And dar'st thou threat to snatch my prize away,  
 Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?  
 A prize as small, O tyrant! match'd with thine, 215  
 As thy own actions if compar'd to mine.

Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,  
Though mine the sweat and danger of the day.  
Some trivial presents to my ships I bear,  
Or barren praises pay the wounds of war. 220  
But know, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more;  
My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore.  
Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,  
What spoils, what conquests, shall Atrides gain?  
To this the king: Fly, mighty warrior! fly, 225  
Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.  
There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,  
And Jove, himself shall guard a monarch's right.  
Of all the kings (the Gods' distinguish'd care)  
To power superior none such hatred bear: 230  
Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,  
And wars and horrors are thy savage joy.  
If thou hast strength, 'twas heav'n that strength bestow'd,  
For know, vain man! thy valor is from God.  
Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away, 235  
Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway:]  
I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate  
'Thy short-liv'd friendship, and thy groundless hate.  
Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons; but here  
'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear. 240  
Know, if the God the beauteous dame demand,  
My bark shall waft her to her native land;  
But then prepare, imperious prince! prepare,  
Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair:  
Ev'n in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize, 245  
Thy lov'd Briseïs with the radiant eyes.  
Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour,  
Thou stood'st a rival of imperial power;  
And hence to all our host it shall be known,  
That kings are subject to the Gods alone. 250  
Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppress'd,  
His heart swell'd high, and labor'd in his breast.  
Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom rul'd,  
Now fir'd by wrath, and now by reason cool'd:

That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword, 255  
Force thro' the Greeks and pierce their haughty lord;  
This whispers soft, his vengeance to control,  
And calm the rising tempest of his soul.

Just as in anguish of suspense he stay'd,  
While half unsheath'd appear'd the glittering blade. 260  
Minerva swift descended from above,

Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove  
(For both the princes claim'd her equal care);  
Behind she stood, and by the golden hair  
Achilles seiz'd; to him alone confest; 265

A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.  
He sees, and sudden to the Goddess cries,  
Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes.  
Descends Minerva in her guardian care,  
A heavenly witness of the wrongs I bear 270  
From Atreus' son: then let those eyes that view  
The daring crime, behold the vengeance too.

Forbear! (the progeny of Jove replies)  
To calm thy fury, I forsake the skies:  
Let great Achilles, to the Gods resign'd, 275  
To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.

By awful Juno this command is given;  
The king and you are both the care of heaven.  
The force of keen reproaches let him feel,  
But sheathe, obedient, thy revenging steel. 280

For I pronounce (and trust a heavenly power)  
Thy injur'd honor has its fated hour,  
When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,  
And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.  
Then let revenge no longer bear the sway, 285  
Command thy passions, and the Gods obey.

To her Pelides. With regardful ear  
'Tis just, O Goddess! I thy dictates hear.  
Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress:  
Those who revere the Gods, the Gods will bless. 290  
He said, observant of the blue-ey'd maid;  
Then in the sheath return'd the shining blade.

The Goddess swift to high Olympus flies,  
And joins the sacred senate of the skies.  
Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook, 295  
Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke.  
O monster! mix'd of insolence and fear,  
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!  
When wert thou known in ambush'd fights to dare,  
Or nobly face the horrid front of war? 300  
'Tis ours, the chance of fighting fields to try,  
Thine to look on, and bid the valiant die.  
So much 'tis safer through the camp to go,  
And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.  
Scourge of thy people, violent and base! 305  
Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race,  
Who, lost to sense of generous freedom past,  
Are tam'd to wrongs, or this had been thy last.  
Now by this sacred sceptre hear me swear,  
Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear, 310  
Which sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee)  
On the bare mountains left its parent tree;  
This sceptre form'd by temper'd steel to prove  
An ensign of the delegates of Jove,  
From whom the power of laws and justice springs 315  
(Tremendous oath! inviolate to kings):  
By this I swear, when bleeding Greece again  
Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.  
When, flush'd with slaughter, Hector comes to spread  
The purple shore with mountains of the dead, 320  
Then shalt thou mourn th' affront thy madness gave,  
Forc'd to deplore, when impotent to save:  
'Then rago in bitterness of soul, to know  
'This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe.  
He spoke; and furious hurl'd against the ground 325  
His sceptre starr'd with golden studs around.  
Then sternly silent sat. With like disdain,  
The raging king return'd his frowns again.  
'To calm their passions with the words of age,  
Slow from his seat arose the Pylia sage, 330

Experienc'd Nestor, in persuasion skill'd,  
 Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd;  
 Two generations now had pass'd away,  
 Wise by his rules, and happy by his sway;  
 Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd, 335  
 And now the example of the third remain'd.  
 All view'd with awe the venerable man;  
 Who thus with mild benevolence began:

What shame, what wo is this to Greece! what joy  
 To Troy's proud monarch, and the friends of Troy!  
 That adverse Gods commit to stern debate 341  
 The best, the bravest of the Grecian state.  
 Young as ye are, this youthful heat restrain,  
 Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain.  
 A godlike race of heroes once I knew, 345  
 Such, as no more these aged eyes shall view!  
 Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,  
 Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name;  
 Theseus, indued with more than mortal might,  
 Or Polyphemus, like the Gods in fight? 350  
 With these of old to toils of battle bred,  
 In early youth my hardy days I led;  
 Fir'd with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds,  
 And smit with love of honourable deeds. 354  
 Strongest of men, they pierc'd the mountain boar,  
 Rang'd the wild deserts red with monsters' gore,  
 And from their hills the shaggy Centaurs tore. }  
 Yet these with soft, persuasive arts I sway'd;  
 When Nestor spoke, they listen'd and obey'd.  
 If in my youth, ev'n these esteem'd me wise; 360  
 Do you, young warriors, hear my age advise?  
 Atrides, seize not on the beauteous slave;  
 That prize the Greeks by common suffrage gave:  
 Nor thou, Achilles, treat our prince with pride;  
 Let kings be just, and sovereign power preside. 365  
 Thee, the first honors of the war adorn,  
 Like Gods in strength, and of a Goddess born;

Him, awful majesty exalts above  
The powers of earth, and scepter'd sons of Jove.  
Let both unite with well-consenting mind, 370  
So shall authority with strength be join'd.  
Leave me, O king! to calm Achilles' rage;  
Rule thou thyself, as more advanc'd in age.  
Forbid it Gods! Achilles should be lost,  
The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our host. 375

This said, he ceas'd: the king of men replies:  
Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.  
But that imperiou , that unconquer'd soul,  
No laws can limit, no respect control.  
Before his pride must his superiors fall, 380  
His word the law, and he the lord of all?  
Him must our hosts, our chiefs, ourself obey?  
What king can bear a rival in his sway?  
Grant that the Gods his matchless force have given;  
Has foul reproach a privilege from heaven? 385

Here on the monarch's speech Achilles broke,  
And furious, thus, and interrupting spoke.  
Tyrant, I well deserv'd thy galling chain,  
To live thy slave, and still to serve in vain;  
Should I submit to each unjust decree: 390  
Command thy vassals, but command not me.  
Seize on Briseïs, whom the Grecians doom'd  
My prize of war, yet tamely see resum'd;  
And seize secure; no more Achilles draws  
His conquering sword in any woman's cause. 395  
The Gods command me to forgive the past;  
But let this first invasion be the last:  
For know, thy blood, when next thou dar'st invade,  
Shall stream in vengeance on my reeking blade.

At this they ceas'd; the stern debate expir'd: 400  
The chiefs in sullen majesty retir'd.

Achilles with Patroclus took his way,  
Where near his tents his hollow vessels lay.  
Meantime Atrides launch'd with numerous oars  
A well-rigg'd ship for Chrysa's sacred shores: 405

High on the deck was fair Chryseïs plac'd,  
And sage Ulysses with the conduct grac'd:  
Safe in her sides the hecatomb they stow'd,  
Then swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road.

The host to expiate, next the king prepares, 410  
With pure lustrations, and with solemn prayers.  
Wash'd by the briny wave, the pious train  
Are cleans'd, and cast th' ablutions in the main.  
Along the shore whole hecatombs were laid,  
And bulls and goats to Phœbus' altars paid. 415  
The sable fumes in curling spires arise,  
And waft their grateful odors to the skies.

The army thus in sacred rites engag'd,  
Atrides still with deep resentment rag'd.  
To wait his will two sacred heralds stood, 420  
Talthybius and Eurybates the good.  
Haste to the fierce Achilles' tent (he cries)  
Thence bear Briseïs as our royal prize:  
Submit he must; or, if they will not part,  
Ourself in arms shall tear her from his heart. 425

Th' unwilling heralds act their lord's commands;  
Pensive they walk along the barren sands:  
Arriv'd, the Hero in his tent they find,  
With gloomy aspect, on his arm reclin'd.  
At awful distance long they silent stand, 430  
Loth to advance, or speak their hard command;  
Decent confusion! This the godlike man  
Perceiv'd, and thus with accent mild began.

With leave and honor enter our abodes,  
Ye sacred ministers of men and Gods! 435  
I know your message; by constraint you came;  
Not you, but your imperious lord I blame.  
Patroclus, haste, the fair Briseïs bring;  
Conduct my captive to the haughty king.  
But witness, heralds, and proclaim my vow, 440  
Witness to Gods above, and men below!  
But first, and loudest, to your prince declare,  
That lawless tyrant whose commands you bear;



Unmov'd as death Achilles shall remain,  
Though prostrate Greece should bleed at every vein:  
The raging chief in frantic passion lost, 446  
Blind to himself, and useless to his host,  
Unskill'd to judge the future by the past,  
In blood and slaughter shall repent at last.

Patroclus now th' unwilling beauty brought; 450  
She, in soft sorrows, and in pensive thought,  
Past silent, as the heralds held her hand,  
And oft look'd back, slow moving o'er the strand.  
Not so his loss the fierce Achilles bore;  
But sad retiring to the sounding shore, 455  
O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,  
That kindred deep from whence his mother sprung:  
There, bath'd in tears of anger and disdain,  
Thus loud lamented to the stormy main.

O parent Goddess! since in early bloom 460  
Thy son must fall, by too severe a doom;  
Sure, to so short a race of glory born,  
Great Jove in justice should this span adorn:  
Honor and fame at least the Thunderer ow'd,  
And ill he pays the promise of a God; 465  
If yon proud monarch thus thy son defies,  
Obscures my glories, and resumes my prize.

Far from the deep recesses of the main,  
Where aged Ocean holds his watery reign,  
The Goddess-mother heard. The waves divide; 470  
And like a mist she rose above the tide;  
Beheld him mourning on the naked shores,  
And thus the sorrows of his soul explores.  
Why grieves my son? Thy anguish let me share,  
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care. 475

He, deeply sighing, said: To tell my wo,  
Is but to mention what too well you know.  
From Thebè sacred to Apollo's name,  
(Aëtion's realm) our conquering army came,  
With treasure loaded and triumphant spoils, 480  
Whose just division crown'd the soldier's toils;

But bright Chryseïs, heavenly prize! was led,  
By vote selected, to the general's bed.  
The priest of Phœbus sought by gifts to gain  
His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain; 485  
The fleet he reach'd, and lowly bending down,  
Held forth the sceptre and the laurel crown,  
Intreating all: but chief implor'd for grace  
The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race:  
The generous Greeks their joint consent declare, 490  
The priest to reverence, and release the fair;  
Not so Atrides: He, with wonted pride,  
The sire insulted, and his gifts denied:  
Th' insulted sire (his God's peculiar care)  
To Phœbus pray'd, and Phœbus heard the prayer:  
A dreadful plague ensues; th' avenging darts 496  
Incessant fly, and pierce the Grecian hearts.  
A prophet then, inspir'd by heaven arose,  
And points the crime, and thence derives the woes:  
Myself the first th' assembled chiefs incline 500  
T' avert the vengeance of the power divine;  
Then rising in his wrath, the monarch storm'd;  
Incens'd he threaten'd, and his threats perform'd:  
The fair Chryseïs to her sire was sent,  
With offer'd gifts to make the God relent; 505  
But now he seiz'd Briseïs' heavenly charms,  
And of my valor's prize defrauds my arms,  
Defrauds the votes of all the Grecian train;  
And service, faith, and justice, plead in vain.  
But, Goddess! thou thy suppliant son attend, 510  
To high Olympus' shining court ascend,  
Urge all the ties to former service ow'd,  
And sue for vengeance to the thundering God.  
Oft hast thou triumph'd in the glorious boast,  
That thou stood'st forth of all th' etherial host, 515  
When bold rebellion shook the realms above,  
Th' undaunted guard of cloud-compelling Jove.  
When the bright partner of his awful reign,  
The warlike maid, and monarch of the main,

The traitor-gods, by mad ambition driven, 520  
Durst threat with chains th' omnipotence of heaven.  
Then call'd by thee, the monster Titan came,  
(Whom Gods Briareus, men Ægeon name)  
Through wondering skies enormous stalk'd along;  
Not \* he that shakes the solid earth so strong: 525  
With giant-pride at Jove's high throne he stands,  
And brandish'd round him all his hundred hands;  
Th' affrighted Gods confess'd their awful lord,  
They dropt the fetters, trembled, and ador'd.  
This, Goddess, this to his remembrance call, 530  
Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall;  
Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train,  
To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main,  
To heap the shores with copious death, and bring  
The Greeks to know the curse of such a king: 535  
Let Agamemnon lift his haughty head  
O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,  
And mourn in blood, that e'er he durst disgrace  
The boldest warrior of the Grecian race.  
Unhappy son! (fair Thetis thus replies, 540  
While tears celestial trickle from her eyes)  
Why have I borne thee with a mother's throes,  
To fates averse, and nurs'd for future woes?  
So short a space the light of heaven to view!  
So short a space! and fill'd with sorrow too! 545  
O might a parent's careful wish prevail,  
Far, far from Ilion should thy vessels sail,  
And thou, from camps remote, the danger shun,  
Which now, alas! too nearly threats my son.  
Yet (what I can) to move thy suit I'll go 550  
To great Olympus crown'd with fleecy snow.  
Meantime, secure within thy ships, from far  
Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.  
The sire of Gods and all th' etherial train,  
On the warm limits of the furthest main, 555

\* Neptune.

Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace  
The feasts of Æthiopia's blameless race;  
Twelve days the powers indulge the genial rite,  
Returning with the twelfth revolving light.  
'Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move 560  
'The high tribunal of immortal Jove.

The Goddess spoke: the rolling waves unclose;  
Then down the deep she plung'd from whence she rose,  
And left him sorrowing on the lonely coast,  
In wild resentment for the fair he lost. 565

In Chrysa's port now sage Ulysses rode;  
Beneath the deck the destin'd victims stow'd;  
The sails they furl'd, they lash'd the mast aside,  
And dropp'd their anchors, and the pinnacle ty'd.  
Next on the shore their hecatomb they land, 570  
Chryseis last descending on the strand.  
Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,  
Ulysses led to Phœbus' sacred fane;  
Where at his solemn altar, as the maid  
He gave to Chryses, thus the hero said. 575

Hail reverend priest! to Phœbus' awful dome  
A suppliant I from great Atrides come:  
Unransom'd here receive the spotless fair;  
Accept the hecatomb the Greeks prepare;  
And may thy God who scatters darts around, 580  
Aton'd by sacrifice, desist to wound.

At this, the sire embrac'd the maid again,  
So sadly lost, so lately sought in vain.  
Then near the altar of the darting king,  
Dispos'd in rank their hecatomb they bring: 585  
With water purify their hands, and take  
The sacred offering of the salted cake;  
While thus with arms devoutly rais'd in air,  
And solemn voice, the priest directs his prayer.

God of the silver bow, thy ear incline, 590  
Whose power encircles Cilla the divine;  
Whose sacred eye thy Tenedos surveys,  
And gilds fair Chrysa with distinguish'd rays!

If, fir'd to vengeance, at thy priest's request,  
 Thy direful darts inflict the raging pest; 595  
 Once more attend! avert the wasteful wo,  
 And smile propitious, and unbend thy bow.

So Chryses pray'd, Apollo heard his prayer:  
 And now the Greeks their hecatomb prepare;  
 Between their horns the salted barley threw, 600  
 And with their heads to heaven the victims slew:  
 The limbs they sever from th' inclosing hide;  
 The thighs, selected to the Gods, divide;  
 On these, in double cauls involv'd with art,  
 The choicest morsels lay from every part. 605  
 The priest himself before his altar stands,  
 And burns the offering with his holy hands;  
 Pours the black wine, and sees the flames aspire;  
 The youth with instruments surround the fire:  
 The thighs thus sacrific'd, and entrails drest, 610  
 Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest:  
 Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,  
 Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.  
 When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,  
 With pure libations they conclude the feast; 615  
 The youths with wine the copious goblets crown'd,  
 And pleas'd, dispense the flowing bowls around.  
 With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,  
 The pæans lengthen'd till the sun descends:  
 The Greeks, restor'd, the grateful notes prolong; 620  
 Apollo listens, and approves the song.

'Twas night; the chiefs beside their vessel lie,  
 Till rosy morn had purpled o'er the sky:  
 Then launch, and hoist the mast; indulgent gales,  
 Supply'd by Phœbus, fill the swelling sails; 625  
 The milk-white canvas bellying as they blow,  
 The parted ocean foams and roars below;  
 Above the bounding billows swift they fly,  
 Till now the Grecian camp appear'd in view.  
 Far on the beach they hale their bark to land, 630  
 (The crooked keel divides the yellow sand)

Then part, where stretch'd along the winding bay  
The ships and tents in mingled prospect lay.

But raging still, amidst his navy sat  
The stern Achilles, stedfast in his hate; 635  
Nor mix'd in combat, nor in council join'd;  
But wasting cares lay heavy on his mind:  
In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,  
And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul. 639

Twelve days were past, and now the dawning light  
The Gods had summon'd to th' Olympian height:  
Joye first ascending from the watery bowers,  
Leads the long order of etherial powers.  
When like the morning mist in early day,  
Rose from the flood the daughter of the sea; 645  
And to the seats divine her flight address.

There, far apart; and high above the rest,  
The Thunderer sat; where old Olympus shrouds  
His hundred heads in heaven, and props the clouds.  
Suppliant the Goddess stood: one hand she plac'd 650  
Beneath his ear, and one his knees embrac'd.

If e'er, O father of the Gods! she said,  
My words could please thee, or my actions aid;  
Some marks of honor on my son bestow,  
And pay in glory what in life you owe. 655

Fame is at least by heavenly promise due  
To life so short, and now dishonor'd too.  
Avenge this wrong, oh ever just and wise!  
Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans rise;  
Till the proud king, and all the Achaian race, 660  
Shall heap with honors him they now disgrace.

Thus Thetis spoke, but Jove in silence held  
The sacred counsels of his breast conceal'd.

Not so repuls'd, the Goddess closer prest,  
Still grasp'd his knees, and urg'd the dear request. 665  
O sire of Gods and men! thy suppliant hear;  
Refuse, or grant; for what has Jove to fear?  
Or, oh! declare, of all the powers above,  
Is wretched Thetis least the care of Jove?

She said, and sighing thus the God replies, 670  
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies.

What hast thou ask'd? Ah why should Jove engage  
In foreign contests, and domestic rage,  
The Gods' complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms,  
While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms? 675  
Go, lest the haughty partner of my sway  
With jealous eyes thy close access survey;  
But part in peace, secure thy prayer is sped:  
Witness the sacred honors of our head,  
The nod that ratifies the will divine, 680  
The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable sign;  
This seals thy suit, and this fulfils thy vows—  
He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows;  
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod;  
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the God: 685  
High heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,  
And all Olympus to the centre shook.

Swift to the seas profound the Goddess flies,  
Jove to his starry mansion in the skies.  
The shining synod of th' immortals wait 690  
The coming God, and from their thrones of state  
Arising silent, wrapt in holy fear,  
Before the majesty of heaven appear.  
Trembling they stand, while Jove assumes the throne,  
All, but the Gods' imperious queen alone: 695  
Late had she view'd the silver-footed dame,  
And all her passions kindled into flame.  
Say, artful manager of heaven (she cries)  
Who now partakes the secrets of the skies?  
Thy Juno knows not the decrees of fate, 700  
In vain the partner of imperial state.  
What favourite Goddess then those cares divides,  
Which Jove in prudence from his consort hides?

To this the Thunderer: Seek not thou to find  
The sacred counsels of almighty mind: 705  
Involv'd in darkness lies the great decree,  
Nor can the depths of fate be pierc'd by thee.

What fits thy knowledge, thou the first shalt know;  
The first of Gods above and men below;  
But thou, nor they, shall search the thoughts that roll  
Deep in the close recesses of my soul. 711

Full on the sire the Goddess of the skies  
Roll'd the large orbs of her majestic eyes,  
And thus return'd. Austere Saturnius, say,  
From whence this wrath, or who controls thy sway?  
Thy boundless will, for me, remains in force, 716  
And all thy counsels take the destin'd course.  
But 'tis for Greece I fear: for late was seen  
In close consult the silver-footed queen.

Jove to his Thetis nothing could deny, 720  
Nor was the signal vain that shook the sky.  
What fatal favour has the Goddess won,  
To grace her fierce, inexorable son?  
Perhaps in Grecian blood to drench the plain,  
And glut his vengeance with my people slain. 725

Then thus the God: Oh restless fate of pride,  
That strives to learn what heaven resolves to hide;  
Vain is the search, presumptuous and abhorr'd,  
Anxious to thee, and odious to thy lord.  
Let this suffice; th' immutable decree 730  
No force can shake: what is, that ought to be.  
Goddess, submit, nor dare our will withstand,  
But dread the power of this avenging hand;  
Th' united strength of all the Gods above  
In vain resists th' omnipotence of Jove. 735

The Thunderer spoke, nor durst the queen reply;  
A reverend horror silenc'd all the sky.  
The feast disturb'd, with sorrow Vulcan saw  
His mother menac'd, and the Gods in awe;  
Peace at his heart, and pleasure his design, 740  
Thus interpos'd the architect divine.  
The wretched quarrels of the mortal state  
Are far unworthy, Gods! of your debate:  
Let men their days in senseless strife employ,  
We, in eternal peace, and constant joy. 745



Thou Goddess-mother, with our sire comply,  
Nor break the sacred union of the sky;  
Lest, rous'd to rage, he shake the blest abodes,  
Launch the red lightning, and dethrone the Gods.  
If you submit, the Thunderer stands appeas'd; 750  
The gracious power is willing to be pleas'd.  
Thus Vulcan spoke; and rising with a bound,  
The double bowl with sparkling nectar crown'd,  
Which held to Juno in a cheerful way,  
Goddess (he cried) be patient and obey. 755  
Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,  
I can but grieve, unable to defend.  
What God so daring in your aid to move,  
Or lift his hand against the force of Jove?  
Once in your cause I felt his matchless might, 760  
Hurl'd headlong downward from th' ethereal height;  
Toss'd all the day in rapid circles round;  
Nor till the sun descended, touch'd the ground:  
Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost;  
The Sinthians rais'd me on the Lemnian coast. 765  
He said, and to her hands the goblet heav'd  
Which, with a smile, the white-arm'd queen receiv'd.  
Then to the rest he fill'd; and in his turn,  
Each to his lips apply'd the nectar'd urn.  
Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies, 770  
And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.  
Thus the blest Gods the genial day prolong,  
In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song.  
Apollo tun'd the lyre; the Muses round  
With voice alternate aid the silver sound. 775  
Meantime the radiant sun, to mortal sight  
Descending swift, roll'd down the rapid light.  
Then to their starry domes the Gods depart,  
The shining monuments of Vulcan's art:  
Jove on his couch reclin'd his awful head, 780  
And Juno slumber'd on the golden bed.



THE  
**ILIAD.**  
BOOK II.

## ARGUMENT.

### *The Trial of the Army and Catalogue of the Forces.*

Jupiter, in pursuance of the request of Thetis, sends a deceitful vision to Agamemnon, persuading him to lead the army to battle; in order to make the Greeks sensible of their want of Achilles. The general, who is deluded with the hope of taking Troy without his assistance, but fears the army was discouraged by his absence and the late plague, as well as by the length of time, contrives to make trial of their disposition by a stratagem. He first communicates his design to the princes in council, that he would propose a return to the soldiers, and that they should put a stop to them if the proposal was embraced. Then he assembles the whole host, and upon moving for a return to Greece, they unanimously agree to it, and run to prepare the ships. They are detained by the management of Ulysses, who chastises the insolence of Thersites. The assembly is recalled, several speeches made on the occasion, and at length the advice of Nestor followed, which was to make a general muster of the troops, and to divide them into their several nations, before they proceeded to battle. This gives occasion to the poet to enumerate all the forces of the Greeks and Trojans, and in a large catalogue.

The time employed in this book consists not entirely of one day. The scene lies in the Grecian camp, and upon the sea-shore; toward the end it removes to Troy.

THE  
ILIAD.

BOOK II.

**N**OW pleasing sleep had seal'd each mortal eye,  
Stretch'd in the tents the Grecian leaders lie,  
Th' immortals slumber'd on their thrones above;  
All, but the ever-wakeful eyes of Jove:  
To honor Thetis' son, he bends his care,  
And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war:  
Then bids an empty phantom rise to sight,  
And thus commands the Vision of the night.

Fly hence, deluding Dream! and light as air,  
To Agamemnon's ample tent repair.  
Bid him in arms draw forth th' embattled train,  
Lead all his Grecians to the dusty plain:  
Declare, ev'n now 'tis given him to destroy  
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.  
For now no more the Gods with fate contend,  
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.  
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,  
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.

Swift as the word the vain illusion fled,  
Descends, and hovers o'er Atrides' head;  
Cloth'd in the figure of the Pylian sage,  
Renown'd for wisdom, and rever'd for age;  
Around his temples spreads his golden wing,  
And thus the flattering dream deceives the king.

Canst thou, with all a monarch's cares oppress,  
Oh Atreus' son! canst thou indulge thy rest? 26  
Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,  
Directs in council, and in war presides,  
'To whom its safety a whole people owes,  
'To waste long nights in indolent repose. 30  
Monarch, awake! 'tis Jove's command I hear,  
'Thou, and thy glory, claim his heavenly care.  
In just array draw forth th' embattled train,  
Lead all thy Grecians to the dusty plain;  
Ev'n now, O king! 'tis given thee to destroy 35  
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.  
For now no more the Gods with fate contend,  
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.  
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,  
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall. 40  
Awake, but waking this advice approve,  
And trust the vision that descends from Jove.

The phantom said: then vanish'd from his sight,  
Resolves to air, and mixes with the night.  
A thousand schemes the monarch's mind employ;  
Elate in thought, he sacks untaken Troy: 46  
Vain as he was, and to the future blind;  
Nor saw what Jove and secret fate design'd,  
What mighty toils to either host remain,  
What scenes of grief, and numbers of the slain! 50  
Eager he rises, and in fancy hears  
The voice celestial murmuring in his ears.  
First on his limbs a slender vest he drew,  
Around him next thè regal mantle threw,  
'Th' embroider'd sandals on his feet were tied; 55  
'The starry falchion glitter'd at his side;  
And last his arm the massy sceptre loads,  
Unstain'd, immortal, and the gift of Gods.  
Now rosy morn ascends the court of Jove,  
Lifts up her light, and opens day above. 60  
'The king despatch'd his heralds with commands  
'To range the camp and summon all the bands;

The gathering hosts the monarch's word obey;  
While to the fleet Atrides bends his way.

In his black ship the Pylian prince he found; 65  
There calls a senate of the peers around:  
'Th' assembly plac'd, the king of men exprest  
The counsels laboring in his artful breast.

Friends and confederates! with attentive ear  
Receive my words, and credit what you hear. 70

Late as I slumber'd in the shades of night,  
A dream divine appear'd before my sight;  
Whose visionary form like Nestor came,  
The same in habit, and in mien the same.

The heavenly phantom hover'd o'er my head, 75  
And, dost thou sleep, oh Atreus' son? (he said)  
Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,  
Directs in council, and in war presides,

To whom its safety a whole people owes;  
To waste long nights in indolent repose. 80  
Monarch, awake! 'tis Jove's command I bear,  
Thou and thy glory claim his heavenly care.

In just array draw forth th' embattled train,  
And lead the Grecians to the dusty plain;

Ev'n now, O king! 'tis given thee to destroy 85  
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.

For now no more the Gods with fate contend,  
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.

Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,  
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall. 90

This hear observant, and the Gods obey!  
The vision spoke, and past in air away.

Now, valiant chiefs! since heaven itself alarms;  
Unite, and rouse the sons of Greece to arms.

But first with caution try what yet they dare, 95  
Worn with nine years of unsuccessful war:

To move the troops to measure back the main,  
Be mine; and yours the province to detain.

He spoke, and sat; when Nestor rising said,  
(Nestor, whom Pylos' sandy realms obey'd) 100

Princes of Greece, your faithful ears incline,  
 Nor doubt the vision of the powers divine;  
 Sent by great Jove to him who rules the host,  
 Forbid it heaven! this warning should be lost!  
 Then let us haste, obey the God's alarms, 105  
 And join to rouse the sons of Greece to arms.

Thus spoke the sage: the kings without delay  
 Dissolve the council, and their chief obey:  
 The sceptred rulers lead; the following host  
 Pour'd forth by thousands, darkens all the coast.  
 As from some rocky cleft the shepherd sees 111  
 Clustering in heaps on heaps the driving bees,  
 Rolling, and blackening, swarms succeeding swarms,  
 With deeper murmurs and more hoarse alarms;  
 Dusky they spread, a close imbody'd crowd, 115  
 And o'er the vale descends the living cloud.  
 So, from the tents and ships, a lengthening train  
 Spreads all the beach, and wide o'ershades the plain.  
 Along the region runs a deafening sound;  
 Beneath their footsteps groans the trembling ground.  
 Fame flies before, the messenger of Jove, 121  
 And shining soars, and claps her wings above.  
 Nine sacred heralds now, proclaiming loud  
 The monarch's will, suspend the listening crowd.  
 Soon as the throngs in order rang'd appear, 125  
 And fainter murmurs dy'd upon the ear,  
 The King of Kings his awful figure rais'd;  
 High in his hand the golden sceptre blaz'd:  
 The golden sceptre; of celestial frame,  
 By Vulcan form'd, from Jove to Hermes came: 130  
 To Pelops he th' immortal gift resign'd;  
 Th' immortal gift great Pelops left behind,  
 In Atreus' hand, which not with Atreus ends,  
 To rich Thyestes next the prize descends;  
 And now the mark of Agamemnon's reign, 135  
 Subjects all Argos, and controls the main.

On this bright sceptre now the king reclin'd,  
 And artful thus pronounc'd the speech design'd.



Ye sons of Mars! partake your leader's care,  
Heroes of Greece, and brothers of the war! 140  
Of partial Jove with justice I complain,  
And heavenly oracles believ'd in vain.  
A safe return was promis'd to our toils,  
Renown'd, triumphant, and enrich'd with spoils.  
Now shameful flight alone can save the host, 145  
Our blood, our treasure, and our glory lost.  
So Jove decrees, resistless lord of all!  
At whose command whole empires rise or fall:  
He shakes the feeble props of human trust,  
And towns and armies humbles to the dust. 150  
What shame to Greece a fruitless war to wage,  
Oh lasting shame in every future age!  
Once great in arms! the common scorn we grow,  
Repuls'd and baffled by a feeble foe.  
So small their number, that if wars were ceas'd, 155  
And Greece triumphant held a general feast,  
All rank'd by tens; whole decads when they dine  
Must want a Trojan slave to pour the wine.  
But other forces have our hopes o'erthrown,  
And Troy prevails by armies not her own. 160  
Now nine long years of mighty Jove are run,  
Since first the labors of this war begun:  
Our cordage torn, decay'd our vessels lie,  
And scarce insure the wretched power to fly.  
Haste then, for ever leave the Trojan wall! 165  
Our weeping wives, our tender children call:  
Love, duty, safety, summon us away,  
'Tis nature's voice, and nature we obey.  
Our shatter'd barks may yet transport us o'er,  
Safe and inglorious, to our native shore. 170  
Fly, Grecians, fly! your sails and oars employ,  
And dream no more of heaven-defended Troy.  
His deep design unknown, the hosts approve  
Atrides' speech. The mighty numbers move.  
So roll the billows to th' Icarian shore, 175  
From East and South when winds begin to roar,

Burst their dark mansions in the clouds, and sweep  
The whitening surface of the ruffled deep.  
And as on corn when western gusts descend,  
Before the blast the lofty harvests bend: 180  
Thus o'er the field the moving host appears,  
With nodding plumes and groves of waving spears.  
The gathering murmur spreads, their trampling feet  
Beat the loose sands, and thicken to the fleet.  
With long-resounding cries they urge the train 185  
To fit the ships; and launch into the main.  
They toil, they sweat, thick clouds of dust arise,  
The doubling clamors echo to the skies.  
Ev'n then the Greeks had left the hostile plain,  
And fate decreed the fall of Troy in vain; 190  
But Jove's imperial queen their flight survey'd,  
And sighing thus bespoke the blue-ey'd maid.  
Shall then the Grecians fly! O dire disgrace!  
And leave unpunish'd this perfidious race?  
Shall Troy, shall Priam, and th' adulterous spouse,  
In peace enjoy the fruits of broken vows? 196  
And bravest chiefs, in Helen's quarrel slain,  
Lie unreveng'd on yon detested plain?  
No: let my Greeks, unmov'd by vain alarms,  
Once more refulgent shine in brazen arms. 200  
Haste, Goddess, haste! the flying host detain,  
Nor let one sail be hoisted on the main.  
Pallas obeys, and from Olympus' height  
Swift to the ships precipitates her flight;  
Ulysses, first in public cares, she found, 205  
For prudent counsel like the Gods renown'd:  
Oppress'd with generous grief the hero stood,  
Nor drew his sable vessels to the flood.  
And is it thus, divine Laërtes' son!  
Thus fly the Greeks (the martial maid begun) 210  
Thus to their country bear their own disgrace,  
And fame eternal leave to Priam's race?  
Shall beauteous Helen still remain unfreed,  
Still unreveng'd, a thousand heroes bleed?

Haste, generous Ithacus! prevent the shame,  
Recal your armies, and your chiefs reclaim.  
Your own resistless eloquence employ,  
And to th' immortals trust the fall of Troy.

The voice divine confess'd the warlike maid,  
Ulysses heard, nor uninspir'd obey'd: 220

Then meeting first Atrides, from his hand  
Receiv'd th' imperial sceptre of command.  
Thus grac'd, attention and respect to gain,  
He runs, he flies through all the Grecian train, 224  
Each prince of name, or chief in arms approv'd,  
He fir'd with praise, or with persuasion mov'd.

Warriors like you, with strength and wisdom blest,  
By brave example should confirm the rest.  
The monarch's will not yet reveal'd appears;  
He tries our courage, but resents our fears. 230  
Th' unwary Greeks his fury may provoke;  
Not thus the king in secret council spoke.  
Jove loves our chief, from Jove his honor springs,  
Beware! for dreadful is the wrath of kings.

But if a clamorous vile plebeian rose, 235  
Him with reproof he check'd, or tam'd with blows.  
Be still, thou slave, and to thy betters yield;  
Unknown alike in council and in field!  
Ye Gods, what dastards would our host command?  
Swept to the war, the lumber of a land. 240  
Be silent, wretch, and think not here allow'd  
That worst of tyrants, an usurping crowd.  
To one sole monarch Jove commits the sway;  
His are the laws, and him let all obey.

With words like these the troops Ulysses rul'd,  
The loudest silenc'd, and the fiercest cool'd. 246  
Back to th' assembly roll the thronging train,  
Desert the ships, and pour upon the plain.  
Murmuring they move, as when old Ocean roars,  
And heaves huge surges to the trembling shores: 250  
The groaning banks are burst with bellowing sound,  
The rocks remurmur, and the deeps rebound.

At length the tumult sinks, the noises cease,  
And a still silence lulls the camp to peace.  
Thersites only clamor'd in the throng, 255  
Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue:  
Aw'd by no shame, by no respect controll'd,  
In scandal busy, in reproaches bold;  
With witty malice studious to defame:  
Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim. 260  
But chief he glory'd with licentious style,  
To lash the great, and monarchs to revile.  
His figure such as might his soul proclaim;  
One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame:  
His mountain-shoulders half his breast o'erspread, 265  
Thin hairs bestrew'd his long mis-shapen head.  
Spleen to mankind his envious heart possest,  
And much he hated all, but most the best.  
Ulysses or Achilles still his theme;  
But royal scandal his delight supreme. 270  
Long had he liv'd the scorn of every Greek,  
Vext when he spoke, yet still they heard him speak.  
Sharp was his voice; which, in the shrillest tone,  
Thus with injurious taunts attack'd the throne.  
Amidst the glories of so bright a reign, 275  
What moves the great Atrides to complain?  
'Tis thine whate'er the warrior's breast inflames,  
The golden spoil, and thine the lovely dames.  
With all the wealth our wars and blood bestow,  
Thy tents are crowded, and thy chests o'erflow. 280  
Thus at full ease in heaps of riches roll'd,  
What grieves the monarch? Is it thirst of gold?  
Say, shall we march with our unconquer'd powers,  
(The Greeks and I) to Ilion's hostile towers,  
And bring the race of royal bastards here, 285  
For Troy to ransom at a price too dear?  
But safer plunder thy own host supplies;  
Say, wouldst thou seize some valiant leader's prize?  
Or, if thy heart to generous love be led,  
Some captive fair, to bless thy kingly bed? 290

Whate'er our master craves, submit we must,  
 Plagu'd with his pride, or punish'd for his lust.  
 Oh women of Achaia! men no more!  
 Hence let us fly, and let him waste his store  
 In loves and pleasures on the Phrygian shore.  
 We may be wanted on some busy day,  
 When Hector comes: so great Achilles may:  
 From him he forc'd the prize we jointly gave,  
 From him, the fierce, the fearless, and the brave:  
 And durst he, as he ought, resent that wrong,  
 This mighty tyrant were no tyrant long.  
 Fierce from his seat at this Ulysses springs,  
 In generous vengeance of the King of Kings.  
 With indignation sparkling in his eyes,  
 He views the wretch and sternly thus replies.  
 Peace, factious monster, born to vex the state,  
 With wrangling talents form'd for foul debate:  
 Curb that impetuous tongue, nor, rashly vain  
 And singly mad, asperse the sovereign reign.  
 Have we not known thee, slave! of all our host,  
 The man who acts the least, upbraids the most?  
 Think not the Greeks to shameful flight to bring,  
 Nor let those lips profane the name of king.  
 For our return we trust the heavenly powers;  
 Be that their care; to fight like men be ours.  
 But grant the host with wealth the general load,  
 Except detraction, what hast thou bestow'd?  
 Suppose some hero should his spoils resign,  
 Art thou that hero, could those spoils be thine?  
 Gods! let me perish on this hateful shore,  
 And let these eyes behold my son no more;  
 If, on thy next offence, this hand forbear  
 To strip those arms thou ill deserv'st to wear,  
 Expel the council where our princes meet,  
 And send thee scourg'd and howling thro' the fleet.  
 He said, and cowering as the dastard bends,  
 The weighty sceptre on his back descends:

On the round bunch the bloody tumors rise;  
The tears spring starting from his haggard eyes:  
Trembling he sat, and shrunk in abject fears, 330  
From his vile visage wip'd the scalding tears.  
While to his neighbour each express'd his thought:  
Ye Gods! what wonders has Ulysses wrought!  
What fruits his conduct and his courage yield;  
Great in the council, glorious in the field! 335  
Generous he rises in the crown's defence,  
To curb the factious tongue of insolence.  
Such just examples on offenders shown,  
Sedition silence, and assert the throne.

'Twas thus the general voice the hero prais'd, 340  
Who, rising, high th' imperial sceptre rais'd:  
The blue-ey'd Pallas, his celestial friend,  
(In form a herald) bade the crowds attend.  
Th' expecting crowds in still attention hung,  
To hear the wisdom of his heavenly tongue. 345  
Then deeply thoughtful, pausing ere he spoke,  
His silence thus the prudent hero broke.

Unhappy monarch! whom the Grecian race,  
With shame deserting, heap with vile disgrace.  
Not such at Argos was their generous vow, 350  
Once all their voice, but ah! forgotten now:  
Ne'er to return, was then the common cry,  
Till Troy's proud structures should in ashes lie.  
Behold them weeping for their native shore!  
What could their wives or helpless children more? 355  
What heart but melts to leave the tender train,  
And, one short month, endure the wintry main?  
Few leagues remov'd, we wish our peaceful seat,  
When the ship tosses, and the tempests beat:  
Then well may this long stay provoke their tears, 360  
The tedious length of nine revolving years.  
Not for their grief the Grecian host I blame;  
But vanquish'd! baffled! oh eternal shame!  
Expect the time to Troy's destruction given,  
And try the faith of Chalcas and of heaven. 365

What pass'd at Aulis, Greece can witness bear,  
And all who live to breathe this Phrygian air.  
Beside a fountain's sacred brink we rais'd  
Our verdant altars, and the victims blaz'd; 369  
('Twas where the plane-tree spread its shades around)  
The altars heav'd; and from the crumbling ground  
A mighty dragon shot, of dire portent;  
From Jove himself the dreadful sign was sent.  
Straight to the tree his sanguine spires he roll'd,  
And curl'd around in many a winding fold. 375  
The topmost branch a mother-bird possest;  
Eight callow infants fill'd the mossy nest;  
Herself the ninth; the serpent as he hung,  
Stretch'd his black jaws, and crash'd the crying young,  
While hovering near, with miserable moan, 380  
The drooping mother wail'd her children gone.  
The mother last as round the nest she flew,  
Seiz'd by the beating wing, the monster slew:  
Nor long surviv'd; to marble turn'd, he stands  
A lasting prodigy on Aulis' sands. 385  
Such was the will of Jove; and hence we dare  
Trust in his omen, and support the war.  
For while around we gaz'd with wondering eyes,  
And trembling sought the powers with sacrifice,  
Full of his God, the reverend Chaleas cried, 390  
Ye Grecian warriors! lay your fears aside.  
This wondrous signal Jove himself displays,  
Of long, long labours, but eternal praise.  
As many birds as by the snake were slain,  
So many years the toils of Greece remain; 395  
But wait the tenth, for Ilion's fall decreed:  
Thus spoke the prophet, thus the fates succeed.  
Obey, ye Grecians! with submission wait,  
Nor let your flight avert the Trojan fate.  
He said: the shores with loud applauses sound, 400  
The hollow ships each deafening shout rebound.  
Then Nestor thus—These vain debates forbear,  
Ye talk like children, not like heroes dare.

Where now are all your high resolves at last?  
Your leagues concluded, your engagements past? 405  
Vow'd with libations and with victims then,  
Now vanish'd like their smoke: the faith of men!  
While useless words consume th' unactive hours,  
No wonder Troy so long resists our powers.  
Rise, great Atrides! and with courage sway; 410  
We march to war if thou direct the way.  
But leave the few that dare resist thy laws,  
The mean deserters of the Grecian cause,  
To grudge the conquests mighty Jove prepares,  
And view with envy our successful wars. 415  
On that great day when first the martial train,  
Big with the fate of Ilion, plough'd the main;  
Jove, on the right, a prosp'rous signal sent,  
And thunder rolling shook the firmament.  
Encourag'd hence, maintain the glorious strife, 420  
Till every soldier grasp a Phrygian wife,  
Till Helen's woes at full reveng'd appear,  
And Troy's proud matrons render tear for tear.  
Before that day, if any Greek invite  
His country's troops to base, inglorious flight; 425  
Stand forth that Greek! and hoist his sail to fly,  
And die the dastard first, who dreads to die.  
But now, O monarch! all thy chiefs advise:  
Nor what they offer, thou thyself despise.  
Among those counsels, let not mine be vain; 430  
In tribes and nations to divide thy train;  
His separate troops let every leader call,  
Each strengthen each, and all encourage all.  
What chief, or soldier, of the numerous band,  
Or bravely fights, or ill obeys command, 435  
When thus distinct they war, shall soon be known,  
And what the cause of Ilion not o'erthrown;  
If fate resists, or if our arms are slow,  
If Gods above prevent, or men below.  
To him the king: how much thy years excel 440  
In arts of council, and in speaking well!



O would the Gods, in love to Greece, decree  
But ten such sages as they grant in thee;  
Such wisdom soon should Priam's force destroy,  
And soon should fall the haughty towers of Troy! 445  
But Jove forbids, who plunges those he hates  
In fierce contention and in vain debates.  
Now great Achilles from our aid withdraws,  
By me provok'd; a captive maid the cause:  
If e'er as friends we join, the Trojan wall 450  
Must shake, and heavy will the vengeance fall!  
But now, ye warriors, take a short repast;  
And well-refresh'd to bloody conflict haste.  
His sharpen'd spear let every Grecian wield,  
And every Grecian fix his brazen shield; 455  
Let all excite the fiery steeds of war,  
And all for combat fit the rattling car.  
This day, this dreadful day, let each contend;  
No rest, no respite, till the shades descend;  
Till darkness, or till death, shall cover all: 460  
Let the war bleed, and let the mighty fall!  
Till bath'd in sweat be every manly breast,  
With the huge shield each brawny arm deprest,  
Each aching nerve refuse the lance to throw,  
And each spent courser at the chariot blow. 465  
Who dares, inglorious, in his ships to stay,  
Who dares to tremble on this signal day;  
That wretch, too mean to fall by martial power,  
The birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour.

The monarch spoke; and straight a murmur rose,  
Loud as the surges when the tempest blows, 471  
That dash'd on broken rocks tumultuous roar,  
And foam and thunder on the stony shore.  
Straight to the tents, the troops dispersing bend,  
The fires are kindled, and the smokes ascend; 475  
With hasty feasts they sacrifice, and pray  
T' avert the dangers of the doubtful day.  
A steer of five years' age, large limb'd and fed,  
To Jove's high altars Agamemnon led:

There bade the noblest of the Grecian peers; 480  
And Nestor first, as most advanc'd in years.  
Next came Idomeneus, and Tydeus' son,  
Ajax the less, and Ajax Telamon;  
Then wise Ulysses in his rank was plac'd;  
And Menelaus came unbid, the last. 485  
The chiefs surround the destin'd beast, and take  
The sacred offering of the salted cake:  
When thus the king prefers his solemn prayer,  
Oh thou! whose thunder rends the clouded air,  
Who in the heaven of heavens has fix'd thy throne, 490  
Supreme of Gods! unbounded and alone!  
Hear! and before the burning sun descends,  
Before the night her gloomy vale extends,  
Low in the dust be laid yon hostile spires,  
Be Priam's palace sunk in Grecian fires, 495  
In Hector's breast be plung'd this shining sword,  
And slaughter'd heroes groan around their lord!  
Thus pray'd the chief: his unavailing prayer  
Great Jove refus'd, and tost in empty air:  
The God averse, while, yet the fumes arose, 500  
Prepar'd new toils, and doubled woes on woes.  
Their prayers perform'd, the chiefs the rite pursue,  
The barley sprinkled, and the victim slew.  
The limbs they sever from th' inclosing hide,  
The thighs, selected to the Gods, divide: 505  
On these, in double cauls involv'd with art,  
The choicest morsels lie from every part.  
From the cleft wood the crackling flames aspire,  
While the fat victim feeds the sacred fire.  
The thighs thus sacrific'd, and entrails drest, 510  
Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest;  
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,  
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.  
Soon as the rage of hunger was suppress,  
The generous Nestor thus the prince address. 515  
Now bid thy heralds sound the loud alarms,  
And call the squadrons sheath'd in brazen arms:

Now seize th' occasion, now the troops survey,  
And lead to war when heaven directs the way.  
He said: the monarch issued his commands; 520  
Straight the loud heralds call the gathering bands.  
The chiefs inclose their king; the host divide,  
In tribes and nations rank'd on either side.  
High in the midst the blue-ey'd Virgin flies;  
From rank to rank she darts her ardent eyes: 525  
The dreadful ægis, Jove's immortal shield,  
Blaz'd on her arm, and lightened all the field:  
Round the vast orb an hundred serpents roll'd,  
Form'd the bright fringe, and seem'd to burn in gold.  
With this each Grecian's manly breast she warms, 530  
Swells their bold hearts, and strings their nervous arms;  
No more they sigh, inglorious to return,  
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.  
As on some mountain, through the lofty grove,  
The crackling flames ascend, and blaze above; 535  
The fires expanding as the winds arise,  
Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the skies:  
So from the polish'd arms, and brazen shields,  
A gleamy splendor flash'd along the fields.  
Not less their number than th' imbody'd cranes, 540  
Or milk-white swans in Asius' watery plains,  
That o'er the windings of Cäyster's springs,  
Stretch their long necks, and clap their rustling wings;  
Now tower aloft, and course in airy rounds;  
Now light with noise; with noise the field resounds. 545  
Thus numerous and confus'd, extending wide,  
The legions crowd Scamander's flowery side;  
With rushing troops the plains are cover'd o'er,  
And thundering footsteps shake the sounding shore.  
Along the river's level meads they stand, 550  
Thick as in spring the flowers adorn the land,  
Or leaves the trees; or thick as insects play,  
The wandering nation of a summer's day,  
That drawn by milky steams, at evening hours,  
In gather'd swarms surround the rural bowers; 555

From pail to pail with busy murmur run  
 The gilded legions, glittering in the sun.  
 So throng'd, so close, the Grecian squadrons stood  
 In radiant arms, and thirst for Trojan blood.  
 Each leader now his scatter'd force conjoins, 560  
 In close array, and forms the deepening lines.  
 Not with more ease, the skilful shepherd swain  
 Collects his flocks from thousands on the plain.  
 The King of Kings majestically tall,  
 Towers o'er his armies, and outshines them all: 565  
 Like some proud bull that round the pastures leads  
 His subject herds, the monarch of the meads.  
 Great as the Gods, th' exalted chief was seen,  
 His strength like Neptune, and like Mars his mien,  
 Jove o'er his eyes celestial glories spread, 570  
 And dawning conquest play'd around his head.  
 'Say, Virgins, seated round the throne divine,  
 All-knowing Goddesses! immortal Nine!  
 Since earth's wide regions, heaven's unmeasur'd heights  
 And hell's abyss, hide nothing from your sight, 575  
 (We, wretched mortals! lost in doubts below,  
 But guess by rumor, and but boast we know)  
 Oh say what heroes, fir'd by thirst of fame,  
 Or urg'd by wrongs, to Troy's destruction came!  
 To count them all, demands a thousand tongues; 580  
 A throat of brass and adamantine lungs.  
 Daughters of Jove, assist! inspir'd by you  
 The mighty labor dauntless I pursue:  
 What crowded armies, from what climes they bring,  
 Their names, their numbers, and their chiefs, I sing. 585

*The Catalogue of the Ships.*

The hardy warriors whom Bœotia bred,  
 Penelios, Leitus, Prothoënor led:  
 With these Arcesilaus and Clonius stand,  
 Equal in arms, and equal in command.  
 These head the troops that rocky Aulis yields, 590  
 And Eteon's hills, and Hyrie's watery fields,

And Schœnos, Scholos, Græa near the main,  
 And Mycælessia's ample piny plain.  
 Those who in Peteon or Ilesion dwell,  
 Or Harma where Apollo's prophet fell; 595  
 Helcon and Hylè, which the springs o'erflow;  
 And Medeon lofty, and Ocalea low;  
 Or in the meads of Haliartus stray,  
 Or Thespia sacred to the God of day.  
 Onchestus, Neptune's celebrated groves; 600  
 Copæ, and Thisbè, fam'd for silver doves,  
 For flocks Erythræ, Glissa for the vine;  
 Platea green, and Nisa the divine.  
 And they whom Thebè's well-built walls inclose,  
 Where Mydè, Eutresus, Coronè rose; 605  
 And Arnè rich, with purple harvests crown'd;  
 And Anthedon, Bœotia's utmost bound.  
 Full fifty ships they send, and each conveys,  
 'Twice sixty warriors through the foaming seas.  
 To these succeed Aspledon's martial train, 610  
 Who plough the spacious Orchomenian plain.  
 Two valliant brothers rule the undaunted throng,  
 Iälmen and Ascalaphus the strong:  
 Sons of Astyoche, the heavenly fair,  
 Whose virgin charms subdued the God of war: 615  
 (In Actor's court, as she retir'd to rest,  
 The strength of Mars the blushing maid comprest)  
 Their troops in thirty sable vessels sweep,  
 With equal oars, the hoarse-resounding deep.  
 The Phocians next in forty barks repair, 620  
 Épistrophus and Schedius head the war.  
 From those rich regions where Cephissus leads  
 His silver current through the flowery meads;  
 From Panopëa, Chrysa the divine,  
 Where Anemoria's stately turrets shine, 625  
 Where Pytho, Daulis, Cyparissus stood,  
 And fair Lilæa views the rising flood.  
 These rang'd in order on the floating tide,  
 Close, on the left, the bold Bœotians side.

Fierce Ajax led the Locrian squadrons on, 630  
 Ajax the less, Oïleus' valiant son;  
 Skill'd to direct the flying dart aright;  
 Swift in pursuit, and active in the fight.  
 Him, as their chief, the chosen troops attend,  
 Which Bessa, Thronus, and rich Cynos send: 635  
 Opus, Calliarus, and Scarphe's bands;  
 And those who dwell where pleasing Augia stands,  
 And where Boägrius floats the lowly lands, }  
 Or in fair Tarphe's sylvan seats reside;  
 In forty vessels cut the liquid tide. 640  
 Eubœa next her martial sons prepares,  
 And sends the brave Abantes to the wars:  
 Breathing revenge, in arms they take their way  
 From Chaleis' walls, and strong Eretria;  
 Th' Isteian fields for generous vines renown'd, 645  
 The fair Caristos, and the Styrian ground;  
 Where Dios from her towers o'erlooks the plain,  
 And high Cerinthus views the neighboring main.  
 Down their broad shoulders falls a length of hair;  
 Their hands dismiss not the long lance in air; 650  
 But with portended spears in fighting fields,  
 Pierce the tough corselets and the brazen shields.  
 Twice twenty ships transport the warlike bands,  
 Which bold Elphenor, fierce in arms, commands.  
 Full fifty more from Athens stem the main, 655  
 Led by Menestheus through the liquid plain,  
 (Athens the fair, where great Erectheus sway'd,  
 That ow'd his nurture to the blue-eyed maid,  
 But from the teeming furrow took his birth,  
 The mighty offspring of the foodful earth. 660  
 Him Pallas plac'd amidst her wealthy fane,  
 Ador'd with sacrifice and oxen slain;  
 Where, as the years revolve, her altars blaze,  
 And all the tribes resound the Goddess' praise)  
 No chief like thee, Menestheus! Greece could yield, 665  
 To martial armies in the dusty field;

Th' extended wings of battle to display,  
 Or close th' imbody'd host in firm array.  
 Nestor alone, improv'd by length of days,  
 For martial conduct bore an equal praise.

670

With these appear the Salaminian bands,  
 Whom the gigantic Telamon commands;  
 In twelve black ships to Troy they steer their course,  
 And with the great Athenians join their force.

Next move to war the generous Argive train, 675 }  
 From high Trœzenè, and Masetà's plain,  
 And fair Ægina circled by the main:

Whom strong Tyrinthè's lofty walls surround,  
 And Epidaur with viny harvests crown'd;  
 And where fair Asinen and Hermion show 680  
 Their cliffs above, and ample bay below.

These by the brave Euryalus were led,  
 Great Sthenelus, and greater Diomed,  
 But chief Tydides bore the sovereign sway;  
 In fourscore barks they plough the watery way. 685

The proud Mycenè arms her martial powers,  
 Cleonè, Corinth, with imperial towers,  
 Fair Aræthyrea, Ornia's fruitful plain,  
 And Ægion, and Adrastus' ancient reign;  
 And those who dwell along the sandy shore, 690  
 And where Pellenè yields her fleecy store,  
 Where Helicè and Hyperesia lie,  
 And Gonoëssa's spires salute the sky.

Great Agamemnon rules the numerous band,  
 A hundred vessels in long order stand, 695 }  
 And crowded nations wait his dread command.

High on the deck the king of men appears,  
 And his refulgent arms in triumph wears;  
 Proud of his host, unrivall'd in his reign,  
 In silent pomp he moves along the main. 700

His brother follows, and to vengeance warms  
 The hardy Spartans exercis'd in arms;  
 Phares and Brysia's valiant troops, and those  
 Whom Lacedæmon's lofty hills inclose:

Or Messe's towers for silver doves renown'd, 705  
 Amyclæ, Laïas, Augia's happy ground,  
 And those whom Oetylos' low walls contain,  
 And Helos, on the margin of the main:  
 These, o'er the bending ocean, Helen's cause,  
 In sixty ships with Menelaus draws: 710

Eager and loud from man to man he flies,  
 Revenge and fury flaming in his eyes;  
 While, vainly fond, in fancy oft he hears  
 The fair-one's grief, and sees her falling tears.

In ninety sail, from Pylos' sandy coast; 715  
 Nestor the sage conducts his chosen host:  
 From Amphigenia's ever fruitful land;  
 Where Æpy high, and little Pteleon stand;  
 Where beauteous Arenè her structure shows,  
 And Thryon's walls Alpheus' streams inclose: 720  
 And Dorion, fam'd for Thamyris' disgrace,  
 Superior once of all the tuneful race,

Till, vain of mortals' empty praise, he strove  
 To match the seed of cloud-compelling Jove!  
 Too daring bard! whose unsuccessful pride 725  
 Th' immortal Muses in their art defy'd.  
 Th' avenging Muses of the light of day  
 Depriv'd his eyes, and snatch'd his voice away;  
 No more his heavenly voice was heard to sing,  
 His hand no more awak'd the silver string. 730

Where under high Cyllenè, crown'd with wood,  
 The shaded tomb of old Æpytus stood;  
 From Ripè, Stratie, Tegea's bordering towns,  
 The Phenean fields, and Orchomenian downs,  
 Where the fat herds in plenteous pasture rove; 735  
 And Stymphelus with her surrounding grove,  
 Parrhasia, on her snowy cliffs reclin'd,  
 And high Enispè shook by wintry wind,  
 And fair Mantinea's ever-pleasing site;  
 In sixty sail th' Arcadian bands unite. 740  
 Bold Agapenor, glorious at their head,  
 (Ancæus' son) the mighty squadron led.



Their ships, supply'd by Agamemnon's care,  
Through roaring seas the wondering warriors bear;  
The first to battle on th' appointed plain, 745  
But new to all the dangers of the main.

Those, where fair Elis and Buprasium join;  
Whom Hyrmin, here, and Myrsinus confine,  
And bounded there, where o'er the valleys rose  
Th' Olenian rock; and where Alisium flows; 750  
Beneath four chiefs (a numerous army) came:  
The strength and glory of th' Epean name.  
In separate squadrons these their train divide,  
Each leads ten vessels through the yielding tide.  
One was Amphinachus, and Thalpius one; 755  
(Eurytus' this, and that Teätus' son)  
Diores sprung from Amarynceus' line,  
And great Polyxenus, of force divine.

But those who view fair Elis o'er the seas  
From the blest islands of th' Echinades, 760  
In forty vessels under Meges move,  
Begot by Phyleus the belov'd of Jove.  
To strong Dulichium from his sire he fled,  
And thence to Troy his hardy warriors led.

Ulysses follow'd through the watery road, 765  
A chief, in wisdom equal to a God.  
With those whom Cephallenia's isle inclos'd,  
Or till their fields along the coast oppos'd;  
Or where fair Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,  
Where high Neritos shakes his waving woods, 770  
Where Ægilipa's rugged sides are seen,  
Crocyliä rocky, and Zacynthus green.

These in twelve galleys with vermilion proes,  
Beneath his conduct, sought the Phrygian shores.

Thoas came next, Andræmon's valiant son, 775  
From Pleuron's walls, and chalky Calydon,  
And rough Pylenè, and th' Olenian steep,  
And Chalcis beaten by the rolling deep.  
He led the warriors from th' Ætolian shore,  
For now the sons of Oeneus were no more! 780

The glories of the mighty race were fled!  
 Oeneus himself, and Meleager dead!  
 To Thoas' care now trust the martial train,  
 His forty vessels follow through the main.

Next eighty barks the Cretan king commands, 785  
 Of Gnosus, Lyctus, and Gortyna's bands,  
 And those who dwell where Rhytion's domes arise,  
 Or white Lycastus glitters to the skies,  
 Or where by Phæstus silver Jordan runs;  
 Crete's hundred cities pour forth all her sons. 790  
 These march'd, Idomeneus, beneath thy care,  
 And Merion, dreadful as the God of war.

Tlepolemus, the son of Hercules,  
 Led nine swift vessels through the foamy seas;  
 From Rhodes with everlasting sunshine bright, 795  
 Jalyssus, Lindus, and Camirus white.

His captive mother fierce Alcides bore,  
 From Ephyr's walls, and Selle's winding shore,  
 Where mighty towns in ruins spread the plain,  
 And saw their blooming warriors early slain. 800

The hero, when to manly years he grew,  
 Alcides' uncle, old Licymnius, slew;  
 For this, constrain'd to quit his native place,  
 And shun the vengeance of th' Herculean race,  
 A fleet he built, and with a numerous train 805  
 Of willing exiles, wander'd o'er the main;

Where, many seas and many sufferings past,  
 On happy Rhodes the chief arriv'd at last:  
 There in three tribes divides his native band,  
 And rules them peaceful in a foreign land; 810  
 Increas'd and prosper'd in their new abodes,  
 By mighty Jove, the sire of men and Gods;  
 With joy they saw the growing empire rise,  
 And showers of wealth descending from the skies.

Three ships with Nireus sought the Trojan shore,  
 Nireus, whom Aglæe to Charopus bore, 816  
 Nireus, in faultless shape and blooming grace,  
 The loveliest youth of all the Grecian race;

Pelides only match'd his early charms;  
But few his troops, and small his strength in arms. 820  
Next thirty galleys cleave the liquid plain,  
Of those Calydnæ's sea-girt isles contain;  
With them the youth of Nisyrus repair,  
Casus the strong, and Crapathus the fair;  
Cos, where Eurypylus possess'd the sway, 825  
Till great Alcides made the realms obey:  
These Antiphus and bold Phidippus bring,  
Sprung from the God by Thessalus the king.

Now, Muse, recount Pelasgic Argos' powers,  
From Alos, Alopè, and Trechin's towers; 830  
From Phthia's spacious vales; and Hella, blest  
With female beauty far beyond the rest.

Full fifty ships beneath Achilles' care,  
Th' Achaïans, Myrmidons, Hellenians bear;  
Thessalians all, though various in their name; 835  
The same their nation, and their chief the same.

But now inglorious, stretch'd along the shore,  
They hear the brazen voice of war no more;  
No more the foe they face in dire array:  
Close in his fleet the angry leader lay; 840

Since fair Briseïs from his arms was torn,  
The noblest spoil from sack'd Lyrnessus borne.  
Then, when the chief the Theban walls o'erthrew,  
And the bold sons of great Evenus slew.

There mourn'd Achilles, plung'd in depth of care, 845  
But soon to rise in slaughter, blood, and war.

To these the youth of Phylacè succeed,  
Itona, famous for her fleecy breed,  
And grassy Pteleon deck'd with cheerful greens,  
The bowers of Ceres, and the sylvan scenes, 850

Sweet Pyrrhasus, with blooming flow'rets crown'd,  
And Antron's watery dens, and cavern'd ground.  
These own'd as chief Protesilas the brave,  
Who now lay silent in the gloomy grave:

The first who boldly touch'd the Trojan shore, 855  
And dy'd a Phrygian lance with Grecian gore:

There lies, far distant from his native plain;  
 Unfinish'd, his proud palaces remain,  
 And his sad consort beats her breast in vain.  
 His troops in forty ships Podarces led,  
 Iphiclus' son, and brother to the dead;  
 Nor he unworthy to command the host;  
 Yet still they mourn'd their ancient leader lost.

The men who Glaphyra's fair soil partake,  
 Where hills encircle Bœbe's lowly lake,  
 Where Phære hears the neighboring waters fall,  
 Or proud Iôleus lifts her airy wall,  
 In ten black ships embark'd for Ilion's shore,  
 With bold Eumelus, whom Alcestè bore:  
 All Pelias' race Alcestè far outshin'd,  
 'The grace and glory of the beauteous kind.

The troops Methonè or Thaumacia yields,  
 Olizon's rocks, or Melibœa's fields,  
 With Philoctetes sail'd, whose matchless art,  
 From the tough bow directs the feather'd dart.  
 Seven where his ships; each vessel fifty row,  
 Skill'd in his science of the dart and bow.  
 But he lay raging on the Lemnian ground,  
 A poisonous Hydra gave the burning wound:  
 There groan'd the chief in agonizing pain,  
 Whom Greece at length shall wish, nor wish in vain.  
 His forces Medon led from Lemnos' shore,  
 Oileus' son, whom beauteous Rhena bore.

'Th' Oechalian race, in those high towers contain'd,  
 Where once Eurytus in proud triumph reign'd,  
 Or where her humbler turrets Tricca rears,  
 Or where Ithomè, rough with rocks, appears;  
 In thirty sail the sparkling waves divide,  
 Which Podalirius and Machaon guide.  
 'To these his skill their Parent-God\* imparts,  
 Divine professors of the healing arts.

\* Æsculapius.

The bold Ormenian and Asterian bands  
In forty barks Eurypylus commands,  
Where Titan hides his hoary head in snow,  
And where Hyperia's silver fountains flow. 895

Thy troops, Argissa, Polypoetes leads,  
And Eleon, shelter'd by Olympus' shades,  
Gyrtonè's warriors; and where Orthè lies,  
And Oleosson's chalky cliffs arise.  
Sprung from Pirithous of immortal race, 900  
The fruit of fair Hippodamè's embrace,  
(That day, when hurl'd from Peleon's cloudy head,  
To distant dens the shaggy Centaurs fled)  
With Polypoetes join'd in equal sway  
Leontes leads, and forty ships obey. 905

In twenty sail the bold Perrhæbians came  
From Cyphus, Guneus was their leader's name.  
With these the Enians join'd, and those who freeze  
Where cold Dodona lifts her holy trees;  
Or where the pleasing Titaresius glides, 910  
And into Peneus rolls his easy tides;  
Yet o'er the silver surface pure they flow,  
The sacred stream unmix'd with streams below,  
Sacred and awful! from the dark abodes  
Styx pours them forth, the dreadful oath of Gods! 915

Last under Prothous the Magnesians stood,  
Prothous the swift, of old Tenthredon's blood;  
Who dwell where Pelion, crown'd with piny boughs,  
Obscures the glade, and nods his shaggy brows;  
Or where through flowery Tempè Peneus stray'd, 920  
(The region stretch'd beneath his mighty shade)  
In forty sable barks they stemm'd the main;  
Such were the chiefs, and such the Grecian train.

Say next, O Muse! of all Achaia breeds,  
Who bravest fought, or rein'd the noblest steeds. 925  
Eumelus' mares were foremost in the chase,  
As eagles fleet, and of Pheretian race:  
Bred where Pieria's fruitful fountains flow,  
And train'd by him who bears the silver bow.

Fierce in the fight their nostrils breath'd a flame, 930  
Their height, their color, and their age the same;  
O'er fields of death they whirl the rapid car,  
And break the ranks, and thunder through the war.

Ajax in arms the first renown acquir'd,  
While stern Achilles in his wrath retir'd; 935  
(His was the strength that mortal might exceeds,  
And his, th' unrivall'd race of heavenly steeds.)

But Thetis' son now shines in arms no more;  
His troops, neglected on the sandy shore,  
In empty air their sportive javelins throw, 940  
Or whirl the disk, or bend an idle bow:

Unstain'd with blood his cover'd chariots stand;  
Th' immortal coursers graze along the strand;  
But the brave chiefs th' inglorious life deplor'd,  
And wandering o'er the camp, requir'd their lord. 945

Now, like a deluge, covering all around,  
The shining armies swept along the ground;  
Swift as a flood of fire, when storms arise,  
Floats the wide field, and blazes to the skies.

Earth groan'd beneath them, as when angry Jove, 950  
Hurls down the forky lightning from above,  
On Arimè when he the thunder throws,  
And fires Typhæus with redoubled blows,

Where Typhon, press'd beneath the burning load,  
Still feels the fury of th' avenging God. 955

But various Iris, Jove's commands to bear,  
Speeds on the wings of winds through liquid air;  
In Priam's porch the Trojan chiefs she found,  
The old consulting, and the youths around.

Polites' shape, the monarch's son, she chose, 960  
Who from Æsetes' tomb observ'd the foes,  
High on the mound; from whence in prospect lay  
The fields, the tents, the navy, and the bay.

In this dissembled form, she hastes to bring  
Th' unwelcome message to the Phrygian king. 965

Cease to consult, the time for action calls,  
War, horrid war, approaches to your walls!

Assembled armies oft have I beheld;  
But ne'er till now such numbers charg'd a field.  
Thick as autumnal leaves or driving sand, 970  
The moving squadrons blacken all the strand.  
Thou, godlike Hector! all thy force employ,  
Assemble all th' united bands of Troy;  
In just array let every leader call  
The foreign troops: this day demands them all. 975

The voice divine the mighty chief alarms;  
The council breaks, the warriors rush to arms.  
The gates unfolding pour forth all their train,  
Nations on nations fill the dusky plain.  
Men, steeds, and chariots, shake the trembling ground;  
The tumult thickens, and the skies resound. 981  
Amidst the plain in sight of Ilion stands  
A rising mount, the work of human hands;  
(This for Myrinne's tomb th' immortals know,  
Though call'd Bateia in the world below) 985  
Beneath their chiefs in martial order here,  
Th' auxiliar troops and Trojan hosts appear.

The godlike Hector, high above the rest,  
Shakes his huge spear, and nods his plummy crest:  
In throngs around his native bands repair, 990  
And groves of lances glitter in the air.

Divine Æneas brings the Dardan race,  
Anchises' son by Venus' stolen embrace,  
Born in the shades of Ida's sacred grove.  
(A mortal mixing with the Queen of Love) 995  
Archilochus and Acamus divide  
The warrior's toils, and combat by his side.

Who fair Zeleia's wealthy valleys till,  
Fast by the foot of Ida's sacred hill;  
Or drink, Æsepus, of thy sable flood: 1000  
Were led by Pandarus, of royal blood.  
To whom his art Apollo deign'd to show,  
Grac'd with the presents of his shafts and bow.

From rich Apæsus and Adrestia's towers,  
High Teree's summits, and Pityea's bowers; 1005

From these the congregated troops obey  
Young Amphiüs and Adrastus' equal sway:  
Old Merops' sons; whom, skill'd in fates to come,  
'The sire forewarn'd, and prophesy'd their doom:  
Fate urg'd them on! the sire forewarn'd in vain, 1010  
'They rush to war, and perish'd on the plain.

From Practiüs' stream, Percote's pasture lands,  
And Systos and Abydos' neighboring strands,  
From great Arisba's walls, and Selle's coast,  
Asius Hyrtacides conducts his host: 1015  
High on his car he shakes the flowing reins,  
His fiery coursers thunder o'er the plains.

The fierce Pelasgi next, in war renown'd,  
March from Larissa's ever-fertile ground:  
In equal arms their brother leaders shine, 1020  
Hippothous bold, and Pyleus the divine.

Next Acamus and Pyrous lead their hosts,  
In dread array, from Thracia's wintry coasts;  
Round the bleak realms where Hellespontus roars,  
And Boreas beats the hoarse-resounding shores. 1025

With great Euphemus the Ciconians move,  
Sprung from Trazenian Ceus, loved by Jove.

Pyræchmus the Pæonian troops attend,  
Skill'd in the fight, their crooked bows to bend;  
From Axis' ample bed he leads them on, 1030  
Axis, that laves the distant Amydon.  
Axis, that swells with all his neighboring rills,  
And wide around the floating region fills.

The Paphlagonians Pylæmenes rules,  
Where rich Henetia breeds her savage mules, 1035  
Where Erythinus' rising cliffs are seen,  
Thy groves of box, Cytorus! ever green;  
And where Ægyalus and Cromna lie,  
And lofty Sesamus invades the sky;  
And where Parthenius, roll'd through banks of flowers,  
Reflects her bordering palaces and bowers. 1041.

Here march'd in arms the Halizonian band,  
Whom Odius and Epistrophus command,



From those far regions where the sun refines  
The ripening silver in Alybean mines. 1045

There, mighty Chromis led the Mysian train,  
And augur Ennomus, inspir'd in vain,  
For stern Achilles lopt his sacred head,  
Roll'd down Scamander with the vulgar dead.

Phorcis and brave Ascanius here unite 1050  
'Th' Ascanian Phrygians, eager for the fight.

Of those who round Mæonia's realms reside,  
Or whom the vales in shades of Timolus hide,  
Mestles and Antiphus the charge partake;  
Born on the banks of Gyges' silent lake, 1055

There, from the fields where wild Mæander flows,  
High Mycalè, and Latinos' shady brows,

And proud Mileses, came the Carian throngs,  
With mingled clamors, and with barbarous tongues.  
Amphimachus and Naustes guide the train, 1060

Naustes the bold, Amphimachus the vain,  
Who, trick'd with gold, and glittering on his car,  
Rode like a woman to the field of war.

Fool that he was! by fierce Achilles slain,  
'The river swept him to the briny main: 1065

There whelm'd with waves the gaudy warrior lies;  
'The valiant victor seiz'd the golden prize.

The forces last in fair array succeed,  
Which blameless Glaucus and Sarpedon lead;  
The warlike bands that distant Lycia yields, 1070  
Where gulfy Xanthus foams along the fields.

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THE  
**ILIAD.**

BOOK III.

## ARGUMENT.

### *The Duel of Menelaus and Paris.*

The armies being ready to engage, a single combat is agreed upon between Menelaus and Paris (by the intervention of Hector) for the determination of the war. Iris is sent to call Helen to behold the fight. She leads her to the walls of Troy, where Priam sat with his counsellors, observing the Grecian leaders on the plain below, to whom Helen gives an account of the chief of them. The kings on either part take the solemn oath for the conditions of the combat. The duel ensues, wherein Paris being overcome, is snatched away in a cloud by Venus, and transported to his apartment. She then calls Helen from the walls, and brings the lovers together. Agamemnon, on the part of the Grecians, demands the restoration of Helen, and the performance of the articles.

The three and twentieth day still continues throughout this book. The scene is sometimes in the fields before Troy, and sometimes in Troy itself.

THE  
ILIAD.

BOOK III.

**T**HUS by their leader's care each martial band  
Moves into ranks, and stretches o'er the land.  
With shouts the Trojans rushing from afar,  
Proclaim their motions, and provoke the war:  
So when inclement winters vex the plain 5  
With piercing frosts, or thick descending rain,  
To warmer seas, the Cranes imbodied fly,  
With noise, and order, through the mid-way sky;  
To pigmy nations wounds and death they bring,  
And all the war descends upon the wing. 10  
But silent, breathing rage, resolv'd and skill'd  
By mutual aids to fix a doubtful field,  
Swift march the Greeks: the rapid dust around  
Darkening arises from the labor'd ground.  
Thus from his flaggy wings when Notus sheds 15  
A night of vapors round the mountain-heads,  
Swift-gliding mists the dusky fields invade,  
To thieves more grateful than the midnight shade;  
While scarce the swains their feeding flocks survey,  
Lost and confus'd amidst the thicken'd day: 20  
So wrapt in gathering dust, the Grecian train,  
A moving eloud, swept on, and hid the plain.  
Now front to front the hostile armies stand,  
Eager of fight, and only wait command;

When, to the van, before the sons of fame 25  
Whom Troy sent forth, the beauteous Paris came,  
In form a God! the panther's speckled hide  
Flow'd o'er his armor with an easy pride,  
His bended bow across his shoulders flung,  
His sword beside him negligently hung, 30  
Two pointed spears he shook with gallant grace,  
And dar'd the bravest of the Grecian race.

As thus, with glorious air and proud disdain,  
He boldly stalk'd, the foremost on the plain,  
Him Menelaus, lov'd of Mars, espies, 35  
With heart elated, and with joyful eyes:  
So joys a lion, if the branching deer,  
Or mountain goat, his bulky prize, appear;  
Eager he seizes and devours the slain,  
Prest by bold youths, and baying dogs in vain. 40  
Thus fond of vengeance, with a furious bound,  
In clanging arms he leaps upon the ground  
From his high chariot: him, approaching near,  
The beauteous champion views with marks of fear;  
Smit with a conscious sense, retires behind, 45  
And shuns the fate he well deserv'd to find.  
As when some shepherd, from the rustling trees  
Shot forth to view, a scaly serpent sees;  
Trembling and pale, he starts with wild affright,  
And all confus'd precipitates his flight: 50  
So from the king the shining warrior flies,  
And plung'd amid the thickest Trojans lies.

As godlike Hector sees the prince retreat,  
He thus upbraids him with a generous heat.  
Unhappy Paris! but to women brave! 55  
So fairly form'd, and only to deceive!  
Oh hadst thou died when first thou saw'st the light,  
Or died at least before thy nuptial rite!  
A better fate than vainly thus to boast,  
And fly, the scandal of thy Trojan host. 60  
Gods! how the scornful Greeks exult to see  
Their fears of danger undeceiv'd in thee!

Thy figure promis'd with a martial air,  
But ill thy soul supplies a form so fair.  
In former days, in all thy gallant pride 65  
When thy tall ships triumphant stemm'd the tide,  
When Greece beheld thy painted canvas flow,  
And crowds stood wondering at the passing show;  
Say, was it thus, with such a baffled mien,  
You met th' approaches of the Spartan queen, 70  
Thus from her realm convey'd the beauteous prize,  
And \*both her warlike lords outshin'd in Helen's eyes?  
This deed, thy foe's delight, thy own disgrace,  
Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race;  
This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd fight; 75  
Or hast thou injur'd whom thou dar'st not right?  
Soon to thy cost the field would make thee know  
Thou keep'st the consort of a braver foe.  
Thy graceful form instilling soft desire,  
Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre, 80  
Beauty and youth; in vain to these you trust,  
When youth and beauty shall be laid in dust:  
Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow  
Crush the dire author of his country's wo.  
His silence here, with blushes, Paris breaks; 85  
'Tist just, my brother, what your anger speaks:  
But who like thee can boast a soul sedate,  
So firmly proof to all the shocks of fate?  
Thy force like steel a temper'd hardness shows,  
Still edg'd to wound, and still untir'd with blows.  
Like steel, uplifted by some strenuous swain, 91  
With falling woods to strow the wasted plain.  
Thy gifts I praise; nor thou despise the charms  
With which a lover golden Venus arms;  
Soft moving speech, and pleasing outward show, 95  
No wish can gain them, but the Gods bestow.  
Yet, wouldst thou have the proffer'd combat stand,  
The Greeks and Trojans seat on either hand;

\* Theseus and Menelaus.

Then let a mid-way space our hosts divide,  
And, on the stage of war, the cause be try'd: 10  
By Paris there the Spartan king be fought,  
For beauteous Helen and the wealth she brought:  
And who his rival can in arms subdue,  
His be the fair, and his the treasure too.

Thus with a lasting league your toils may cease, 10  
And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace;  
Thus may the Greeks review their native shore,  
Much fam'd for generous steeds, for beauty more.

He said. The challenge Hector heard with joy,  
Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy,  
Held by the midst, athwart; and near the foe 11  
Advanc'd with steps majestically slow:

While round his dauntless head the Grecians pour  
Their stones and arrows in a mingled shower.

Then thus the monarch great Atrides cry'd; 11  
Forbear, ye warriors! lay the darts aside:  
A parley Hector asks, a message bears,  
We know him by the various plume he wears.  
Aw'd by his high command the Greeks attend,  
The tumult silence, and the fight suspend. 120

While from the centre Hector rolls his eyes  
On either host, and thus to both applies.  
Hear, all ye Trojans, all ye Grecian bands!  
What Paris, author of the war, demands. 125  
Your shining swords within the sheath restrain,  
And pitch your lances in the yielding plain.  
Here in the midst, in either army's sight,  
He dares the Spartan king to single fight;  
And wills, that Helen and the ravish'd spoil  
That caus'd the contest, shall reward the toil. 130  
Let these the brave triumphant victor grace,  
And differing nations part in leagues of peace.

He spoke: in still suspense on either side  
Each army stood: the Spartan chief reply'd.

Me too, ye warriors, hear, whose fatal right 135  
A world engages in the toils of fight.



To me the labor of the field resign;  
Me Paris injur'd; all the war be mine.  
Fall he that must, beneath his rival's arms;  
And live the rest secure of future harms. 140  
Two lambs, devoted by your country's rite,  
To Earth a sable; to the Sun a white,  
Prepare, ye Trojans! while a third we bring  
Select to Jove, th' inviolable king.  
Let reverend Priam in the truce engage, 145  
And add the sanction of considerate age;  
His sons are faithless headlong in debate,  
And youth itself an empty wavering state:  
Cool age advances venerably wise,  
Turns on all hands its deep-discerning eyes: 150  
Sees what befall, and what may yet befall,  
Concludes from both, and best provides for all.  
The nations hear, with rising hopes possess,  
And peaceful prospects dawn in every breast.  
Within the lines they drew their steeds around, 155  
And from their chariots issued on the ground:  
Next all unbuckling the rich mail they wore,  
Laid their bright arms along the sable shore.  
On either side the meeting hosts are seen  
With lances fix'd, and close the space between. 160  
Two heralds now despatch'd to Troy, invite  
The Phrygian monarch to the peaceful rite;  
Ialthybius hastens to the fleet, to bring  
The lamb for Jove, th' inviolable king.  
Meantime, to beauteous Helen, from the skies 165  
The various Goddess of the rainbow flies,  
Like fair Laodice in form and face  
The loveliest nymph of Priam's royal race).  
Her in the palace at her loom she found;  
The golden web her own sad story crown'd. 170  
The Trojan wars she weav'd (herself the prize).  
And the dire triumphs of her fatal eyes.  
To whom the Goddess of the painted bow;  
Approach and view the wondrous scene below!

Each hardy Greek, and valiant Trojan knight, 17  
So dreadful late, and furious for the fight,  
Now rest their spears, or lean upon their shields;  
Ceas'd is the war, and silent all the fields.  
Paris alone and Sparta's king advance,  
In single fight to toss the beamy lance; 18  
Each met in arms, the fate of combat tries,  
Thy love the motive, and thy charms the prize.  
This said, the many-color'd maid inspires  
Her husband's love, and wakes her former fires;  
Her country, parents, all that once were dear, 18  
Rush to her thought, and force a tender tear.  
O'er her fair face a snowy veil she threw,  
And, softly sighing, from the loom withdrew:  
Her handmaids Clymenè and Æthra wait  
Her silent footsteps to the Scæan gate. 19

There sat the seniors of the Trojan race,  
(Old Priam's chiefs, and most in Priam's grace)  
The king the first; Thymœtes at his side;  
Lampus and Clytius, long in council try'd;  
Panthus, and Hicetæon once the strong; 19  
And next, the wisest of the reverend throng,  
Antenor grave, and sage Ucalegon,  
Lean'd on the walls, and bask'd before the sun.  
Chiefs who no more in bloody fights engage,  
But wise through time, and narrative with age, 20  
In summer-days like grasshoppers rejoice,  
A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice.  
These, when the Spartan queen approach'd the tower,  
In secret own'd resistless beauty's power:  
They cried, No wonder, such celestial charms 20  
For nine long years have set the world in arms;  
What winning graces! what majestic mien!  
She moves a Goddess, and she looks a Queen!  
Yet hence, oh heaven! convey that fatal face,  
And from destruction save the Trojan race. 21

The good old Priam welcom'd her, and cry'd,  
Approach, my child, and grace thy father's side.

See on the plain thy Grecian spouse appears,  
The friends and kindred of thy former years.  
No crime of thine our present sufferings draws, 215  
Not thou, but heaven's disposing will, the cause;  
The Gods these armies and this force employ,  
The hostile Gods conspire the fate of Troy.  
But lift thy eyes, and say, What Greek is he  
(Far as from hence these aged orbs can see) 220  
Around whose brow such martial graces shine,  
So tall, so awful, and almost divine?  
Though some of larger stature tread the green,  
None match his grandeur and exalted mien:  
He seems a monarch, and his country's pride. 225  
Thus ceas'd the king, and thus the fair replied.

Before thy presence, father, I appear  
With conscious shame and reverential fear.  
Ah! had I died, ere to these walls I fled,  
False to my country, and my nuptial bed; 230  
My brothers, friends, and daughter left behind,  
False to them all, to Paris only kind!  
For this I mourn, till grief or dire disease  
Shall waste the form whose crime it was to please.  
The king of kings, Atrides, you survey, 235  
Great in the war, and great in arts of sway:  
My brother once, before my days of shame;  
And oh! that still he bore a brother's name!

With wonder Priam view'd the godlike man,  
Extoll'd the happy prince, and thus began. 240  
O blest Atrides! born to prosperous fate,  
Successful monarch of a mighty state!  
How vast thy empire! of yon matchless train  
What numbers lost, what numbers yet remain!  
In Phrygia once were gallant armies known, 245  
In ancient time, when Otreus fill'd the throne,  
When godlike Mygdon led their troops of horse,  
And I, to join them, rais'd the Trojan force;  
Against the manlike Amazons we stood,  
And Sangar's stream ran purple with their blood. 250

But far inferior those, in martial grace,  
And strength of numbers to this Grecian race.

This said, once more he view'd the warrior train:  
What's he, whose arms lie scatter'd on the plain?  
Broad is his breast, his shoulders larger spread, 255  
Though great Atrides overtops his head.

Nor yet appear his care and conduct small;  
From rank to rank he moves, and orders all.  
The stately ram thus measures o'er the ground,  
And, master of the flock, surveys them round. 260

Then Helen thus. Whom your discerning eyes  
Have singled out, is Ithacus the wise:  
A barren island boasts his glorious birth:  
His fame for wisdom fills the spacious earth.

Antenor took the word, and thus began: 265

Myself, O king! have seen that wondrous man:  
When trusting Jove and hospitable laws,  
To Troy he came, to plead the Grecian cause;  
(Great Menelaus urg'd the same request)

My house was honor'd with each royal guest: 270  
I knew their persons, and admir'd their parts,  
Both brave in arms, and both approv'd in arts.  
Erect, the Spartan most engag'd our view;  
Ulysses seated greater reverence drew.

When Atreus' son harangu'd the listening train, 275  
Just was his sense, and his expression plain,  
His words succinct, yet full, without a fault;  
He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.

But when Ulysses rose, in thought profound,  
His modest eyes he fix'd upon the ground, 280  
As one unskill'd or dumb, he seem'd to stand,

Nor rais'd his head, nor stretch'd his scepter'd hand;  
But when he speaks, what elocution flows!

Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,  
The copious accents fall, with easy art; 285  
Melting they fall, and sink into the heart!

Wondering we hear, and fix'd in deep surprise;  
Our ears refute the censure of our eyes.

The king then ask'd (as yet the camp he view'd)  
 What chief is that, with giant strength indu'd, 290  
 Whose brawny shoulders, and whose swelling chest,  
 And lofty stature, far exceed the rest?  
 Ajax the great, (the beauteous queen replied)  
 Himself a host: the Greeian strength and pride.  
 See! bold Idomeneus superior towers 295  
 Amidst you circle of his Cretan powers,  
 Great as a God! I saw him once before,  
 With Menelaus, on the Spartan shore.  
 The rest I know, and could in order name;  
 All valiant chiefs, and men of mighty fame. 300  
 Yet two are wanting of the numerous train,  
 Whom long my eyes have sought, but sought in vain:  
 Castor and Pollux, first in martial force,  
 One bold on foot, and one renown'd for horse.  
 My brothers these; the same our native shore, 305  
 One house contain'd us, as one mother bore.  
 Perhaps the chiefs, from warlike toils at ease,  
 For distant Troy refus'd to sail the seas:  
 Perhaps their swords some nobler quarrel draws,  
 Asham'd to combat in their sister's cause. 310  
 So spoke the fair, nor knew her brothers' doom,  
 Wrapp'd in the cold embraces of the tomb;  
 Adorn'd with honors in their native shore,  
 Silent they slept, and heard of wars no more.  
 Meantime the heralds, thro' the crowded town, 315  
 Bring the rich wine and destin'd victims down.  
 Idæus' arms the golden goblets prest,  
 Who thus the venerable king address.  
 Arise, O father of the Trojan state!  
 The nations call, thy joyful people wait 320 }  
 To seal the truce, and end the dire debate.  
 Paris thy son, and Sparta's king advance,  
 In measur'd lists to toss the weighty lance:  
 And who his rival shall in arms subdue,  
 His be the dame, and his the treasure too. 325

Thus with a lasting league our toils may cease,  
 And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace;  
 So shall the Greeks review their native shore,  
 Much fam'd for generous steeds, for beauty more.

With grief he heard, and bade the chiefs prepare  
 To join his milk-white coursers to the car: 331

He mounts the seat, Antenor at his side;  
 The gentle steeds through Scæa's gates they guide:  
 Next from the car descending on the plain,  
 Amid the Grecian host and Trojan train 335  
 Slow they proceed: the sage Ulysses then  
 Arose, and with him rose the king of men.

On either side a sacred herald stands,  
 The wine they mix, and on each monarch's hands  
 Pour the full urn; then draws the Grecian lord 340  
 His cutlass, sheath'd beside his ponderous sword;  
 From the sign'd victims crops the curling hair,  
 The heralds part it, and the princes share;  
 Then loudly thus before th' attentive hands  
 He calls the Gods, and spreads his lifted hands. 345

O first and greatest power! whom all obey,  
 Who high on Ida's holy mountain sway,  
 Eternal Jove! and you bright orb that roll  
 From east to west, and view from pole to pole!  
 'Thou mother Earth! and all ye living Floods! 350  
 Infernal Furies, and Tartarian Gods,

Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare  
 For perjur'd kings, and all who falsely swear!  
 Hear, and be witness. If by Paris slain,  
 Great Menelaus press the fatal plain; 355

The dame and treasures let the Trojan keep,  
 And Greece returning plough the watery deep.  
 If by my brother's lance the Trojan bleed;  
 Be his the wealth and beauteous dame decreed:  
 Th' appointed fine let Ilion justly pay, 360  
 And every age record the signal day.

Thus if the Phrygians shall refuse to yield,  
 Arms must revenge, and Mars decide the field.

With that the chief the tender victims slew,  
And in the dust their bleeding bodies threw: 365  
The vital spirit issued at the wound,  
And left the members quivering on the ground.  
From the same urn they drink the mingled wine,  
And add libations to the powers divine.  
While thus their prayers united mount the sky; 370  
Hear, mighty Jove! and hear, ye Gods, on high!  
And may their blood, who first their league confound,  
Shed like this wine, distain the thirsty ground;  
May all their consorts serve promiscuous lust,  
And all their race be scatter'd as the dust! 375  
Thus either host their imprecations join'd,  
Which Jove refus'd, and mingled with the wind.

The rites now finish'd, reverend Priam rose,  
And thus express'd a heart o'ercharg'd with woes.  
Ye Greeks and Trojans, let the chiefs engage, 380  
But spare the weakness of my feeble age:  
In yonder walls that object let me shun,  
Nor view the danger of so dear a son.  
Whose arms shall conquer, and what prince shall fall,  
Heaven only knows, for heaven disposes all. 385

This said, the hoary king no longer stay'd,  
But on his car the slaughter'd victims laid;  
Then seiz'd the reins his gentle steeds to guide,  
And drove to Troy, Antenor at his side.

Bold Hector and Ulysses now dispose 390  
The lists of combat, and the ground inclose;  
Next to decide by sacred lots prepare,  
Who first shall launch his pointed spear in air.  
The people pray with elevated hands,  
And words like these are heard through all the bands.  
Immortal Jove, high heaven's superior lord, 395  
On lofty Ida's holy mount ador'd!  
Whoe'er involv'd us in this dire debate,  
Oh give that author of the war to fate  
And shades eternal! let division cease, 400  
And joyful nations join in leagues of peace.

With eyes averted Hector hastes to turn  
 The lots of fight, and shakes the brazen urn.  
 Then, Paris, thine leap'd forth; by fatal chance  
 Ordain'd the first to whirl the weighty lance. 405  
 Both armies sat the combat to survey,  
 Beside each chief his azure armor lay,  
 And round the lists the generous coursers neigh. }  
 The beauteous warrior now arrays for fight,  
 In gilded arms magnificently bright: 410  
 The purple cuishes clasp his thighs around,  
 With flowers adorn'd, with silver buckles bound:  
 Lycaon's corslet his fair body drest,  
 Brac'd in, and fitted to his softer breast:  
 A radiant baldric, o'er his shoulder ty'd, 415  
 Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side:  
 His youthful face a polish'd helm o'erspread;  
 The waving horse-hair nodded on his head;  
 His figur'd shield, a shining orb, he takes,  
 And in his hand a pointed javelin shakes. 420  
 With equal speed and fir'd by equal charms,  
 The Spartan hero sheaths his limbs in arms.

Now round the lists th' admiring armies stand,  
 With javelins fix'd, the Greek and Trojan band.  
 Amidst the dreadful vale, the chiefs advance, 425  
 All pale with rage, and shake the threatening lance.  
 The Trojan first his shining javelin threw;  
 Full on Atrides' ringing shield it flew;  
 Nor pierc'd the brazen orb, but with a bound  
 Leap'd from the buckler, blunted on the ground. 430  
 Atrides then his massy lance prepares,  
 In act to throw, but first prefers his prayers.

Give me, great Jove! to punish lawless lust,  
 And lay the Trojan gasping in the dust:  
 Destroy th' aggressor, aid my righteous cause, 435  
 Avenge the breach of hospitable laws,  
 Let this example future times reclaim,  
 And guard from wrong fair friendship's holy name,



He said, and pois'd in air the javelin sent,  
Through Paris' shield the forceful weapon went, 440  
His corselet pierces, and his garment rends,  
And, glancing downward, near his flank descends.  
The wary Trojan, bending from the blow,  
Eludes the death, and disappoints his foe:  
But fierce Atrides wav'd his sword, and strook 445  
Full on his cask; the crested helmet shook;  
The brittle steel unfaithful to his hand,  
Broke short: the fragments glitter'd on the sand.  
The raging warrior to the spacious skies  
Rais'd his upbraiding voice, and angry eyes: 450  
Then is it vain in Jove himself to trust?  
And is it thus the Gods assist the just?  
When crimes provoke us, heaven success denies;  
The dart falls harmless, and the falchion flies.  
Furious he said, and tow'rd the Grecian crew 455  
(Seiz'd by the crest) th' unhappy warrior drew;  
Struggling he follow'd, while the embroider'd thong,  
That ty'd his helmet, dragg'd the chief along.  
Then had his ruin crown'd Atrides' joy,  
But Venus trembled for the prince of Troy: 460  
Unseen she came, and burst the golden band;  
And left an empty helmet in his hand.  
The cask, enrag'd, amidst the Greeks he threw;  
The Greeks with smiles the polish'd trophy view.  
Then, as once more he lifts the deadly dart, 465  
In thirst of vengeance, at his rival's heart,  
The Queen of Love her favor'd champion shrouds  
(For Gods can all things) in a veil of clouds.  
Rais'd from the field the panting youth she led,  
And gently laid him on the bridal bed, 470  
With pleasing sweets his fainting sense renews,  
And all the dome perfumes with heavenly dews.  
Meantime the brightest of the female kind,  
The matchless Helen, o'er the walls reclin'd;

To her, beset with Trojan beauties, came 475  
In borrow'd form \* the laughter-loving dame.

(She seem'd an ancient maid, well-skill'd to cull  
The snowy fleece, and wind the twisted wool.)  
The Goddess softly shook her silken vest,  
That shed perfumes, and whispering thus addrest. 480

Haste, happy nymph! for thee thy Paris calls,  
Safe from the fight, in yonder lofty walls,  
Fair as a God! with odors round him spread  
He lies, and waits thee on the well-known bed:  
Not like a warrior parted from the foe, 485  
But some gay dancer in the public show.

She spoke, and Helen's secret soul was mov'd;  
She scorn'd the champion, but the man she lov'd.  
Fair Venus' neck, her eyes that sparkled fire,  
And breast, reveal'd the queen of soft desire. 490  
Struck with her presence, straight the lively red  
Forsook her cheek; and, trembling, thus she said.

Then is it still thy pleasure to deceive?  
And woman's frailty always to believe?  
Say, to new nations must I cross the main, 495  
Or carry wars to some soft Asian plain?

For whom must Helen break her second vow?  
What other Paris is thy darling now?  
Left to Atrides (victor in the strife)

An odious conquest, and a captive wife, 500  
Hence let me sail: and if thy Paris bear  
My absence ill, let Venus ease his care.

A handmaid Goddess at his side to wait,  
Renounce the glories of thy heavenly state,  
Be fix'd for ever to the Trojan shore, 505

His spouse, or slave; and mount the skies no more.  
For me, to lawless love no longer led,  
I scorn the coward; and detest his bed;  
Else should I merit everlasting shame, 509  
And keen reproach, from every Phrygian dame:

\* Venus.

Ill suits it now the joys of love to know,  
Too deep my anguish, and too wild my wo.

Then, thus incens'd, the Paphian queen replies;  
Obey the power from whom thy glories rise:  
Should Venus leave thee, every charm must fly, 515  
Fade from thy cheek, and languish in thy eye.  
Cease to provoke me, lest I make thee more  
The world's aversion, than their love before;  
Now the bright prize for which mankind engage,  
Then the sad victim of the public rage. 520

At this, the fairest of her sex obey'd,  
And veil'd her blushes in a silken shade;  
Unseen, and silent, from the train she moves,  
Led by the Goddess of the Smiles and Loves.

Arriv'd, and enter'd at the palace-gate, 525  
The maids officious round their mistress wait;  
Then all dispersing, various tasks attend;  
The queen and Goddess to the princee ascend.  
Full in her Paris' sight, the Queen of Love  
Had plac'd the beauteous progeny of Jove; 530  
Where, as he view'd her charms, she turn'd away  
Her glowing eyes, and thus began to say.

Is this the chief, who lost to sense of shame  
Late fled the field, and yet survives his fame? 534  
Oh hadst thou dy'd beneath the righteous sword  
Of that brave man whom once I call'd my lord!  
The boaster Paris oft desir'd the day  
With Sparta's king to meet in single fray:  
Go now, once more thy rival's rage excite,  
Provoke Atrides, and renew the fight: 540  
Yet Helen bids thee stay, lest thou unskill'd  
Shouldst fall an easy conquest on the field.

The princee replies: Ah cease, divinely fair,  
Nor add reproaches to the wounds I bear;  
This day the foe prevail'd by Pallas' power; 545  
We yet may vanquish in a happier hour:  
There want not Gods to favor us above:  
But let the business of our life be love:

These softer moments let delights employ,  
And kind embraces snatch the hasty joy. 550  
Not thus I lov'd thee, when from Sparta's shore  
My forc'd, my willing, heavenly prize I bore,  
When first entranc'd in Cranaë's isle I lay,  
Mix'd with thy soul, and all dissolv'd away!  
Thus having spoke, th' enamour'd Phrygian boy 555  
Rush'd to the bed, impatient for the joy.  
Him Helen follow'd slow with bashful charms,  
And clasp'd the blooming hero in her arms.

While these to love's delicious rapture yield,  
The stern Atrides rages round the field. 560  
So some fell lion, whom the woods obey,  
Roars through the desert, and demands his prey.  
Paris he seeks, impatient to destroy,  
But seeks in vain along the troops of Troy;  
Even those had yielded to a foe so brave 565  
The recreant warrior, hateful as the grave.  
Then speaking thus, the King of Kings arose;  
Ye Trojans, Dardans, all our generous foes!  
Hear and attest! from heaven with conquest crown'd,  
Our brother's arms the just success have found: 570  
Be therefore now the Spartan wealth restor'd,  
Let Argive Helen own her lawful lord;  
Th' appointed fine let Ilion justly pay,  
And age to age record this signal day.

He ceas'd; his army's loud applauses rise, 575  
And the long shout runs echoing through the skies:

THE  
**ILIAD.**

BOOK IV.

E 2

## ARGUMENT.

### *The Breach of the Truce, and the first Battle.*

The Gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan war: they agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter sends down Minerva to break the truce. She persuades Pandarus to aim an arrow at Menelaus, who is wounded, but cured by Machaon. In the meantime some of the Trojan troops attack the Greeks. Agamemnon is distinguished in all the parts of a good general; he reviews the troops, and exhorts the leaders, some by praises, and others by reproofs. Nestor is particularly celebrated for his military discipline. The battle joins, and great numbers are slain on both sides.

The same day continues through this, as through the last book (as it does also through the two following, and almost to the end of the seventh book.) The scene is wholly in the field before Troy.

THE  
I L I A D.

BOOK IV.

**A**ND now Olympus' shining gates unfold;  
The Gods, with Jove, assume their thrones of gold:  
Immortal Hebe, fresh with bloom divine,  
The golden goblet crowns with purple wine:  
While the full bowls flow round, the powers employ 5  
Their careful eyes on long-contended Troy.

When Jove, dispos'd to tempt Saturnia's spleen,  
Thus wak'd the fury of his partial queen.  
Two powers divine the son of Atreus aid,  
Imperial Juno, and the Martial Maid; 10  
But high in heaven they sit, and gaze from far  
The tame spectators of his deeds of war.  
Not thus fair Venus helps her favor'd knight,  
The Queen of Pleasures shares the toils of fight,  
Each danger wards, and constant in her care 15  
Saves in the moment of the last despair.  
Her act has rescu'd Paris' forfeit life,  
'Though great Atreides gain'd the glorious strife.  
Then say, ye powers! what signal issue waits  
To crown this deed, and finish all the Fates? 20  
Shall heaven by peace the bleeding kingdoms spare,  
Or rouse the Furies, and awake the war?  
Yet, would the Gods for human good provide,  
Atreides soon might gain his beauteous bride,

Still Priam's walls in peaceful honors grow, 25  
And through his gates the crowding nations flow.

Thus while he spoke, the Queen of Heaven enrag'd,  
And Queen of War in close consult engag'd:  
Apart they sit, their deep designs employ,  
And meditate the future woes of Troy. 30  
Though secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast,  
'The prudent Goddess yet her wrath suppress;  
But Juno, impotent of passion, broke  
Her sullen silence, and with fury spoke.

Shall then, O tyrant of th' etherial reign! 35  
My schemes, my labors, and my hopes, be vain?  
Have I, for this, shook Ilion with alarms,  
Assembled nations, set two worlds in arms?  
'To spread the war, I flew from shore to shore;  
'The immortal coursers scarce the labor bore. 40  
At length ripe vengeance o'er their heads impends,  
But Jove himself the faithless race defends:  
Loth as thou art to punish lawless lust,  
Not all the Gods are partial and unjust.

The sire, whose thunder shakes the cloudy skies, 45  
Sighs from his inmost soul, and thus replies;  
Oh lasting rancor! oh insatiate hate  
To Phrygia's monarch, and the Phrygian state!  
What high offence has fir'd the wife of Jove?  
Can wretched mortals harm the powers above? 50  
That Troy and Troy's whole race thou wouldst confound,  
And yon fair structures level with the ground?  
Haste, leave the skies, fulfil thy stern desire,  
Burst all her gates, and wrap her walls in fire!  
Let Priam bleed! if yet thou thirst for more, 55  
Bleed all his sons, and Ilion float with gore,  
To boundless vengeance the wide realm be given,  
Till vast destruction glut the queen of heaven!  
So let it be, and Jove his peace enjoy,  
When heaven no longer hears the name of Troy. 60  
But should this arm prepare to wreak our hate  
On thy lov'd realms, whose guilt demands their fate,



Presume not thou the lifted bolt to stay;  
Remember Troy, and give the vengeance way.  
For know, of all the numerous towns that rise 65  
Beneath the rolling sun and starry skies,  
Which Gods have rais'd, or earth-born men enjoy,  
None stands so near to Jove as sacred Troy.  
No mortals merit more distinguish'd grace  
Than godlike Priam, or than Priam's race; 70  
Still to our name their hecatombs expire,  
And altars blaze with unextinguish'd fire.

At this the Goddess roll'd her radiant eyes,  
Then on the Thunderer fix'd them, and replies:  
Three towns are Juno's on the Grecian plains, 75  
More dear than all th' extended earth contains,  
Mycenæ, Argos, and the Spartan wall;  
'These thou may'st raze, nor I forbid their fall:  
'Tis not in me the vengeance to remove;  
The crime's sufficient that they share my love. 80  
Of power superior why should I complain?  
Resent I may, but must resent in vain.  
Yet some distinction Juno might require,  
Sprung with thyself from one celestial sire,  
A Goddess born to share the realms above, 85  
And styl'd the consort of the thundering Jove;  
Nor thou a wife and sister's right deny;  
Let both consent, and both by turns comply;  
So shall the Gods our joint decrees obey,  
And heaven shall act as we direct the way. 90  
See ready Pallas waits thy high commands,  
To raise in arms the Greek and Phrygian bands;  
Their sudden friendship by her arts may cease,  
And the proud Trojans first infringe the peace.

The sire of men and monarch of the sky, 95  
Th' advice approv'd, and bade Minerva fly,  
Dissolve the league, and all her arts employ  
To make the breach the faithless act of Troy.

Fir'd with the charge, she headlong urg'd her flight,  
And shot like lightning from Olympus' height. 100

As the red comet, from Saturnius sent  
To fright the nations with a dire portent,  
(A fatal sign to armies on the plain,  
Or trembling sailors on the wintry main)  
With sweeping glories glides along in air, 105  
And shakes the sparkles from its blazing hair:  
Between both armies thus, in open sight,  
Shot the bright Goddess in a trail of light.  
With eyes erect the gazing hosts admire  
The power descending, and the heavens on fire! 110  
The Gods (they cry'd) the Gods this signal sent,  
And fate now labors with some vast event:  
Jove seals the league, or bloodier scenes prepares;  
Jove, the great arbiter of peace and wars!

They said, while Pallas through the Trojan throng  
(In shape a mortal) pass'd disguis'd along. 116  
Like bold Laödocus, her course she bent,  
Who from Antenor trac'd his high descent.  
Amidst the ranks Lycaön's son she found,  
The warlike Pandarus, for strength renown'd; 120  
Whose squadrons, led from black Æsepus' flood,  
With flaming shields in martial circle stood.

To him the Goddess: Phrygian! canst thou hear  
A well-tim'd counsel with a willing ear?  
What praise were thine, couldst thou direct thy dart,  
Amidst his triumph, to the Spartan's heart! 126  
What gifts from Troy, from Paris wouldst thou gain,  
Thy country's foe, the Grecian's glory slain!  
Then seize th' occasion, dare the mighty deed,  
Aim at his breast, and may that aim succeed! 130  
But first, to speed the shaft, address thy vow  
To Lycian Phœbus with the silver bow,  
And swear the firstlings of thy flock to pay  
On Zelia's altars, to the God of Day.

He heard, and madly at the motion pleas'd, 135  
His polish'd bow with hasty rashness seiz'd.  
'Twas form'd of horn, and smooth'd with artful toil,  
A mountain goat resign'd the shining spoil,

Who pierc'd long since beneath his arrows bled;  
The stately quarry on the cliffs lay dead, 140 }  
And sixteen palms his brows' large honors spread: }  
The workman join'd, and shap'd the bended horns,  
And beaten gold each taper point adorns.  
This, by the Greeks unseen, the warrior bends,  
Screen'd by the shields of his surrounding friends. 145  
There meditates the mark; and couching low,  
Fits the sharp arrow to the well-strung bow.  
One from a hundred feather'd deaths he chose,  
Fated to wound, and cause of future woes.  
Then offers vows with hecatombs to crown 150  
Apollo's altars in his native town.

Now with full force the yielding horn he bends,  
Drawn to an arch, and joins the doubling ends;  
Close to his breast he strains the nerve below,  
Till the barb'd point approach the circling bow; 155  
Th' impatient weapon whizzes on the wing:  
Sounds the tough horn, and twangs the quivering string.

But thee, Atrides! in that dangerous hour,  
The Gods forget not, nor thy guardian power.  
Pallas assists, and (weaken'd in its force) 160  
Diverts the weapon from its destin'd course:  
So from her babe, when slumber seals his eye,  
The watchful mother wafts th' envenom'd fly.  
Just where his belt with golden buckles join'd,  
Where linen folds the double corslet lin'd, 165  
She turn'd the shaft, which hissing from above,  
Pass'd the broad belt, and through the corslet drove;  
The folds it pierc'd, the plaited linen tore,  
And raz'd the skin, and drew the purple gore.  
As when some stately trappings are decreed 170  
To grace a monarch on his bounding steed,  
A nymph in Caria or Mæonia bred,  
Stains the pure ivory with a lively red:  
With equal lustre various colors vie,  
The shining whiteness, and the Tyrian dye: 175

So, great Atrides! show'd thy sacred blood,  
As down thy snowy thigh distill'd the streaming flood.  
With horror seiz'd, the king of men descri'd  
The shaft infix'd, and saw the gushing tide:  
Nor less the Spartan fear'd, before he found 180  
The shining barb appear above the wound.  
Then with a sigh, that heav'd his manly breast,  
The royal brother thus his grief exprest,  
And grasp'd his hand; while all the Greeks around  
With answering sighs return'd the plaintive sound. 185  
O dear as life! did I for this agree  
The solemn truce, a fatal truce to thee!  
Wert thou expos'd to all the hostile train,  
To fight for Greece, and conquer to be slain?  
The race of Trojans in thy ruin join, 190  
And faith is scorn'd by all the perjur'd line.  
Not thus our vows, confirm'd with wine and gore,  
Those hands we plighted, and those oaths we swore,  
Shall all be vain: when heaven's revenge is slow,  
Jove but prepares to strike the fiercer blow. 195  
The day shall come, that great avenging day,  
Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay.  
When Priam's powers and Priam's self shall fall,  
And one prodigious ruin swallow all.  
I see the God, already, from the pole 200  
Bare his red arm, and bid the thunder roll;  
I see th' Eternal all his fury shed,  
And shake his ægis o'er their guilty head.  
Such mighty woes on perjur'd princes wait;  
But thou, alas! deserv'st a happier fate. 205  
Still must I mourn the period of thy days,  
And only mourn, without my share of praise?  
Depriv'd of thee, the heartless Greeks no more  
Shall dream of conquests on the hostile shore;  
Troy seiz'd of Helen, and our glory lost, 210  
Thy bones shall moulder on a foreign coast:  
While some proud Trojan thus insulting cries,  
(And spurns the dust where Menelaüs lies)

“ Such are the trophies Greece from Ilion brings,  
“ And such the conquests of her King of Kings! 215  
“ Lo his proud vessels scatter’d o’er the main,  
“ And unreveng’d his mighty brother slain.”

Oh! ere that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,  
O’erwhelm me, earth! and hide a monarch’s shame.

He said: a leader’s and a brother’s fears 220  
Possess his soul, which thus the Spartan cheers:  
Let not thy words the wrath of Greece abate;  
The feeble dart is guiltless of my fate:  
Stiff with the rich embroider’d work around,  
My varied belt repell’d the flying wound. 225

To whom the king. My brother and my friend,  
Thus, always thus, may heaven thy life defend!  
Now seek some skilful hand, whose powerful art  
May stanch th’ effusion, and extract the dart.  
Herald, be swift, and bid Machaön bring 230  
His speedy succor to the Spartan king;  
Pierc’d with a winged shaft, (the deed of Troy)  
The Grecian’s sorrow, and the Dardan’s joy.

With hasty zeal the swift Talthybius flies;  
Through the thick files he darts his searching eyes, 235  
And finds Machaön, where sublime he stands  
In arms encircled with his native bands.  
Then thus: Machaön, to the king repair,  
His wounded brother claims thy timely care;  
Pierc’d by some Lycian or Dardanian bow, 240  
A grief to us, a triumph to the foe.

The heavy tidings griev’d the godlike man;  
Swift to his succor through the ranks he ran:  
The dauntless king yet standing firm he found,  
And all the chiefs in deep concern around. 245  
Where to the steely point the reed was join’d,  
The shaft he drew, but left the head behind.  
Straight the broad belt with gay embroidery grac’d,  
He loos’d; the corslet from his breast unbrac’d;  
Then suck’d the blood, and sovereign balm infus’d,  
Which Chiron gave, and Æsculapius us’d. 251

While round the prince the Greeks employ their care,  
The Trojans rush tumultuous to the war;  
Once more they glitter in refulgent arms,  
Once more the fields are fill'd with dire alarms. 255  
Nor had you seen the king of men appear  
Confus'd, inactive, or surpris'd with fear;  
But fond of glory with severe delight,  
His beating bosom claim'd the rising fight,  
No longer with his warlike steeds he stay'd, 260  
Or press'd the ear with polish'd brass inlaid;  
But left Eurymedon the reins to guide;  
The fiery coursers snorted at his side.

On foot through all the martial ranks he moves,  
And these encourages, and those reproves. 265  
Brave men! he cries (to such who boldly dare  
Urge their swift steeds to face the coming war)  
Your ancient valor on the foes approve;  
Jove is with Greece, and let us trust in Jove.  
'Tis not for us, but guilty Troy to dread, 270  
Whose crimes sit heavy on her perjur'd head;  
Her sons and matrons Greece shall lead in chains,  
And her dead warriors strow the mournful plains.

Thus with new ardor he the brave inspires;  
Or thus the fearful with reproaches fires. 275  
Shame to your country, scandal of your kind!  
Born to the fate ye well deserve to find!  
Why stand ye gazing round the dreadful plain,  
Prepar'd for flight, but doom'd to fly in vain?  
Confus'd and panting thus, the hunted deer 280  
Falls as he flies, a victim to his fear.

Still must ye wait the foes, and still retire,  
Till yon tall vessels blaze with Trojan fire?  
Or trust ye, Jove a valiant foe shall chase,  
To save a trembling, heartless, dastard race? 285

This said, he stalk'd with ample strides along,  
To Crete's brave monarch and his martial throng;  
High at their head he saw the chief appear,  
And bold Meriones excite the rear.

At this the king his generous joy exprest, 290  
And clasp'd the warrior to his armed breast.  
Divine Idomeneus! what thanks we owe  
To worth like thine! what praise shall we bestow?  
To thee the foremost honors are decreed,  
First in the fight, and every graceful deed. 295  
For this in banquets, when the generous bowls  
Restore our blood, and raise the warriors' souls,  
Though all the rest with stated rules we bound,  
Unmix'd, unmeasur'd, are thy goblets crown'd.  
Be still thyself; in arms a mighty name; 300  
Maintain thy honors, and enlarge thy fame.

To whom the Cretan thus his speech address;  
Secure of me, O king! exhort the rest:  
Fix'd to thy side, in every toil I share,  
Thy firm associate in the day of war. 305  
But let the signal be this moment given;  
To mix in fight is all I ask of heaven.  
The field shall prove how perjuries succeed,  
And chains or death avenge their impious deed.

Charm'd with this heat, the king his course pursues,  
And next the troops of either Ajax views: 310  
In one firm orb the bands were rang'd around,  
A cloud of heroes blacken'd all the ground.  
Thus from the lofty promontory's brow  
A swain surveys the gathering storm below; 315  
Slow from the main the heavy vapors rise,  
Spread in dim streams, and sail along the skies,  
Till black as night the swelling tempest shows,  
The clouds condensing as the west-wind blows:  
He dreads th' impending storm, and drives his flock  
To the close covert of an arching rock. 321

Such, and so thick, the embattled squadrons stood,  
With spears erect, a moving iron wood;  
A shady light was shot from glimmering shields,  
And their brown arms obscur'd the dusky fields. 325

O heroes! worthy such a dauntless train,  
Whose godlike virtue we but urge in vain.

(Exclaim'd the king) who raise your eager bands  
With great examples, more than loud commands.  
Ah would the Gods but breathe in all the rest 330  
Such souls as burn in your exalted breast!  
Soon should our arms with just success be crown'd,  
And Troy's proud walls lie smoking on the ground.

Then to the next the general bends his course  
(His heart exults, and glories in his force;) 335  
There reverend Nestor ranks his Pylian bands,  
And with inspiring eloquence commands;  
With strictest order sets his train in arms,  
The chiefs advises, and the soldiers warms,  
Alastor, Chromius, Hæmon, round him wait, 340  
Bias the good, and Pelagon the great.  
The horse and chariots to the front assign'd,  
The foot (the strength of war) he rang'd behind;  
The middle space suspected troops supply,  
Inclos'd by both, nor left the power to fly; 345  
He gives command to curb the fiery steed,  
Nor cause confusion, nor the ranks exceed;  
Before the rest let none too rashly ride,  
No strength nor skill, but just in time, he try'd:  
The charge once made, no warrior turn the rein, 350  
But fight, or fall; a firm, imbody'd train.  
He whom the fortune of the field shall cast  
From forth his chariot, mount the next in haste;  
Nor seek unpractis'd to direct the car,  
Content with javelins to provoke the war. 355  
Our great forefathers held this prudent course,  
Thus rul'd their ardor, thus preserv'd their force,  
By laws like these immortal conquests made,  
And earth's proud tyrants low in ashes laid.

So spoke the master of the martial art, 360  
And touch'd with transport great Atrides' heart.  
Oh! hadst thou strength to match thy brave desires,  
And nerves to second what thy soul inspires!  
But wasting years, that whither human race,  
Exhaust thy spirits, and thy arms unbrace. 365



What once thou wert, oh ever might'st thou be!  
And age the lot of any chief but thee.

Thus to th' experienc'd prince Atrides cry'd;  
He shook his hoary locks, and thus reply'd.  
Well might I wish, could mortal wish renew 370  
That strength which once in boiling youth I knew;  
Such as I was, when Ereuthalion slain  
Beneath this arm fell prostrate on the plain.  
But heaven its gifts not all at once bestows,  
These years with wisdom crowns, with actions those:  
The field of combat fits the young and bold, 376  
The solemn council best becomes the old:  
To you the glorious conflict I resign,  
Let sage advice, the palm of age, be mine.

He said. With joy the monarch march'd before, 380  
And found Menestheus on the dusty shore,  
With whom the firm Athenian phalanx stands;  
And next Ulysses, with his subject bands.  
Remote their forces lay, nor knew so far  
The peace infring'd, nor heard the sounds of war; 385  
The tumult late begun, they stood intent  
To watch the motion, dubious of th' event.  
The king, who saw their squadrons yet unmov'd,  
With hasty ardor thus the chiefs reprov'd.

Can Pelus' son forget a warrior's part, 390  
And fears Ulysses, skill'd in every art?  
Why stand you distant, and the rest expect  
To mix in combat which yourselves neglect?  
From you 'twas hop'd among the first to dare  
The shock of armies, and commence the war. 395  
For this your names are call'd, before the rest,  
To share the pleasures of the genial feast:  
And can you, chiefs! without a blush survey  
Whole troops before you laboring in the fray?  
Say, is it thus those honors you requite; 400  
The first in banquets, but the last in fight?

Ulysses heard: the hero's warmth o'erspread  
His cheek with blushes: and severe, he said:

Take back th' unjust reproach! Behold we stand  
Sheath'd in bright arms, and but expect command. 405  
If glorious deeds afford thy soul delight,  
Behold me plunging in the thickest fight.  
Then give thy warrior-chief a warrior's due,  
Who dares to act whate'er thou dar'st to view.

Struck with his generous wrath the king replies; 410  
Oh great in action, and in council wise!  
With ours, thy care and ardor are the same,  
Nor need I to command, nor ought to blame.  
Sage as thou art, and learn'd in human kind,  
Forgive the transport of a martial mind. 415  
Haste to the fight, secure of just amends;  
The Gods that make, shall keep the worthy, friends.

He said, and pass'd where great Tydides lay,  
His steeds and chariots wedg'd in firm array:  
(The warlike Sthenelus attends his side) 420  
To whom with stern reproach the monarch cry'd;  
Oh son of Tydeus! (he, whose strength could tame  
The bounding steed, in arms a mighty name)  
Canst thou, remote, the mingling hosts descry,  
With hands unactive, and a careless eye? 425  
Not thus thy sire the fierce encounter fear'd;  
Still first in front the matchless prince appear'd:  
What glorious toils, what wonders they recite,  
Who view'd him laboring through the ranks of fight!  
I saw him once, when, gathering martial powers, 430  
A peaceful guest, he sought Mycenæ's towers;  
Armies he ask'd, and armies had been given,  
Not we deny'd, but Jove forbade from heaven;  
While dreadful comets glaring from afar,  
Forewarn'd the horrors of the Theban war. 435  
Next, sent by Greece from where Asopus flows,  
A fearless envoy, he approach'd the foes;  
Thebes' hostile walls, unguarded and alone,  
Dauntless he enters, and demands the throne.  
The tyrant feasting with his chiefs he found, 440  
And dar'd to combat all those chiefs around;

Dar'd and subdu'd, before their haughty lord;  
For Pallas strung his arm, and edg'd his sword.  
Stung with the shame, within the winding way,  
To bar his passage fifty warriors lay; 445  
Two heroes led the secret squadron on,  
Mæon the fierce, and hardy Lycophon;  
Those fifty slaughter'd in the gloomy vale,  
He spar'd but one to bear the dreadful tale.  
Such Tydeus was, and such his martial fire, 450  
Gods! how the son degenerates from the sire!

No words the godlike Diomed return'd,  
But heard respectful, and in secret burn'd:  
Not so fierce Capaneus' undaunted son,  
Stern as his sire, the boaster thus begun. 455

What needs, O monarch, this invidious praise,  
Ourselves to lessen, while our sires you raise?  
Dare to be just, Atrides! and confess  
Our valor equal, though our fury less.  
With fewer troops we storm'd the Theban wall, 460  
And happier saw the sevenfold city fall.  
In impious acts the guilty fathers dy'd;  
The sons subdu'd, for heaven was on their side.  
Far more than heirs of all our parents' fame,  
Our glories darken their diminish'd name. 465

To him Tydides thus. My friend, forbear,  
Suppress thy passion, and the king revere:  
His high concern may well excuse this rage,  
Whose cause we follow, and whose war we wage;  
His the first praise, were Ilion's towers o'erthrown, 470  
And, if we fail, the chief disgrace his own.  
Let him the Greeks to hardy toils excite,  
'Tis ours to labor in the glorious fight.

He spoke, and ardent, on the trembling ground  
Sprung from his car; his ringing arms resound. 475  
Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar,  
Of arm'd Tydides rushing to the war.  
As when the winds, ascending by degrees,  
First move the whitening surface of the seas,

The billows float in order to the shore, 480  
The wave behind rolls on the wave before;  
Till, with the growing storm, the deeps arise,  
Foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the skies.

So to the fight the thick battalions throng,  
Shields urg'd on shields, and men drove men along.  
Sedate and silent move the numerous bands; 486  
No sound, no whisper, but the chief's commands,  
Those only heard; with awe the rest obey,  
As if some God had snatch'd their voice away.

Not so the Trojans; from their host ascends 490  
A general shout that all the region rends.

As when the fleecy flocks unnumber'd stand  
In wealthy folds, and wait the milker's hand,  
The hollow vales incessant bleating fills,  
The lambs reply from all the neighboring hills: 495  
Such clamors rose from various nations round,  
Mix'd was the murmur, and confus'd the sound.

Each host now joins, and each a God inspires,  
These Mars incites, and those Minerva fires.  
Pale Flight around, and dreadful Terror reign; 500  
And Discord raging bathes the purple plain;  
Discord! dire sister of the slaughtering power,

Small at her birth, but rising every hour,  
While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,  
She stalks on earth, and shakes the world around; 505  
The nations bleed, where'er her steps she turns,  
The groan still deepens, and the combat burns.

Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet clos'd,  
To armor armor, lance to lance oppos'd,  
Host against host with shadowy squadrons drew, 510  
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew,  
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,  
And shrilling shouts and dying groans arise;  
With streaming blood the slippery fields are dy'd,  
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide. 515

As torrents roll, increas'd by numerous rills,  
With rage impetuous down their echoing hills;

Rush to the vales, and, pour'd along the plain,  
Roar through a thousand channels to the main;  
The distant shepherd trembling hears the sound: 520  
So mix both hosts, and so their cries rebound.

The bold Antilochus the slaughter led,  
The first who struck a valiant Trojan dead:  
At great Echepolus the lance arrives,  
Raz'd his high crest, and through his helmet drives;  
Warm'd in the brain the brazen weapon lies, 525  
And shades eternal settle o'er his eyes.

So sinks a tower, that long assaults has stood  
Of force and fire; its walls besmear'd with blood.  
Hini, the bold\* leader of th' Abantian throng 530  
Seiz'd to despoil, and dragg'd the corpse along:  
But while he strove to tug th' inserted dart,  
Agenor's javelin reach'd the hero's heart.

His flank, unguarded by his ample shield,  
Admits the lance: he falls, and spurns the field; 535  
The nerves, unbrac'd, support his limbs no more;  
The soul comes floating in a tide of gore.

Trojans and Greeks now gather round the slain;  
The war renews, the warriors bleed again;  
As o'er their prey rapacious wolves engage, 540  
Man dies on man, and all is blood and rage.

In blooming youth fair Simoësius fell,  
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell:  
Fair Simoësius, whom his mother bore,  
Amid the flocks on silver Simois' shore: 545

The nymph descending from the hills of Ide,  
To seek her parents on his flowery side,  
Brought forth the babe, their common care and joy,  
And thence from Simois nam'd the lovely boy.

Short was his date! by dreadful Ajax slain 550  
He falls, and renders all their cares in vain!

So falls a poplar, that in watery ground  
Rais'd high the head, with stately branches crown'd,

\* Elphenor.

(Fell'd by some artist with his shining steel,  
 To shape the circle of the bending wheel) 555  
 Cut down it lies, tall, smooth, and largely spread,  
 With all its beauteous honors on its head;  
 There, left a subject to the wind and rain,  
 And scorcl'd by suns, it withers on the plain.  
 Thus pierc'd by Ajax, Simoïsius lies 560  
 Stretch'd on the shore, and thus neglected dies.

At Ajax Antiphus his javelin threw;  
 The pointed lance with erring fury flew, }  
 And Leucus, lov'd by wise Ulysses, slew. }  
 He drops the corpse of Simoïsius slain, 565  
 And sinks a breathless carcass on the plain.  
 'This saw Ulysses, and with grief enrag'd  
 Strode where the foremost of the foes engag'd;  
 Arm'd with his spear, he meditates the wound,  
 In act to throw; but, cautious, look'd around. 570  
 Struck at his sight the Trojans backward drew,  
 And trembling heard the javelin as it flew.  
 A chief stood nigh, who from Abydos came,  
 Old Priam's son, Democoön was his name;  
 The weapon enter'd close above his ear, 575  
 Cold through his temples glides the whizzing spear;  
 With piercing shrieks the youth resigns his breath,  
 His eye-balls darken with the shades of death;  
 Ponderous he falls; his clanging arms resound;  
 And his broad buckler rings against the ground. 580  
 Seiz'd with affright the boldest foes appear;  
 Ev'n godlike Hector seems himself to fear;  
 Slow he gave way, the rest tumultuous fled;  
 'The Greeks with shouts press on, and spoil the dead;  
 But Phœbus now from Ilion's towering height 585  
 Shines forth reveal'd, and animates the fight.  
 'Trojans be bold, and force with force oppose,  
 Your foaming steeds urge headlong on the foes!  
 Nor are their bodies rocks, nor ribb'd with steel;  
 Your weapons enter, and your strokes they feel. 590

Have ye forgot what seem'd your dread before?  
The great, the fierce Achilles fights no more.

Apollo thus from Ilion's lofty towers,  
Array'd in terrors, rous'd the Trojan powers:  
While War's fierce Goddess fires the Grecian foe, 595  
And shouts and thunders in the fields below.

Then great Diores fell, by doom divine,  
In vain his valor, and illustrious line.  
A broken rock the force of Pirus threw  
(Who from cold Ænus led the Thracian crew); 600

Full on his ankle dropt the ponderous stone,  
Burst the strong nerves, and crash'd the solid bone:  
Supine he tumbles on the crimson sands,  
Before his helpless friends and native bands,  
And spreads for aid his unavailing hands. 605 }

The foe rush'd furious as he pants for breath,  
And through his navel drove the pointed death:  
His gushing entrails smok'd upon the ground,  
And the warm life came issuing from the wound.

His lance bold Thoas at the conqueror sent, 610  
Deep in his breast above the pap it went.

Amid the lungs was fix'd the winged wood,  
And quivering in his heaving bosom stood:  
Till from the dying chief, approaching near,  
Th' Ætolian warrior tugg'd his weighty spear: 615

Then sudden wav'd his flaming falchion round,  
And gash'd his belly with a ghastly wound,  
The corpse now breathless on the bloody plain,  
To spoil his arms the victor strove in vain;  
The Thracian bands against the victor prest; 620

A grove of lances glitter'd at his breast.  
Stern Thoas, glaring with revengeful eyes,  
In sullen fury slowly quits the prize.

Thus fell two heroes; one the pride of Thrace,  
And one the leader of the Epian race! 625

Death's sable shade at once o'ercaст their eyes,  
In dust the vanquish'd, and the victor lies.

With copious slaughter all the fields are red,  
And heap'd with growing mountains of the dead.

Had some brave chief this martial scene beheld, 630  
By Pallas guarded through the dreadful field;  
Might darts be bid to turn their points away,  
And swords around him innocently play;  
The war's whole art with wōnder had he seen,  
And counted heroes where he counted men. 635

So fought each host with thirst of glory fir'd,  
And crowds on crowds triumphantly expir'd.



THE  
**ILIAD.**

BOOK V.

## ARGUMENT.

### *The Acts of Diomed.*

Diomed, assisted by Pallas, performs wonders in this day's battle. Pandarus wounds him with an arrow, but the Goddess cures him, enables him to discern Gods from mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former, excepting Venus. Æneas joins Pandarus to oppose him: Pandarus is killed, and Æneas in great danger, but for the assistance of Venus; who as she is removing her son from the fight, is wounded on the hand by Diomed. Apollo seconds her in his rescue, and at length carries off Æneas to Troy, where he is healed in the temple of Pergamus. Mars rallies the Trojans, and assists Hector to make a stand. In the mean time Æneas is restored to the field, and they overthrow several of the Greeks; among the rest Tlepolemus is slain by Sarpedon. Juno and Minerva descend to resist Mars; the latter incites Diomed to go against that God; he wounds him, and sends him groaning to heaven.

The first battle continues through this book. The scene is the same as in the former.

THE  
ILIAD.

BOOK V.

**B**UT Pallas now Tydides' soul inspires,  
Fills with her force, and warms with all her fires,  
Above the Greeks his deathless fame to raise,  
And crown her hero with distinguish'd praise.  
High on his helm celestial lightnings play, 5  
His beamy shield emits a living ray;  
Th' unwearied blaze incessant streams supplies,  
Like the red star that fires th' autumnal skies,  
When fresh he rears his radiant orb to sight,  
And bath'd in Ocean, shoots a keener light. 10  
Such glories Pallas on the chief bestow'd,  
Such, from his arms, the fierce effulgence flow'd:  
Onward she drives him, furious to engage,  
Where the fight burns, and where the thickest rage.  
The sons of Dares first the combat sought, 15  
A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault;  
In Vulcan's fane the father's days were led,  
The sons to toils of glorious battle bred;  
These singled from their troops the fight maintain,  
These from their steeds, Tydides on the plain. 20  
Fierce for renown, the brother chiefs draw near,  
And first bold Phegeus cast his sounding spear,  
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,  
And spent in empty air its erring force.

Not so, Tydides, flew thy lance in vain, 25  
But pierc'd his breast, and stretch'd him on the plain.  
Seiz'd with unusual fear, Idæus fled,  
Left the rich chariot, and his brother dead.  
And had not Vulcan lent celestial aid,  
He too had sunk to death's eternal shade; 30  
But in a smoky cloud the God of fire  
Preserv'd the son, in pity to the sire.  
The steeds and chariot, to the navy led,  
Increas'd the spoils of gallant Diomed. 34

Struck with amaze and shame, the Trojan crew  
Or slain, or fled, the sons of Dares view;  
When by the blood-stain'd hand Minerva prest  
The God of battles, and this speech address.

Stern Power of war! by whom the mighty fall,  
Who bathe in blood, and shake the lofty wall! 40  
Let the brave chiefs their glorious toils divide;  
And whose the conquest mighty Jove decide:  
While we from interdicted fields retire,  
Nor tempt the wrath of heaven's avenging Sire.

Her words allay'd th' impetuous warrior's heat,  
The God of arms and martial Maid retreat; 46  
Remov'd from fight, on Xanthus' flowery bounds  
They sat, and listen'd to the dying sounds.

Meantime, the Greeks the Trojan race pursue,  
And some bold chieftain every leader slew: 50  
First Odius falls, and bites the bloody sand,  
His death ennobled by Atrides' hand;  
As he to flight his wheeling car address,  
The speedy javelin drove from back to breast.  
In dust the mighty Halizonian lay, 55  
His arms resound, the spirit wings its way.

Thy fate was next, O Phæstus! doom'd to feel  
The great Idomeneus' portended steel;  
Whom Borus sent (his son and only joy)  
From fruitful Tame to the fields of Troy. 60  
The Cretan javelin reach'd him from afar,  
And pierc'd his shoulder as he mounts his car:

Back from the car he tumbles to the ground,  
And everlasting shades his eyes surround.

Then dy'd Scamandrius, expert in the chase, 65  
In woods and wilds to wound the savage race:

Diana taught him all her sylvan arts,  
To bend the bow, and aim unerring darts:  
But vainly here Diana's arts he tries,  
The fatal lance arrests him as he flies; 70

From Menelaüs' arm the weapon sent,  
Through his broad back and heaving bosom went:  
Down sinks the warrior with a thundering sound,  
His brazen armor rings against the ground.

Next artful Phereclus untimely fell; 75  
Bold Merion sent him to the realms of hell.

Thy father's skill, O Phereclus, was thine,  
The graceful fabric and the fair design,  
For, lov'd by Pallas, Pallas did impart  
To him the shipwright's and the builder's art. 80

Beneath his hand the fleet of Paris rose,  
The fatal cause of all his country's woes;  
But he, the mystic will of heaven unknown,  
Nor saw his country's peril, nor his own.

The hapless artist, while confus'd he fled, 85  
The spear of Merion mingled with the dead.

Through his right hip with forceful fury cast,  
Between the bladder and the bone it past:  
Prone on his knees he falls with fruitless cries,  
And death in lasting slumber seals his eyes. 90

From Meges' force the swift Pedæus fled,  
Antenor's offspring from a foreign bed;  
Whose generous spouse, Theano, heavenly fair,  
Nurs'd the young stranger with a mother's care.

How vain those cares! when Meges in the rear 95  
Full in his nape infix'd the fatal spear;  
Swift through his crackling jaws the weapon glides,  
And the cold tongue the grinning teeth divides.

Then dy'd Hypsenor, generous and divine,  
Sprung from the brave Dolopian's mighty line, 100

Who near ador'd Scamander made abode,  
 Priest of the stream, and honor'd as a God.  
 On him, amidst the flying numbers found,  
 Eurypylus inflicts a deadly wound; 104

On his broad shoulders fell the forceful brand,  
 Then glancing downward lopp'd his holy hand, }  
 Which stain'd with sacred blood the blushing sand.  
 Down sunk the priest: the purple hand of death  
 Clos'd his dim eye, and fate suppress'd his breath.

Thus toil'd the chiefs, in different parts engag'd,  
 In every quarter fierce Tydides rag'd, 111  
 Amid the Greek, amid the Trojan train,  
 Rapt through the ranks he thunders o'er the plain;  
 Now here, now there, he darts from place to place,  
 Pours on the rear, or lightens in their face. 115

'Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong  
 Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along,  
 'Through ruin'd moles the rushing wave resounds,  
 O'erwhelms the bridge, and bursts the lofty bounds.  
 The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year, 120  
 And flatted vineyards, one sad waste appear!  
 While Jove descends in sluicy sheets of rain,  
 And all the labors of mankind are vain.

So rag'd Tydides, boundless in his ire,  
 Drove armies back, and made all Troy retire. 125  
 With grief the \*leader of the Lycian band  
 Saw the wide waste of his destructive hand:  
 His bended bow against the chief he drew;  
 Swift to the mark the thirsty arrow flew, 129  
 Whose forky point the hollow breast-plate tore,  
 Deep in his shoulder pierc'd, and drank the gore:  
 The rushing stream his brazen armor dy'd,  
 While the proud archer thus exulting cry'd.

Hither, ye Trojans, hither drive your steeds!  
 Lo! by our hand the bravest Grecian bleeds. 135

\* Pandarus.

Not long the dreadful dart he can sustain;  
Or Phœbus urg'd me to these fields in vain.

So spoke he, boastful; but the winged dart  
Stopt short of life, and mock'd the shooter's art.  
The wounded chief, behind his car retir'd, 140  
The helping hand of Sthenelus requir'd;  
Swift from his seat he leap'd upon the ground,  
And tugg'd the weapon from the gushing wound;  
When thus the king his guardian power addrest,  
The purple current wandering o'er his vest! 145

O progeny of Jove! unconquer'd maid!  
If e'er my godlike sire deserv'd thy aid,  
If e'er I felt thee in the fighting field;  
Now, Goddess, now thy sacred succor yield.  
Oh give my lance to reach the Trojan knight, 150  
Whose arrow wounds the chief thou guard'st in fight;  
And lay the boaster grovelling on the shore,  
That vaunts these eyes shall view the light no more.

Thus pray'd Tydides, and Minerva heard;  
His nerves confirm'd, his languid spirits cheer'd,  
He feels each limb with wonted vigor light; 155  
His beating bosom claims the promis'd fight.  
Be bold (she cry'd) in every combat shine,  
War be thy province, thy protection mine;  
Rush to the fight, and every foe control; 160  
Wake each paternal virtue in thy soul:  
Strength swells thy boiling breast, infus'd by me,  
And all thy godlike father breathes in thee!  
Yet more, from mortal mists I purge thy eyes,  
And set to view the warring Deities. 165

These see thou shun, through all th' embattled plain,  
Nor rashly strive where human force is vain.  
If Venus mingle in the martial band,  
Her shalt thou wound: so Pallas gives command.

With that, the blue-ey'd virgin wing'd her flight;  
The hero rush'd impetuous to the fight; 171  
With tenfold ardor now invades the plain,  
Wild with delay, and more enrag'd by pain.

As on the fleecy flocks, when hunger calls,  
Amidst the field a brindled lion falls; 175  
If chance some shepherd with a distant dart  
The savage wound, he rouses at the smart,  
He foams, he roars; the shepherd dares not stay,  
But trembling leaves the scattering flocks a prey;  
Heaps fall on heaps; he bathes with blood the ground,  
Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty mound. 181

Not with less fury stern Tydides flew;  
And two brave leaders at an instant slew:  
Astynois breathless fell, and by his side  
His people's pastor, good Hypenor, dy'd; 185  
Astynois' breast the deadly lance receives,  
Hypenor's shoulder his broad falchion cleaves.  
Those slain he left; and sprung with noble rage  
Abas and Polyidus to engage:

Sons of Eurydamus, who wise and old, 190  
Could fates foresee, and mystic dreams unfold;  
The youths return'd not from the doubtful plain,  
And the sad father try'd his arts in vain;  
No mystic dream could make their fates appear,  
Though now determin'd by Tydides' spear. 195

Young Xanthus next, and Thoon felt his rage;  
The joy and hope of Phænops' feeble age;  
Vast was his wealth, and these the only heirs  
Of all his labors, and a life of cares.  
Cold death o'ertakes them in their blooming years,  
And leaves the father unavailing tears: 201  
To strangers now descends his heapy store,  
The race forgotten, and the name no more.

Two sons of Priam in one chariot ride,  
Glittering in arms, and combat side by side. 205  
As when the lordly lion seeks his food  
Where grazing heifers range the lonely wood,  
He leaps amidst them with a furious bound,  
Bends their strong necks, and tears them to the ground:  
So from their seats the brother chiefs are torn, 210  
Their steeds and chariot to the navy born.



With deep concern divine Æneas view'd  
The foe prevailing, and his friends pursued,  
Through the thick storm of singing spears he flies,  
Exploring Pandarus with careful eyes, 215  
At length he found Lycaon's mighty son;  
To whom the chief of Venus' race begun.

Where, Pandarus, are all thy honors now,  
Thy winged arrows and unerring bow,  
Thy matchless skill, thy yet unrivall'd fame, 220  
And boasted glory of the Lycian name?  
Oh pierce that mortal! if we mortal call  
That wondrous force by which whole armies fall;  
Or God incens'd, who quits the distant skies  
To punish Troy for slighted sacrifice; 225  
(Which, oh avert from our unhappy state!  
For what so dreadful as celestial hate?)  
Whoe'er he be, propitiate Jove with prayer;  
If man, destroy; if God, intreat to spare.

To him the Lycian. Whom your eyes behold,  
If right I judge, is Diomed the bold! 231  
Such coursers whirl him o'er the dusty field,  
So towers his helmet, and so flames his shield.  
If 'tis a God, he wears that chief's disguise;  
Or if that chief, some guardian of the skies 235  
Involv'd in clouds, protects him in the fray,  
And turns unseen the frustrate dart away.  
I wing'd an arrow, which not idly fell,  
The stroke had fix'd him to the gates of hell;  
And, but some God, some angry God withstands,  
His fate was due to these unerring hands. 241  
Skill'd in the bow, on foot I sought the war,  
Nor join'd swift horses to the rapid car.  
Ten polish'd chariots I possess'd at home,  
And still they grace Lycaon's princely dome: 245  
There veil'd in spacious coverlets they stand;  
And twice ten coursers wait their lord's command.  
The good old warrior bade me trust to these,  
When first for Troy I sail'd the sacred seas;

In fields, aloft, the whirling car to guide, 250  
And through the ranks of death triumphant ride.  
But vain with youth, and yet to thrift inclin'd,  
I heard his counsels with unheedful mind,  
And thought the steeds (your large supplies unknown)  
Might fail of forage in the straiten'd town: 255  
So took my bow and pointed darts in hand,  
And left the chariots in my native land.

Too late, O friend! my rashness I deplore;  
These shafts, once fatal, carry death no more.  
Tydeus' and Atreus' sons their points have found,  
And undissembled gore pursued the wound. 261  
In vain they bled: this unavailing bow  
Serves, not to slaughter, but provoke the foe.  
In evil hour these bended horns I strung,  
And seiz'd the quiver where it idly hung. 265  
Curs'd be the fate that sent me to the field,  
Without a warrior's arms, the spear and shield!  
If e'er with life I quit the Trojan plain,  
If e'er I see my spouse and sire again,  
This bow, unfaithful to my glorious aims, 270  
Broke by my hand, shall feed the blazing flames.

To whom the leader of the Dardan race:  
Be calm, nor Phœbus' honor'd gift disgrace.  
The distant dart be prais'd, though here we need  
The rushing chariot, and the bounding steed. 275  
Against you hero let us bend our course,  
And, hand to hand, encounter force with force.  
Now mount my seat, and from the chariot's height  
Observe my father's steeds, renown'd in fight.  
Practis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chase, 280  
To dare the shock, or urge the rapid race:  
Secure with these, through fighting fields we go;  
Or safe to Troy, if Jove assist the foe.  
Haste, seize the whip, and snatch the guiding rein;  
The warrior's fury let this arm sustain; 285  
Or, if to combat thy bold heart incline,  
Take thou the spear, the chariot's care be mine.

O prince! (Lycaon's valiant son reply'd)  
As thine the steeds, be thine the task to guide.  
The horses, practis'd to their lord's command, 290  
Shall bear the rein, and answer to thy hand.  
But if, unhappy, we desert the fight,  
Thy voice alone can animate their flight:  
Else shall our fates be number'd with the dead,  
And these, the victor's prize, in triumph led. 295  
Thine be the guidance then: with spear and shield  
Myself will charge this terror of the field.

And now both heroes mount the glittering ear;  
The bounding coursers rush amidst the war.  
Their fierce approach bold Sthenelus espy'd, 300  
Who thus, alarm'd, to great Tydides cry'd.

O friend! two chiefs of force immense I see,  
Dreadful they come, and bend their rage on thee:  
Lo the brave heir of old Lycaon's line,  
And great Æneas, sprung from race divine! 305  
Enough is given to fame. Ascend thy car;  
And save a life, the bulwark of our war.

At this the hero cast a gloomy look,  
Fix'd on the chief with scorn; and thus he spoke.

Me dost thou bid to shun the coming fight? 310  
Me wouldst thou move to base, inglorious flight?  
Know, 'tis not honest in my soul to fear,  
Nor was Tydides born to tremble here.  
I hate the cumbrous chariot's slow advance,  
And the long distance of the flying lance; 315  
But while my nerves are strong, my force entire,  
Thus front the foe, and emulate my sire.

Nor shall yon steeds that fierce to fight convey  
Those threatening heroes, bear them both away;  
One chief at least beneath this arm shall die; 320  
So Pallas tells me, and forbids to fly.  
But if she dooms, and if no God withstand,  
That both shall fall by one victorious hand;  
Then heed my words: my horses here detain,  
Fix'd to the chariot by the straiten'd rein; 325

Swift to Æneas' empty seat proceed,  
 And seize the coursers of ætherial breed:  
 The race of those, which once the thundering God  
 For ravish'd Ganymede on Tros bestow'd,  
 The best that e'er on earth's broad surface run, 330  
 Beneath the rising or the setting sun.

Hence great Anchises stole a breed, unknown  
 By mortal mares, from fierce Laomedon:  
 Four of this race his ample stalls contain,  
 And two transport Æneas o'er the plain. 335  
 These, were the rich immortal prize our own,  
 Through the wide world should make our glory known.

Thus while they spoke, the foe came furious on,  
 And stern Lycaon's warlike race begun.

Prince, thou art met. Though late in vain assail'd,  
 The spear may enter where the arrow fail'd. 341

He said, then shook the ponderous lance, and flung; }  
 On his broad shield the sounding weapon rung, }  
 Pierc'd the tough orb, and in his cuirass hung. }  
 He bleeds! the pride of Greece! (the boaster cries) 345  
 Our triumph now, the mighty warrior lies!

Mistaken vaunter! Diomed reply'd;  
 Thy dart has err'd, and now my spear be try'd:  
 Ye scape not both; one, headlong from his car,  
 With hostile blood shall glut the God of War. 350

He spoke, and rising hurl'd his forceful dart,  
 Which, driven by Pallas, pierc'd a vital part;  
 Full in his face it enter'd, and betwixt  
 The nose and eye-ball the proud Lycian fixt;  
 Crash'd all his jaws, and cleft the tongue within, 355  
 Till the bright point look'd out beneath the chin.  
 Headlong he falls, his helmet knocks the ground;  
 Earth groans beneath him, and his arms resound;  
 The starting coursers tremble with affright;  
 The soul indignant seeks the realms of night. 360

To guard his slaughter'd friend, Æneas flies,  
 His spear extending where the carcass lies;

Watchful he wheels, protects it every way,  
As the grim lion stalks around his prey.  
O'er the fall'n trunk his ample shield display'd, 365  
He hides the hero with his mighty shade,  
And threats aloud: the Greeks with longing eyes  
Behold at distance, but forbear the prize.  
Then fierce Tydides stoops; and from the fields  
Heav'd with vast force, a rocky fragment wields. 370  
Not two strong men th' enormous weight could raise,  
Such men as live in these degenerate days.  
He swung it round; and gathering strength to throw,  
Discharg'd the ponderous ruin at the foe.  
Where to the hip th' inserted thigh unites, 375  
Full on the bone the pointed marble lights;  
'Through both the tendons broke the rugged stone,  
And stripp'd the skin, and crack'd the solid bone.  
Sunk on his knees, and staggering with his pains,  
His falling bulk his bended arm sustains; 380  
Lost in a dizzy mist the warrior lies;  
A sudden cloud comes swimming o'er his eyes.  
There the brave chief who mighty numbers sway'd,  
Oppress'd had sunk to death's eternal shade;  
But heavenly Venus, mindful of the love 385  
She bore Anchises in th' Idæan grove,  
His danger views with anguish and despair,  
And guards her offspring with a mother's care.  
About her much-lov'd son her arms she throws,  
Her arms whose whiteness match the falling snows. 390  
Screen'd from the foe behind her shining veil,  
The swords wave harmless, and the javelins fail:  
Safe through the rushing horse, and feather'd flight  
Of sounding shafts, she bears him from the fight.  
Nor Sthenelus, with unassisting hands, 395  
Remain'd unheedful of his lord's commands:  
His panting steeds, remov'd from out the war,  
He fix'd with straiten'd traces to the car.  
Next rushing to the Dardan spoil, detains  
The heavenly coursers with the flowing manes: 400

These in proud triumph to the fleet convey'd,  
No longer now a Trojan lord obey'd.  
That charge to bold Deïpylus he gave,  
(Whom most he lov'd, as brave men love the brave)  
Then mounting on his car, resum'd the rein, 405  
And follow'd where Tydides swept the plain.

Meanwhile (his conquest ravish'd from his eyes)  
The raging chief in chase of Venus flies:  
No Goddess she commission'd to the field,  
Like Pallas dreadful with her sable shield, 410  
Or fierce Bellona thundering at the wall,  
While flames ascend, and mighty ruins fall;  
He knew soft combats suit the tender dame,  
New to the field, and still a foe to fame.

Through breaking ranks his furious course he bends,  
And at the Goddess his broad lance extends; 416

Through her bright veil the daring weapon drove,  
Th' ambrosial veil, which all the Graces wove;  
Her snowy hand the razing steel profan'd,  
And the transparent skin with crimson stain'd. 420

From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd,  
Such stream as issues from a wounded God:  
Pure emanation! uncorrupted flood;

Unlike our gross, diseas'd, terrestrial blood:  
(For not the bread of man their life sustains, 425  
Nor wine's inflaming juice supplies their veins.)

With tender shrieks the Goddess fill'd the place,  
And dropt her offspring from her weak embrace.

Him Phœbus took: he casts a cloud around  
The fainting chief, and wards the mortal wound. 430

Then, with a voice that shook the vaulted skies,  
The king insults the Goddess as she flies.

Ill with Jove's daughter bloody fights agree,  
The field of combat is no scene for thee:

Go, let thy own soft sex employ thy care, 435  
Go, lull the coward, or delude the fair.

Taught by this stroke, renounce the war's alarms,  
And learn to tremble at the name of arms.

Tydides thus. The Goddess, seiz'd with dread,  
Confus'd, distracted, from the conflict fled. 440  
'To aid her, swift the winged Iris flew,  
Wrapt in a mist above the warring crew.  
The Queen of Love with faded charms she found,  
Pale was her cheek, and livid look'd the wound.  
'To Mars, who sat remote, they bent their way, 445  
Far on the left, with clouds involv'd he lay;  
Beside him stood his lance, distain'd with gore,  
And, rein'd with gold, his foaming steeds before.  
Low at his knee, she begg'd, with streaming eyes,  
Her brother's car, to mount the distant skies, 450  
And show'd the wound, by fierce Tydides given,  
A mortal man, who dares encounter heaven.  
Stern Mars attentive hears the Queen complain,  
And to her hand commits the golden rein;  
She mounts the seat, oppress'd with silent wo, 455  
Driven by the Goddess of the painted bow.  
The lash resounds, the rapid chariot flies,  
And in a moment scales the lofty skies:  
There stopp'd the car, and there the coursers stood,  
Fed by fair Iris with ambrosial food. 460  
Before her mother, Love's bright Queen appears,  
O'erwhelm'd with anguish, and dissolv'd in tears;  
She rais'd her in her arms, beheld her bleed,  
And ask'd, what God had wrought this guilty deed?  
Then she; This insult from no God I found, 465  
An impious mortal gave the daring wound!  
Behold the deed of haughty Diomed!  
'Twas in the son's defence the mother bled.  
The war with Troy no more the Grecians wage,  
But with the Gods (th' immortal Gods) engage. 470  
Dione then. Thy wrongs with patience bear,  
And share those griefs inferior powers must share:  
Unnumber'd woes mankind from us sustain,  
And men with woes afflict the Gods again.  
The mighty Mars in mortal fetters bound, 475  
And lodg'd in brazen dungeons under ground,

Full thirteen moons imprison'd roar'd in vain;  
Otus and Ephialtes held the chain:  
Perhaps had perish'd; had not Hermes' care  
Restor'd the groaning God to upper air. 480  
Great Juno's self has born her weight of pain,  
Th' imperial partner of the heavenly reign;  
Amphitryon's son infix'd the deadly dart,  
And fill'd with anguish her immortal heart.

Ev'n hell's grim king Alcides' power confest, 485  
The shaft found entrance in his iron breast;  
To Jove's high palace for a cure he fled,  
Pierc'd in his own dominions of the dead;  
Where Pæon, sprinkling heavenly balm around,  
Assuag'd the glowing pangs, and clos'd the wound. 490  
Rash, impious man! to stain the blest abodes,  
And drench his arrows in the blood of Gods!

But thou (though Pallas urg'd thy frantic deed)  
Whose spear ill-fated makes a Goddess bleed,  
Know thou, whoe'er with heavenly power contends,  
Short is his date, and soon his glory ends; 496  
From fields of death when late he shall retire,  
No infant on his knees shall call him sire.  
Strong as thou art, some God may yet be found,  
To stretch thee pale and gasping on the ground; 500  
Thy distant wife, Ægiale the fair,  
Starting from sleep with a distracted air,  
Shall rouse thy slaves, and her lost lord deplore,  
The brave, the great, the glorious, now no more!

This said, she wip'd from Venus' wounded palm 505  
The sacred ichor, and infus'd the balm.  
Juno and Pallas with a smile survey'd,  
And thus to Jove began the blue-ey'd maid.

Permit thy daughter, gracious Jove! to tell  
How this mischance the Cyprian Queen befel. 510  
As late she try'd with passion to inflame  
The tender bosom of a Grecian dame,  
Allur'd the fair with moving thoughts of joy,  
To quit her country for some youth of Troy;



The clasping zone, with golden buckles bound, 515  
Raz'd her soft hand with this lamented wound.

The Sire of Gods and men superior smil'd,  
And, calling Venus, thus addrest his child.  
Not these, O daughter, are thy proper cares,  
Thee milder arts befit, and softer wars; 520  
Sweet smiles are thine, and kind endearing charms,  
To Mars and Pallas leave the deeds of arms.

Thus they in heaven: while on the plain below  
The fierce Tydides charg'd his Dardan foe,  
Flush'd with celestial blood pursu'd his way, 525  
And fearless dar'd the threatening God of Day;  
Already in his hopes he saw him kill'd,  
Though screen'd behind Apollo's mighty shield.  
Thrice rushing furious, at the chief he strook;  
His blazing buckler thrice Apollo shook: 530  
He try'd the fourth: when, breaking from the cloud,  
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud.

O son of Tydeus, cease! be wise, and see  
How vast the difference of the Gods and thee;  
Distance immense! between the powers that shine 535  
Above, eternal, deathless, and divine,  
And mortal man! a wretch of humble birth,  
A short-liv'd reptile in the dust of earth.  
So spoke the God who darts celestial fires;  
He dreads his fury, and some steps retires. 540  
Then Phœbus bore the chief of Venus' race  
To Troy's high fane, and to his holy place;  
Latona there and Phœbe heal'd the wound,  
With vigor arm'd him, and with glory crown'd.  
This done, the patron of the silver bow 545  
A phantom rais'd, the same in shape and show  
With great Æneas; such the form he bore,  
And such in fight the radiant arms he wore.  
Around the spectre bloody wars are wag'd,  
And Greece and Troy with clashing shields engag'd.  
Meantime on Ilion's tower Apollo stood, 551  
And, calling Mars, thus urg'd the raging God.

Stern Power of arms, by whom the mighty fall;  
Who bath'st in blood, and shak'st th' embattled wall,  
Rise in thy wrath! to hell's abhorr'd abodes 555  
Despatch yon Greek, and vindicate the Gods.  
First rosy Venus felt his brutal rage;  
Me next he charg'd, and dares all heaven engage:  
The wretch would brave high heaven's immortal Sire,  
His triple thunder, and his bolts of fire. 560

The God of battle issues on the plain,  
Stirs all the ranks, and fires the Trojan train;  
In form like Acamas, the Thracian guide,  
Enrag'd, to Troy's retiring chiefs he cry'd:  
How long, ye sons of Priam! will ye fly, 565  
And unreveng'd see Priam's people die?  
Still unresisted shall the foe destroy,  
And stretch the slaughter to the gates of Troy?  
Lo brave Æneas sinks beneath his wound,  
Not godlike Hector more in arms renown'd: 570  
Haste all, and take the generous warrior's part:  
He said; new courage swell'd each hero's heart,  
Sarpedon first his ardent soul express'd,  
And, turn'd to Hector, these bold words address'd.

Say, chief, is all thy ancient valor lost, 575  
Where are thy threats, and where thy glorious boast,  
That propt alone by Priam's race should stand  
Troy's sacred walls, nor need a foreign hand?  
Now, now thy country calls her wonted friends,  
And the proud vaunt in just derision ends, 580  
Remote they stand, while alien troops engage,  
Like trembling hounds before the lion's rage.  
Far distant hence I held my wide command,  
Where foaming Xanthus laves the Lyeian land,  
With ample wealth (the wish of mortals) blest, 585  
A beauteous wife, and infant at her breast;  
With those I left whatever dear could be;  
Greece, if she conquers, nothing wins from me.  
Yet first in fight my Lycian bands I cheer,  
And long to meet this mighty man ye fear; 590

While Hector idle stands, nor bids the brave  
Their wives, their infants, and their altars save.  
Haste, warrior, haste! preserve thy threaten'd state;  
Or one vast burst of all-involving fate  
Full o'er your towers shall fall, and sweep away 595  
Sons, sires, and wives, an undistinguish'd prey.  
Rouse all thy Trojans, urge thy aids to fight;  
These claim thy thoughts by day, thy watch by night:  
With force incessant the brave Greeks oppose;  
Such cares thy friends deserve, and such thy foes. 600  
Stung to the heart the generous Hector hears,  
But just reproof with decent silence bears.  
From his proud car the prince impetuous springs,  
On earth he leaps; his brazen armor rings.  
Two shining spears are brandish'd in his hands; 605  
Thus arm'd, he animates his drooping bands,  
Revives their ardor, turns their steps from flight,  
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.  
They turn, they stand, the Greeks their fury dare,  
Condense their powers, and wait the growing war. 610  
As when, on Ceres' sacred floor, the swain  
Spreads the wide fan to clear the golden grain,  
And the light chaff, before the breezes borne,  
Ascends in clouds from off the heapy corn;  
'The gray dust, rising with collected winds, 615  
Drives o'er the barn, and whitens all the hinds:  
So white with dust the Grecian host appears,  
From trampling steeds, and thundering charioteers;  
The dusty clouds from labor'd earth arise,  
And roll in smoking volumes to the skies. 620  
Mars hovers o'er them with his sable shield,  
And adds new horrors to the darken'd field:  
Pleas'd with his charge, and ardent to fulfil,  
In Troy's defence, Apollo's heavenly will:  
Soon as from flight the blue-ey'd maid retires, 625  
Each Trojan bosom with new warmth he fires.  
And now the God, from forth his sacred fane,  
Produc'd Æneas to the shouting train;

Alive, unharm'd, with all his peers around,  
Erect he stood, and vigorous from his wound: 630  
Inquiries none they made; the dreadful day  
No pause of words admits, no dull delay;  
Fierce Discord storms, Apollo loud exclaims,  
Fame calls, Mars thunders, and the field 's in flames.

Stern Diomed with either Ajax stood, 635  
And great Ulysses, bath'd in hostile blood.  
Imbodied close, the laboring Grecian train  
'The fiercest shock of charging hosts sustain.  
Unmov'd and silent, the whole war they wait,  
Serenely dreadful, and as fix'd as fate. 640  
So when th' embattled clouds in dark array,  
Along the skies their gloomy lines display;  
When now the North his boisterous rage has spent,  
And peaceful sleeps the liquid element:  
'The low-hung vapors, motionless and still, 645  
Rest on the summits of the shaded hill;  
'Till the mass scatters as the winds arise,  
Dispers'd and broken through the ruffled skies.

Nor was the general wanting to his train,  
From troop to troop he toils through all the plain. 650  
Ye Greeks, be men! the charge of battle bear;  
Your brave associates and yourselves revere!  
Let glorious acts more glorious acts inspire,  
And catch from breast to breast the noble fire!  
On valor's side the odds of combat lie, 655  
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;  
'The wretch who trembles in the field of fame,  
Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame.

These words he seconds with his flying lance,  
To meet whose point was strong Deïcoon's chance: 660  
Æneas' friend, and in his native place  
Honor'd and lov'd like Priam's Royal race:  
Long had he fought the foremost in the field,  
But now the monarch's lance transpierc'd his shield:  
His shield too weak the furious dart to stay, 665  
Through his broad belt the weapon forc'd its way:

The grisly wound dismiss'd his soul to hell,  
His arms around him rattled as he fell.

Then fierce Æneas, brandishing his blade,  
In dust Orsilochus and Crethon laid, 670  
Whose sire Diöcleus, wealthy, brave, and great,  
In well-built Pheræ held his lofty seat:  
Sprung from Alpheüs' plenteous stream! that yields  
Increase of harvests to the Pylian fields.

He got Orsilochus, Diöcleus he, 675  
And these descended in the third degree:  
Too early expert in the martial toil,  
In sable ships they left their native soil,  
T' avenge Atrides: now, untimely slain,  
They fell with glory on the Phrygian plain. 680

So two young mountain lions, nurs'd with blood  
In deep recesses of the gloomy wood,  
Rush fearless to the plains, and uncontroll'd  
Depopulate the stalls, and waste the fold;  
Till pierc'd at distance from their native den, 685  
O'erpower'd they fall beneath the force of men.

Prostrate on earth their beauteous bodies lay,  
Like mountain firs, as tall and straight as they.  
Great Menelaüs views with pitying eyes,  
Lifts his bright lance, and at the victor flies; 690  
Mars urg'd him on; yet, ruthless in his hate,  
The god but urg'd him to provoke his fate.

He thus advancing, Nestor's valiant son  
Shakes for his danger, and neglects his own;  
Struck with the thought, should Helen's lord be slain,  
And all his country's glorious labors vain. 696

Already met, the threatening heroes stand;  
The spears already tremble in their hand:  
In rush'd Antilochus, his aid to bring,  
And fall or conquer by the Spartan king. 700

These seen, the Dardan backward turn'd his course,  
Brave as he was, and shunn'd unequal force.  
The breathless bodies to the Greeks they drew,  
Then mix in combat, and their toils renew.

First Pylæmenes, great in battle, bled, 705  
 Who sheath'd in brass the Paphlagonians led.  
 Atrides mark'd him where sublime he stood;  
 Fix'd in his throat, the javelin drank his blood.  
 The faithful Mydon, as he turn'd from fight  
 His flying coursers, sunk to endless night: 710  
 A broken rock by Nestor's son was thrown;  
 His bended arm receiv'd the falling stone,  
 From his numb'd hand the ivory-studded reins,  
 Dropt in the dust, are trail'd along the plains:  
 Meanwhile his temples feel a deadly wound; 715  
 He groans in death, and ponderous sinks to ground:  
 Deep drove his helmet in the sands, and there  
 The head stood fix'd, the quivering legs in air,  
 Till trampled flat beneath the coursers' feet:  
 The youthful victor mounts his empty seat, 720  
 And bears the prize in triumph to the fleet.

Great Hector saw, and raging at the view,  
 Pours on the Greeks; the Trojan troops pursue:  
 He fires his host with animating cries,  
 And brings along the furies of the skies. 725  
 Mars, stern destroyer! and Bellona dread,  
 Flame in the front, and thunder at their head:  
 This swells the tumult and the rage of fight;  
 That shakes a spear that casts a dreadful light.  
 Where Hector march'd, the God of battles shin'd, 730  
 Now storm'd before him, and now rag'd behind.

Tydides paus'd amidst his full career;  
 Then first the hero's manly breast knew fear.  
 As when some simple swain his cot forsakes,  
 And wide through fens an unknown journey takes; 735  
 If chance a swelling brook his passage stay,  
 And foam impervious cross the wanderer's way,  
 Confus'd he stops, a length of country past,  
 Eyes the rough waves, and, tir'd, returns at last.  
 Amaz'd no less the great Tydides stands; 740  
 He stay'd, and, turning, thus address his bands.

No wonder, Greeks! that all to Hector yield,  
Secure of favoring Gods, he takes the field;  
His strokes they second, and avert our spears:  
Behold where Mars in mortal arms appears! 745  
Retire then, warriors, but sedate and slow;  
Retire, but with your faces to the foe.  
Trust not too much your unavailing might;  
'Tis not with 'Troy, but with the Gods ye fight.

Now near the Greeks, the black battalions drew; 750  
And first two leaders valiant Hector slew:  
His force Anchialus and Mnesthes found,  
In every art of glorious war renown'd;  
In the same car the chiefs to combat ride,  
And fought united, and united died. 755  
Struck at the sight, the mighty Ajax glows  
With thirst of vengeance, and assaults the foes.  
His massy spear with matchless fury sent,  
Through Amphius' belt and heaving belly went:  
Amphius Apæsus' happy soil possess'd, 760  
With herds abounding, and with treasure bless'd;  
But fate resistless from his country led  
The chief, to perish at his people's head.  
Shook with his fall, his brazen armor rung,  
And fierce, to seize it, conquering Ajax sprung; 765  
Around his head an iron tempest rain'd;  
A wood of spears his ample shield sustain'd;  
Beneath one foot the yet-warm corpse he prest,  
And drew his javelin from the bleeding breast:  
He could no more; the showering darts deny'd 770  
To spoil his glittering arms and plummy pride.  
Now foes on foes came pouring on the fields,  
With bristling lances, and compacted shields;  
Till, in the steely circle straighten'd round,  
Fore'd he gives way, and sternly quits the ground.

While thus they strive, Tlepolemus the great, 776  
Urg'd by the force of unresisted fate,  
Burns with desire Sarpedon's strength to prove;  
Alcides' offspring meets the son of Jove.

Sheath'd in bright arms each adverse chief came on,  
Jove's great descendant, and his greater son. 781  
Prepar'd for combat, ere the lance he tost,  
The daring Rhodian vents his haughty boast.

What brings this Lycian counsellor so far,  
To tremble at our arms, not mix in war? 785  
Know thy vain self; nor let their flattery move,  
Who style thee son of cloud-compelling Jove.  
How far unlike those chiefs of race divine,  
How vast the difference of their deeds and thine!  
Jove got such heroes as my sire, whose soul 790  
No fear could daunt, nor earth nor hell control.  
Troy felt his arm, and yon proud ramparts stand  
Rais'd on the ruins of his vengeful hand:  
With six small ships, and but a slender train,  
He left the town a wide deserted plain. 795  
But what art thou? who deedless look'st around,  
While unreveng'd thy Lycians bite the ground:  
Small aid to Troy thy feeble force can be,  
But, wert thou greater, thou must yield to me.  
Pierc'd by my spear, to endless darkness go! 800  
I make this present to the shades below.

The son of Hercules, the Rhodian guide,  
Thus haughty spoke. The Lycian king reply'd.  
Thy sire, O prince! o'erturn'd the Trojan state,  
Whose perjurd monarch well deserv'd his fate; 805  
Those heavenly steeds the hero sought so far,  
False he detain'd, the just reward of war.  
Nor so content, the generous chief defy'd,  
With base reproaches and unmanly pride.  
But you, unworthy the high race you boast, 810  
Shall raise my glory when thy own is lost:  
Now meet thy fate, and, by Sarpedon slain,  
Add one more ghost to Pluto's gloomy reign.

He said: both javelins at an instant flew;  
Both struck, both wounded; but Sarpedon's slew:  
Full in the boaster's neck the weapon stood, 816  
Transfix'd his throat, and drank the vital blood;



The soul disdainful seeks the caves of night,  
And his seal'd eyes for ever lose the light.

Yet not in vain, Tlepolemus, was thrown 820  
Thy angry lance; which, piercing to the bone  
Sarpedon's thigh, had robb'd the chief of breath;  
But Jove was present, and forbade the death.  
Borne from the conflict by his Lycian throng,  
The wounded hero dragg'd the lance along. 825

(His friends, each busied in his several part,  
Through haste, or danger, had not drawn the dart.)  
The Greeks with slain Tlepolemus retir'd;  
Whose fall Ulysses view'd, with fury fir'd;  
Doubtful if Jove's great son he should pursue, 830  
Or pour his vengeance on the Lycian crew.

But heaven and fate the first design withstand,  
Nor this great death must grace Ulysses' hand.  
Minerva drives him on the Lycian train;  
Alastor, Cromius, Halius, strow'd the plain; 835  
Aleander, Prytauis, Noëmon fell:

And numbers more his sword had sent to hell,  
But Hector saw; and, furious at the sight,  
Rush'd terrible amidst the ranks of fight.  
With joy Sarpedon view'd the wish'd relief, 840  
And, faint, lamenting, thus implor'd the chief.

Oh suffer not the foe to bear away  
My helpless corpse, an unassisted prey;  
If I, unhlest, must see my son no more,  
My much-lov'd consort, and my native shore, 845  
Yet let me die in Ilion's sacred wall;  
Troy, in whose cause I fell, shall mourn my fall.

He said, nor Hector to the chief replies,  
But shakes his plume, and fierce to combat flies;  
Swift as a whirlwind, drives the scattering foes; 850  
And dyes the ground with purple as he goes.

Beneath a beech, Jove's consecrated shade,  
His mournful friends divine Sarpedon laid:  
Brave Pelagon, his favorite chief, was nigh, 854  
Who wrench'd the javelin from his sinewy thigh.

The fainting soul stood ready wing'd for flight,  
And o'er his eye-balls swam the shades of night;  
But Boreas rising fresh, with gentle breath,  
Recall'd his spirit from the gates of death.

The generous Greeks recede with tardy pace, 860  
Though Mars and Hector thunder in their face;  
None turn their backs to mean ignoble flight,  
Slow they retreat, and ev'n retreating fight.

Who first, who last, by Mars' and Hector's hand  
Stretch'd in their blood, lay gasping on the sand?  
Teuthras the great, Orestes the renown'd 866

For manag'd steeds, and Trechus press'd the ground;  
Next Oenomaus, and Oenops' offspring dy'd;  
Oresbius last fell groaning at their side:

Oresbius, in his painted mitre gay, 870  
In fat Bœotia held his wealthy sway,

Where lakes surround low Hyle's watery plain;  
A prince and people studious of their gain.

The carnage Juno from the skies survey'd,  
And, touch'd with grief, bespoke the blue-ey'd maid.  
Oh sight accurst! shall faithless Troy prevail? 876

And shall our promise to our people fail?

How vain the word to Menelaüs given

By Jove's great daughter and the Queen of Heaven,  
Beneath his arms that Priam's towers should fall;  
If warring Gods for ever guard the wall! 881

Mars, red with slaughter, aids our hated foes:

Haste, let us arm, and force with force oppose!

She spoke; Minerva burns to meet the war:

And now heaven's empress calls her blazing car. 885

At her command rush forth the steeds divine;

Rich with immortal gold their trappings shine.

Bright Hebe waits; by Hebe, ever young,

The whirling wheels are to the chariot hung.

On the bright axle turns the bidden wheel 890

Of sounding brass; the polish'd axle steel.

Eight brazen spokes in radiant order flame;

The circles gold, of uncorrupted frame,

Such as the heavens produce: and round the gold  
Two brazen rings of work divine were roll'd. 895

The bossy naves of solid silver shone;  
Braces of gold suspend the moving throne:  
The ear, behind, an arching figure bore;  
The bending concave form'd an arch before.  
Silver the beam, th' extended yoke was gold, 900  
And golden reins th' immortal coursers hold.  
Herself, impatient to the ready car

The coursers joins, and breathes revenge and war.

Pallas disrobes; her radiant veil unty'd,  
With flowers adorn'd, with art diversify'd, 905

(The labor'd veil her heavenly fingers wove)  
Flows on the pavement of the court of Jove.  
Now heaven's dread arms her mighty limbs invest,  
Jove's cuirass blazes on her ample breast;

Deck'd in sad triumph for the mournful field, 910

O'er her broad shoulders hangs his horrid shield,

Dire, black, tremendous! Round the margin roll'd,

A fringe of serpents hissing guards the gold:

Here all the terrors of grim war appear,  
Here rages Force, here tremble Flight and Fear, 915

Here storm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd,

And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crown'd.

The massy golden helm she next assumes,  
That dreadful nods with four o'ershading plumes;  
So vast, the broad circumference contains 920

A hundred armies on a hundred plains.

The Goddess thus th' imperial car ascends;  
Shook by her arm the mighty javelin bends,  
Ponderous and huge; that, when her fury burns,  
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.

Swift at the scourge th' etherial coursers fly, 926

While the smooth chariot cuts the liquid sky.

Heaven's gates spontaneous open to the powers;  
Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged hours;  
Commission'd in alternate watch they stand, 930

The sun's bright portals and the skies command,

Involve in clouds the eternal gates of day,  
Or the dark barrier roll with ease away.  
The sounding hinges ring; on either side  
The gloomy volumes, pierc'd with light, divide. 935  
The chariot mounts, where deep in ambient skies  
Confus'd, Olympus' hundred heads arise;  
Where far apart the Thunderer fills his throne;  
O'er all the Gods superior and alone.  
There with her snowy hand the queen restrains 940  
The fiery steeds, and thus to Jove complains.  
O Sire! can no resentment touch thy soul?  
Can Mars rebel, and does no thunder roll?  
What lawless rage on yon forbidden plain,  
What rash destruction! and what heroes slain! 945  
Venus, and Phœbus with the dreadful bow,  
Smile on the slaughter. and enjoy my wo.  
Mad, furious power! whose unrelenting mind  
No God can govern, and no justice bind.  
Say, mighty father! shall we scourge his pride, 950  
And drive from fight th' impetuous homicide?  
To whom assenting, thus the Thunderer said:  
Go! and the great Minerva be thy aid.  
To tame the Monster-god Minerva knows,  
And oft afflicts his brutal breast with woes. 955  
He said; Saturnia, ardent to obey,  
Lash'd her white steeds along th' aërial way.  
Swift down the steep of heaven the chariot rolls,  
Between th' expanded earth and starry poles.  
Far as a shepherd, from some point on high, 960  
O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye;  
Through such a space of air, with thundering sound,  
At every leap th' immortal coursers bound:  
Troy now they reach'd, and touch'd those banks divine  
Where silver Simoïs and Scamander join. 965  
There Juno stopp'd, (and her fair steeds unloos'd)  
Of air condens'd a vapor circumfus'd:  
For these, impregnate with celestial dew,  
On Simoïs' brink ambrosial herbage grew.

Thence to relieve the fainting Argive throng, 970  
Smooth as the sailing doves, they glide along.

The best and bravest of the Grecian band  
(A warlike circle) round Tydides stand:  
Such was their look as lions bath'd in blood,  
Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood. 975  
Heaven's Empress mingles with the mortal crowd,  
And shouts, in Stentor's sounding voice, aloud:  
Stentor the strong, indued with brazen lungs,  
Whose throat surpass'd the force of fifty tongues.

Inglorious Argives! to your race a shame, 980  
And only men in figure and in name!  
Once from the walls your timorous foes engag'd,  
While fierce in war divine Achilles rag'd;  
Now issuing fearless, they possess the plain, 984  
Now win the shores, and scarce the seas remain.

Her speech new fury to their hearts convey'd;  
While near Tydides stood th' Athenian maid;  
The king beside his panting steed she found,  
O'erspent with toil, reposing on the ground:  
To cool his glowing wound he sat apart 990  
(The wound inflicted by the Lycian dart);  
Large drops of sweat from all his limbs descend,  
Beneath his ponderous shield his sinews bend,  
Whose ample belt, that o'er his shoulder lay,  
He cas'd; and wash'd the clotted gore away. 995  
The Goddess leaning o'er the bending yoke,  
Beside his coursers, thus her silence broke.

Degenerate prince! and not of Tydeus' kind,  
Whose little body lodg'd a mighty mind;  
Foremost he press'd in glorious toils to share, 1000  
And scarce refrain'd when I forbade the war.  
Alone, unguarded; once he dar'd to go,  
And feast, incircled by the Theban foe;  
There brav'd, and vanquish'd, many a hardy knight;  
Such nerves I gave him, and such force in fight.  
Thou too no less hast been my constant care; 1006  
Thy hands I arm'd, and sent thee forth to war:

But thee or fear deters, or sloth detains;  
No drop of all thy father warms thy veins.

The chief thus answer'd mild. Immortal maid!  
I own thy presence, and confess thy aid. 1011  
Not fear, thou know'st, withholds me from the plains,  
Nor sloth hath seiz'd me, but thy word restrains:  
From warring Gods thou bad'st me turn my spear,  
And Venus only found resistance here. 1015  
Hence, Goddess! heedful of thy high commands,  
Loth I gave way, and warn'd our Argive bands:  
For Mars, the homicide, these eyes beheld,  
With slaughter red, and raging round the field.

Then thus Minerva. Brave Tydides, hear! 1020  
Not Mars himself, nor aught immortal, fear.  
Full on the God impel thy foaming horse:  
Pallas commands, and Pallas lends thee force.  
Rash, furious, blind, from these to those he flies,  
And every side of wavering combat tries; 1025  
Large promise makes, and breaks the promise made;  
Now gives the Grecians, now the Trojans aid.

She said, and to the steeds approaching near,  
Drew from his seat the martial charioteer.  
The vigorous power the trembling car ascends,  
Fierce for revenge; and Diomed attends. 1031  
The groaning axle bent beneath the load;  
So great a Hero, and so great a God.  
She snatch'd the reins, she lash'd with all her force,  
And full on Mars impell'd the foaming horse: 1035  
But first to hide her heavenly visage spread  
Black Orcus' helmet o'er her radiant head.

Just then gigantic Periphas lay slain,  
The strongest warrior of th' Ætolian train;  
The God, who slew him, leaves his prostrate prize  
Stretch'd where he fell, and at Tydides flies. 1041  
Now, rushing fierce, in equal arms appear,  
The daring Greek; the dreadful God of war!  
Full at the chief, above his courser's head,  
From Mars's arm th' enormous weapon fled: 1045

Pallas oppos'd her hand, and caus'd to glance  
Far from the car, the strong immortal lance.  
Then threw the force of Tydeus' warlike son;  
The javelin hiss'd; the Goddess urg'd it on: 1049  
Where the broad cincture girt his armor round,  
It pierc'd the God: his groin receiv'd the wound.  
From the rent skin the warrior tugs again  
The smoking steel. Mars bellows with the pain:  
Loud as the roar encountering armies yield,  
When shouting millions shake the thundering field.  
Both armies start, and trembling gaze around; 1056  
And earth and heaven rebellow to the sound.  
As vapors blown by Auster's sultry breath,  
Pregnant with plagues, and shedding seeds of death,  
Beneath the rage of burning Sirius rise, 1060  
Choke the parch'd earth, and blacken all the skies;  
In such a cloud the God from combat driven,  
High o'er the dusty whirlwind scales the heaven.  
Wild with his pain, he sought the bright abodes,  
There sullen sat beneath the Sire of Gods, 1065  
Show'd the celestial blood, and with a groan  
Thus pour'd his complaints before th' immortal throne.

Can Jove, supine, flagitious facts survey,  
And brook the furies of this daring day?  
For mortal men celestial powers engage, 1070  
And Gods on Gods exert eternal rage.  
From thee, O father! all these ills we bear,  
And thy fell daughter with the shield and spear:  
Thou gav'st that fury to the realms of light,  
Pernicious, wild, regardless of the right. 1075  
All heaven beside reveres thy sovereign sway,  
Thy voice we hear, and thy behests obey:  
'Tis hers t' offend, and e'en offending share  
Thy breast, thy counsels, thy distinguish'd care:  
So boundless she, and thou so partial grown, 1080  
Well may we deem the wondrous birth thy own.  
Now frantic Diomed, at her command,  
Against th' Immortals lifts his raging hand:

The heavenly Venus first his fury found,  
Me next encountering, me he dar'd to wound;  
Vanquish'd I fled: e'en I the God of fight, 1086  
From mortal madness scarce was sav'd by flight.  
Else hadst thou seen me sink on yonder plain,  
Heap'd round, and heaving under loads of slain!  
Or, pierc'd with Grecian darts, for ages lie, 1090  
Condemn'd to pain, though fated not to die.

Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look  
The Lord of thunders view'd, and stern bespoke.  
To me, perfidious! this lamenting strain?  
Of lawless force shall lawless Mars complain? 1095  
Of all the Gods who tread the spangled skies,  
'Thou most unjust, most odious in our eyes!  
Inhuman discord is thy dire delight,  
The waste of slaughter, and the rage of fight.  
No bound, no law, thy fiery temper quells, 1100  
And all thy mother in thy soul rebels.  
In vain our threats, in vain our power we use;  
She gives th' example, and her son pursues.  
Yet long th' inflicted pangs thou shalt not mourn,  
Sprung since thou art from Jove, and heavenly born.  
Else, sing'd with lightning hadst thou hence been thrown,  
Where chain'd on burning rocks the Titans groan.

Thus he who shakes Olympus with his nod;  
Then gave to Pæon's care the bleeding God.  
With gentle hand the balm he pour'd around, 1110  
And heal'd th' immortal flesh, and clos'd the wound.  
As when the fig's prest juice, infus'd in cream,  
To curds coagulates the liquid stream,  
Sudden the fluids fix, the parts combin'd;  
Such, and so soon, th' etherial texture join'd. 1115  
Cleans'd from the dust and gore, fair Hebe drest  
His mighty limbs in an immortal vest.  
Glorious he sat, in majesty restor'd,  
Fast by the throne of heaven's superior Lord.  
Juno and Pallas mount the blest abodes, 1120  
Their task perform'd, and mix among the Gods.



THE  
**ILIAD.**

BOOK VI.

## ARGUMENT.

*The Episodes of Glaucus and Diomed, and of Hector and Andromache.*

The Gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail.

Helenus, the chief augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, to entreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relaxing during the absence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview between the two armies; where coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality past between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms. Hector having performed the orders of Helenus, prevails upon Paris to return to the battle; and taking a tender leave of his wife Andromache, hastens again to the field.

The scene is first in the field of battle, between the river Simois and Scamander, and then changes to Troy.

THE  
ILIAD.

BOOK VI.

**N**OW heaven forsakes the fight: th' immortals yield,  
To human force and human skill, the field:  
Dark showers of javelins fly from foes to foes;  
Now here, now there, the tide of combat flows;  
While Troy's fam'd \* streams, that bound the deathful  
plain, 5

On either side run purple to the main.

Great Ajax first to conquest led the way,  
Broke the thick ranks, and turn'd the doubtful day.  
The Thracian Acamas his falchion found,  
And hew'd th' enormous giant to the ground; 10  
His thundering arm a deadly stroke imprest  
Where the black horse-hair nodded o'er his crest:  
Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,  
And seals in endless shades his swimming eyes.  
Next Teuthras' son distain'd the sands with blood, 15  
Axylus, hospitable, rich, and good:  
In fair Arisbe's walls (his native place)  
He held his seat; a friend to human race.  
Fast by the road, his ever-open door  
Oblig'd the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor: 20

\* Scamander and Simois.

To stern Tydides now he falls a prey,  
 No friend to guard him in the dreadful day!  
 Breathless the good man fell, and by his side  
 His faithful servant, old Calesius, dy'd.

By great Euryalus was Dresus slain, 25  
 And next he laid Opheltius on the plain.  
 Two twins were near, bold, beautiful, and young,  
 From a fair Naiad and Bucolion sprung:  
 (Laomedon's white flocks Bucolion fed,  
 That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed; 30  
 In secret woods he won the Naiad's grace,  
 And two fair infants crown'd his strong embrace.)  
 Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms;  
 The ruthless victor stript their shining arms.

Astyalus by Polypœtes fell; 35  
 Ulysses' spear Pidytes sent to hell;  
 By Teucer's shaft brave Aretaön bled,  
 And Nestor's son laid stern Ablerus dead;  
 Great Agamemnon, leader of the brave,  
 The mortal wound of rich Elatus gave, 40  
 Who held in Pedasus his proud abode,  
 And till'd the banks where silver Satnio flow'd.  
 Melanthius by Eurypylus was slain;  
 And Phylacus from Leitus flies in vain.

Unblest Adrastus next at mercy lies 45  
 Beneath the Spartan spear, a living prize.  
 Scar'd with the din and tumult of the fight,  
 His headlong steeds precipitate in flight,  
 Rush'd on a tamarisk's strong trunk, and broke  
 The shatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke; 50  
 Wide o'er the field, resistless as the wind,  
 For Troy thy fly, and leave their lord behind.  
 Prone on his face he sinks beside the wheel:  
 Atrides o'er him shakes his vengeful steel;  
 The fallen chief in suppliant posture press'd 55  
 The victor's knees, and thus his prayer address'd.

Oh, spare my youth! and for the life I owe  
 Large gifts of price my father shall bestow.

When fame shall tell, that, not in battle slain,  
Thy hollow ships his captive son detain; 60  
Rich heaps of brass shall in thy tent be told,  
And steel well temper'd, and persuasive gold.

He said: compassion touch'd the hero's heart;  
He stood, suspended, with the lifted dart:  
As pity pleaded for his vanquish'd prize, 65  
Stern Agamemnon swift to vengeance flies,  
And furious thus. Oh impotent of mind!  
Shall these, shall these Atrides' mercy find?  
Well hast thou known proud Troy's perfidious land,  
And well her natives merit at thy hand! 70  
Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,  
Shall save a Trojan from our boundless rage:  
Ilion shall perish whole, and bury all;  
Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall fall.  
A dreadful lesson of example'd fate, 75  
To warn the nations, and to curb the great!

The monarch spoke; the words with warmth address,  
To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast.  
Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he thrust;  
The monarch's javelin stretch'd him in the dust, 80  
Then pressing with his foot his panting heart,  
Forth from the slain he tugg'd the reeking dart.  
Old Nestor saw, and rous'd the warrior's rage;  
Thus, heroes! thus the vigorous combat wage!  
No son of Mars descend, for servile gains, 85  
To touch the booty, while a foe remains.  
Behold yon glittering host, your future spoil!  
First gain the conquest, then reward the toil.

And now had Greece eternal fame acquir'd,  
And frighten'd Troy within her walls retir'd; 90  
Had not sage Helenus her state redrest,  
Taught by the Gods that mov'd his sacred breast.  
Where Hector stood, with great Æneas join'd,  
The seer reveal'd the counsels of his mind.

Ye generous chiefs! on whom th'immortals lay 95  
The cares and glories of this doubtful day;

On whom your aids, your country's hopes depend;  
Wise to consult, and active to defend!  
Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite,  
Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight; 100  
Ere yet their wives' soft arms the cowards gain,  
The sport and insult of the hostile train.  
When your commands have hearten'd every band,  
Ourselves, here fix'd, will make the dangerous stand;  
Press'd as we are, and sore of former fight, 105  
The straits demand our last remains of might.  
Meanwhile, thou, Hector. to the town retire,  
And teach our mother what the Gods require:  
Direct the queen to lead th' assembled train  
Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's fane; 110  
Unbar the sacred gates, and seek the power,  
With offer'd vows, in Ilion's topmost tower.  
The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold,  
Most priz'd for art, and labor'd o'er with gold,  
Before the Goddess' honor'd knees be spread; 115  
And twelve young heifers to her altars led:  
If so the power, aton'd by fervent prayer,  
Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,  
And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,  
That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.  
Not thus Achilles taught our hosts to dread, 121  
Sprung though he was from more than mortal bed;  
Not thus resistless rul'd the stream of fight,  
In rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in might.  
Hector obedient heard; and, with a bound 125  
Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground;  
Through all his host, inspiring force, he flies,  
And bids the thunder of the battle rise.  
With rage recruited the bold Trojans glow,  
And turn the tide of conflict on the foe: 130  
Fierce in the front he shakes two dazzling spears:  
All Greece recedes, and 'midst her triumphs fears;  
Some God, they thought, who rul'd the fate of wars,  
Shot down avenging, from the vault of stars.

Then thus, aloud. Ye dauntless Dardans, hear! 135  
And you whom distant nations send to war!  
Be mindful of the strength your fathers bore;  
Be still yourselves, and Hector asks no more.  
One hour demands me in the Trojan wall,  
To bid our altars flame, and victims fall: 140  
Nor shall, I trust, the matrons holy train  
And reverend elders, seek the Gods in vain.

This said, with ample strides the hero past;  
The shield's large orb behind his shoulder cast,  
His neck o'ershading, to his ankle hung; 145  
And as he march'd the brazen buckler rung.

Now paus'd the battle (godlike Hector gone)  
When daring Glaucus and great 'Tydeus' son  
Between both armies met: the chiefs from far  
Observ'd each other, and had mark'd for war. 150  
Near as they drew, Tydides thus began.

What art thou, boldest of the race of man?  
Our eyes, till now, that aspect ne'er beheld,  
Where fame is reap'd amid th' embattled field;  
Yet far before the troops thou dar'st appear, 155  
And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear.  
Unhappy they, and born of luckless sires,  
Who tempt our fury when Minerva fires!  
But if from heaven, celestial thou descend;  
Know, with immortals we no more contend. 160  
Not long Lycurgus view'd the golden light,  
That daring man who mix'd with Gods in fight.  
Bacchus, and Bacchus' votaries, he drove,  
With brandish'd steel from Nyssa's sacred grove:  
Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round, 165  
With curling vines and twisted ivy bound;  
While Bacchus headlong sought the briny flood,  
And Thetis' arm receiv'd the trembling God.  
Nor fail'd the crime th' immortals' wrath to move,  
(Th' immortals blest with endless ease above) 170  
Depriv'd of sight by their avenging doom,  
Cheerless he breath'd, and wander'd in the gloom:

Then sunk unpity'd to the dire abodes,  
 A wretch accurst, and hated by the Gods!  
 I brave not heaven: but if the fruits of earth 175  
 Sustain thy life, and human be thy birth;  
 Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,  
 Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.

What, or from whence I am, or who my sire,  
 (Reply'd the chief) can Tydeus' son inquire? 180  
 Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,  
 Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;  
 Another race the following spring supplies;  
 They fall successive, and successive rise:  
 So generations in their course decay; 185  
 So flourish these, when those are past away.  
 But if thou still persist to search my birth,  
 Then hear a tale that fills the spacious earth.

A city stands on Argos' utmost bound,  
 (Argos the fair for warlike steeds renown'd) 190  
 Æolian Sisyphus, with wisdom blest,  
 In ancient time the happy walls possest,  
 Then call'd Ephyre: Glaucus was his son;  
 Great Glaucus, father of Bellerophon,  
 Who o'er the sons of men in beauty shin'd, 195  
 Lov'd for that valor which preserves mankind.  
 Then mighty Prætus Argos' sceptre sway'd,  
 Whose hard commands Bellerophon obey'd.  
 With direful jealousy the monarch rag'd,  
 And the brave prince in numerous toils engag'd. 200  
 For him Antæa burn'd with lawless flame,  
 And strove to tempt him from the paths of fame:  
 In vain she tempted the relentless youth,  
 Indu'd with wisdom, sacred fear, and truth.  
 Fir'd at his scorn the queen to Prætus fled, 205  
 And begg'd revenge for her insulted bed:  
 Incens'd he heard, resolving on his fate;  
 But hospitable laws restrain'd his hate:  
 To Lycia the devoted youth he sent,  
 With tablets seal'd, that told his dire intent. 210



Now, blest by every power who guards the good,  
The chief arriv'd at Xanthus' silver flood:  
There Lycia's monarch paid him honors due,  
Nine days he feasted, and nine bulls he slew.  
But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd, 215  
The faithful youth his monarch's mandate show'd:  
The fatal tablets, till that instant seal'd,  
The deathful secret to the king reveal'd.  
First, dire Chimæra's conquest was enjoin'd:  
A mingled monster, of no mortal kind; 220  
Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was spread;  
A goat's rough body bore a lion's head;  
Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire;  
Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.  
This pest he slaughter'd (for he read the skies, 225  
And trusted heaven's informing prodigies)  
Then met in arms the Solymœan crew,  
(Fiercest of men) and those the warrior slew.  
Next the bold Amazon's whole force defy'd;  
And conquer'd still, for heaven was on his side. 230  
Nor ended here his toils: his Lycian foes  
At his return, a treacherous ambush rose,  
With levell'd spears along the winding shore;  
There fell they breathless, and return'd no more.  
At length the monarch with repentant grief 235  
Confess'd the Gods, and God-descended chief;  
His daughter gave, the stranger to detain,  
With half the honors of his ample reign:  
The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground,  
With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests crown'd.  
There long the chief his happy lot possess, 241  
With two brave sons and one fair daughter bless'd;  
(Fair e'en in heavenly eyes; her fruitful love  
Crown'd with Sarpedon's birth th' embrace of Jove)  
But when at last, distracted in his mind, 245  
Forsook by heaven, forsaking human kind,  
Wide o'er th' Aleian field he chose to stray,  
A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way!

Woes heap'd on woes consum'd his wasted heart;  
 His beauteous daughter fell by Phœbe's dart: 250  
 His eldest-born by raging Mars was slain,  
 In combat on the Solymœan plain.

Hippolochus surviv'd; from him I came,  
 The honor'd author of my birth and name;  
 By his decree I sought the Trojan town, 255  
 By his instructions learn to win renown,  
 To stand the first in worth as in command,  
 To add new honors to my native land,  
 Before my eyes my mighty sires to place,  
 And emulate the glories of our race. 260

He spoke, and transport fill'd Tydides' heart;  
 In earth the generous warrior fix'd his dart,  
 Then friendly, thus, the Lycian prince address:  
 Welcome, my brave hereditary guest!  
 Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace, 265  
 Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race.

Know, chief, our grandsires have been guests of old,  
 Oeneus the strong, Bellerophon the bold:  
 Our ancient seat his honor'd presence grac'd,  
 Where twenty days in genial rites he pass'd. 270

The parting heroes mutual presents left;  
 A golden goblet was thy grandsire's gift;  
 Oeneus a belt of matchless work bestow'd,  
 That rich with Tyrian dye refulgent glow'd.  
 (This from his pledge I learn'd, which safely stor'd 275

Among my treasures, still adorns my board:  
 For Tydeus left me young, when Thebè's wall  
 Beheld the sons of Greece untimely fall.)

Mindful of this, in friendship let us join;  
 If heaven our steps to foreign lands incline, 280 }  
 My guest in Argos thou, and I in Lycia thine.  
 Enough of Trojans to this lance shall yield,  
 In the full harvest of yon ample field;  
 Enough of Greeks shall dye thy spear with gore;  
 But thou and Diomed be foes no more. 285

Now change we arms, and prove to either host  
We guard the friendship of the line we boast.

Thus having said, the gallant chiefs alight,  
Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight;  
Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought resign'd, 290  
(Jove warm'd his bosom, and enlarg'd his mind:)

For Diomed's brass arms, of mean device,  
For which nine oxen paid, (a vulgar price;)  
He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought,  
A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought. 295

Meantime the guardian of the Trojan state,  
Great Hector, enter'd at the Scæan gate.  
Beneath the beech-tree's consecrated shades,  
The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids  
Around him flock'd, all prest with pious care 300  
For husbands, brothers, sons, engag'd in war.  
He bids the train in long procession go,  
And seek the Gods t' avert th' impending wo.

And now to Priam's stately courts he came,  
Rais'd on arch columns of stupendous frame; 305  
O'er these a range of marble structure runs,  
The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,  
In fifty chambers lodg'd: and rooms of state  
Oppos'd to those, where Priam's daughters sate:  
Twelve domes for them and their lov'd spouses shone,  
Of equal beauty, and of polish'd stone. 311

Hither great Hector pass'd, nor pass'd unseen  
Of royal Hecuba, his mother queen.  
(With her Laodicè, whose beauteous face  
Surpass'd the nymphs of Troy's illustrious race) 315  
Long in a strict embrace she held her son,  
And press'd his hand, and tender thus begun.

O Hector! say, what great occasion calls  
My son from fight, when Greece surrounds our walls?  
Com'st thou to supplicate th' almighty power, 320  
With lifted hands from Ilion's lofty tower?

Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,  
 In Jove's high name, to sprinkle on the ground,  
 And pay due vows to all the Gods around. }  
 Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul, 325  
 And draw new spirits from the generous bowl;  
 Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,  
 The brave defender of thy country's right.

Far hence be Bacchus' gifts (the chief rejoin'd:) }  
 Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind, 330 }  
 Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.  
 Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice  
 To sprinkle to the Gods, its better use.  
 By me that holy office were profan'd;  
 Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd, 335  
 To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise,  
 Or offer heaven's great Sire polluted praise.  
 You with your matrons, go! a spotless train,  
 And burn rich odors in Minerva's fane.  
 The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold, 340  
 Most priz'd for art, and labor'd o'er with gold,  
 Before the Goddess' honor'd knees be spread,  
 And twelve young heifers to her altars led.  
 So may the power, aton'd by fervent prayer,  
 Our wives, our infants, and our city spare, 345  
 And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,  
 Who mows whole troops, and makes all 'Troy retire.  
 Be this, O mother, your religious care;  
 I go to rouse soft Paris to the war;  
 If yet, not lost to all the sense of shame, 350  
 The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.  
 Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,  
 That pest of Troy, that ruin of our race!  
 Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,  
 Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end. 355

This heard she gave command; and summon'd came  
 Each noble matron and illustrious dame.  
 The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,  
 Where treasur'd odors breath'd a costly scent.

There lay the vestures of no vulgar art, 360

Sidonian maids embroider'd every part,

Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore,

With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.

Here as the queen revolv'd with careful eyes

The various textures and the various dyes, 365

She chose a veil that shone superior far,

And glow'd refulgent as the morning star.

Herself with this the long procession leads;

The train majestically slow proceeds.

Soon as to Ilion's topmost tower they come, 370

And awful reach the high Palladian dome,

Antenor's consort, fair Theano, waits

As Pallas' priestess, and unbars the gates.

With hands uplifted, and imploring eyes,

They fill the dome with supplicating cries. 375

The priestess then the shining veil displays,

Plac'd on Minerva's knees, and thus she prays.

Oh awful Goddess! ever-dreadful maid,

Troy's strong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid!

Break thou Tydides' spear, and let him fall 380

Prone on the dust before the Trojan wall.

So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,

Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.

But thou, aton'd by penitence and prayer,

Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare! 385

So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane;

So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.

While these appear before the power with prayers,

Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs.

Himself the mansion rais'd, from every part 390

Assembling architects of matchless art.

Near Priam's court and Hector's palace stands

The pompous structure, and the town commands.

A spear the hero bore of wondrous strength,

Of full ten cubits was the lance's length, 395

The steely point, with golden ringlets join'd,

Before him brandish'd, at each motion shin'd.

Thus entering, in the glittering rooms he found  
His brother-chief, whose useless arms lay round,  
His eyes delighting with their splendid show, 400  
Brightening the shield, and polishing the bow.  
Beside him Helen with her virgins stands,  
Guides their rich labors, and instructs their hands.

Him thus inactive, with an ardent look  
The prince beheld, and high resenting spoke. 405  
'Thy hate to Troy, is this the time to show?  
(Oh wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe!)  
Paris and Greece against us, both conspire;  
'Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire.  
For thee great Ilion's guardian heroes fall, 410  
Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall;  
For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,  
And wasteful war in all its fury burns.

Ungrateful man! deserves not this thy care,  
Our troops to hearten, and our toils to share? 415

Rise, or behold the conquering flames ascend,  
And all the Phrygian glories at an end.

Brother, 'tis just (reply'd the beauteous youth)  
'Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and truth:  
Yet charge my absence less, oh generous chief! 420  
On hate to Troy, than conscious shame and grief:  
Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother sat,  
And mourn'd in secret, his and Ilion's fate.  
'Tis now enough: now glory spreads her charms,  
And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms. 425  
Conquest to-day my happier sword may bless,  
'Tis man's to fight, but heaven's to give success.  
But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;  
Or go, and Paris shall not lag behind.

He said, nor answer'd Priam's warlike son; 430  
When Helen thus with lowly grace begun.

Oh generous brother! if the guilty dame,  
'That caus'd these woes, deserve a sister's name!  
Would heaven, ere all these dreadful deeds were done,  
The day, that show'd me to the golden sun, 435

Had seen my death! Why did not whirlwinds bear  
The fatal infant to the fowls of air?

Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,  
And 'midst the roarings of the waters died?  
Heaven fill'd up all my ills, and I accurst 440  
Bore all, and Paris of those ills the worst.  
Helen at least a braver spouse might claim,  
Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame!  
Now, tir'd with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,  
With toils, sustain'd for Paris' sake and mine: 445  
The Gods have link'd our miserable doom,  
Our present wo, and infamy to come:  
Wide shall it spread, and last through ages long,  
Example sad! and theme of future song.

The chief reply'd: This time forbids to rest: 450  
The Trojan bands, by hostile fury prest,  
Demand their Hector, and his arm require;  
The combat urges, and my soul's on fire.  
Urge thou thy knight to march where glory calls,  
And timely join me, ere I leave the walls. 455  
Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray,  
My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay;  
This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)  
Demands a parting word, a tender tear:  
This day, some God who hates our Trojan land 460  
May vanquish Hector by a Grecian hand.

He said, and past with sad presaging heart  
To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part;  
At home he sought her, but he sought in vain:  
She, with one maid of all her menial train, 465  
Had thence retir'd; and with her second joy,  
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy,  
Pensive she stood on Ilion's towery height,  
Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight;  
There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore, 470  
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.

But he who found not whom his soul desir'd,  
Whose virtue charin'd him as her beauty fir'd,

Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she bent  
 Her parting step? If to the fane she went, 475  
 Where late the mourning matrons made resort;  
 Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court?  
 Not to the court, (reply'd th' attendant train)  
 Nor mix'd with matrons to Minerva's fane:  
 To Ilion's steepy tower she bent her way, 480  
 To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.  
 Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword;  
 She heard, and trembled for her absent lord:  
 Distracted with surprise, she seem'd to fly,  
 Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye. 485  
 The nurse attended with her infant boy,  
 The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy.

Hector, this heard, return'd without delay;  
 Swift through the town he trod his former way,  
 Through streets of palaces, and walks of state; 490  
 And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.  
 With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,  
 His blameless wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir:  
 (Cilician Thebè great Aëtion sway'd,  
 And Hippoplacus' wide extended shade.) 495  
 The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest  
 His only hope hung smiling at her breast,  
 Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,  
 Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.  
 To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name 500  
 Scamandrius, from Scamander's honor'd stream;  
 Astyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,  
 From his great father, the defence of Troy.  
 Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd  
 To tender passions all his mighty mind: 505  
 His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,  
 Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;  
 Her bosom labor'd with a boding sigh,  
 And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

Too daring prince! ah, whither dost thou run? 510  
 Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son!



And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,  
A widow I, an helpless orphan be!  
For sure such courage length of life denies;  
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice. 515  
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;  
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!  
Oh grant me, Gods! ere Hector meets his doom,  
All I can ask of heaven, an early tomb!  
So shall my days in one sad tenor run, 520  
And end with sorrows as they first begun.  
No parent now remains my griefs to share,  
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.  
The fierce Achilles wrapp'd our walls in fire,  
Laid Thebè waste, and slew my warlike sire! 525  
His fate compassion in the victor bred;  
Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead,  
His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,  
And laid him decent on the funeral pile; 529  
Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd;  
The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,  
Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow  
A barren shade, and in his honor grow.

By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell;  
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell: 535  
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed;  
Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!  
My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,  
The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands:  
Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again 540  
Her pleasing empire, and her native plain,  
When ah! oppress'd by life-consuming wo,  
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.

Yet, while my Hector still survives, I see  
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee: 545  
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all  
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.  
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:  
Oh prove a husband's and a father's care!

'That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy, 550  
Where you wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:  
'Thou from this tower defend th' important post;  
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,  
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,  
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train. 555  
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,  
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heaven..

Let others in the field their arms employ,  
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.  
The chief reply'd: That post shall be my care, 560  
Not that alone, but all the works of war.

How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,  
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the  
ground,

Attaint the lustre of my former name,  
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame? 565

My early youth was bred to martial pains,  
My soul impels me to th' embattled plains:  
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,  
And guard my father's glories, and my own.

Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates: 570  
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)

The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,  
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.

And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,  
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind, 575

Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,  
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore;  
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;  
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!

In Argive looms our battles to design, 580  
And woes, of which so large a part was thine!

To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring  
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.  
'There, while you groan beneath the load of life,  
'They cry, behold the mighty Hector's wife! 585

Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,  
Imbitters all thy woes, by naming me.  
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,  
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name!  
May I lie cold before that dreadful day, 590  
Press'd with a load of monumental clay!  
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,  
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy  
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy. 595  
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,  
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.  
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,  
And Hector hasted to relieve his child,  
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound, 600  
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.  
Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,  
Thus to the Gods preferr'd a father's prayer.

O thou! whose glory fills th' etherial throne,  
And all ye deathless powers! protect my son! 605  
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,  
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,  
Against his country's foes the war to wage,  
And rise the Hector of the future age!  
So when triumphant from successful toils 610  
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,  
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,  
And say, this chief transcends his father's fame:  
While pleas'd, amidst the general shouts of Troy,  
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy. 615

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,  
Restor'd the pleasing burden to her arms;  
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,  
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.  
The troubled pleasure soon chastis'd by fear, 620  
She mingled with a smile a tender tear.  
The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,  
And dry'd the falling drops, and thus pursu'd.

Andromache! my soul's far better part,  
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart? 625  
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,  
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.

Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth;  
And such the hard condition of our birth,  
No force can then resist, no flight can save; 630  
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.

No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,  
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom:  
Me glory summons to the martial scene,  
The field of combat is the sphere for men. 635  
Where heroes war the foremost place I claim,  
The first in danger, as the first in fame.

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes  
His towery helmet, black with shading plumes.  
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh, 640  
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,  
That stream'd at every look: then moving slow,  
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her wo.  
There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,  
Through all her train the soft infection ran, 645  
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,  
And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.

But now, no longer deaf to honor's call,  
Forth issues Paris from the palace wall.  
In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray, 650  
Swift through the town the warrior bends his way.  
The wanton courser thus, with reins unbound,  
Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground;  
Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides,  
And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides; 655  
His head, now freed, he tosses to the skies;  
His mane dishevell'd o'er his shoulders flies;  
He snuffs the females in the distant plain,  
And springs, exulting, to his fields again.  
With equal triumph, sprightly, bold, and gay, 660  
In arms refulgent as the God of Day,

The son of Priam, glorying in his might,  
Rush'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.

And now the warriors passing on the way,

The graceful Paris first excus'd his stay.

665

To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd:

O chief! in blood, and now in arms, ally'd!

Thy power in war with justice none contest;

Known is thy courage, and thy strength confest.

What pity sloth should seize a soul so brave,

670

Or godlike Paris live a woman's slave!

My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans say,

And, hopes, thy deeds shall wipe the stain away.

Haste then, in all their glorious labors share;

For much they suffer, for thy sake, in war.

675

These ills shall cease, whene'er by Jove's decree

We crown the bowl to Heaven and Liberty:

While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs mourns,

And Greece indignant through her seas returns.



THE  
**ILIAD.**  
BOOK VII.

## ARGUMENT.

### *The single Combat of Hector and Ajax.*

The battle renewing with double ardor upon the return of Hector, Minerva is under apprehensions for the Greeks. Apollo, seeing her descend from Olympus, joins her near the Scæan gate, they agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and incite Hector to challenge the Greeks to a single combat. Nine of the princes accepting the challenge, the lot is cast, and falls upon Ajax. These heroes, after several attacks, are parted by the night. The Trojans calling a council, Antenor proposes the delivery of Helen to the Greeks, to which Paris will not consent, but offers to restore them her riches. Priam sends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning the dead; the last of which only is agreed to by Agamemnon. When the funerals are performed, the Greeks, pursuant to the advice of Nestor, erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flanked with towers, and defended by a ditch and palisades. Neptune testifies his jealousy at this work, but is pacified by a promise from Jupiter. Both armies pass the night in feasting, but Jupiter disheartens the Trojans with thunder and other signs of his wrath.

The three and twentieth day ends with the duel of Hector and Ajax: the next day the truce is agreed: another is taken up in the funeral rites of the slain; and one more in building the fortification before the ships. So that somewhat above three days is employed in this book. The scene lies wholly in the field.



THE  
I L I A D.

BOOK VII.

**S**O spoke the guardian of the Trojan state,  
Then rush'd impetuous through the Scæan gate.  
Him Paris follow'd to the dire alarms;  
Both breathing slaughter, both resolv'd in arms.  
As when to sailors laboring through the main, 5  
That long had heav'd the weary oar in vain,  
Jove bids at length th' expected gales arise;  
The gales blow grateful, and the vessel flies:  
So welcome these to Troy's desiring train;  
The bands are cheer'd, the war awakes again. 10

Bold Paris first the work of death begun  
On great Ménéstheus, Areïthous' son:  
Sprung from the fair Philomeda's embrace,  
The pleasing Arnè was his native place.  
Then sunk Eioneus to the shades below, 15  
Beneath his steely cask he felt the blow,  
Full on his neck, from Hector's weighty hand;  
And roll'd, with limbs relax'd, along the land.  
By Glaucus' spear the bold Iphinous bleeds,  
Fix'd in the shoulder as he mounts his steeds; 20  
Headlong he tumbles: his slack nerves unbound,  
Drop the cold useless members on the ground.

When now Minerva saw her Argives slain,  
From vast Olympus to the gleaming plain

Fierce she descends: Apollo mark'd her flight, 25  
Nor shot less swift from Ilion's towery height:  
Radiant they met, beneath the beechen shade;  
When thus Apollo to the blue-ey'd maid.

What cause, O daughter of almighty Jove!  
Thus wings thy progress from the realms above? 30  
Once more impetuous dost thou bend thy way,  
To give to Greece the long-divided day? —  
Too much has Troy already felt thy hate,  
Now breathe thy rage, and hush the stern debate:  
This day, the business of the field suspend; 35  
War soon shall kindle, and great Ilion bend;  
Since vengeful Goddesses confederate join  
To raze her walls, though built by hands divine.

To whom the progeny of Jove replies:  
I left, for this, the council of the skies: 40  
But who shall bid conflicting hosts forbear?  
What art shall calm the furious sons of war?  
To her the God: Great Hector's soul incite  
To dare the boldest Greek to single fight,  
Till Greece, provok'd, from all her numbers show, 45  
A warrior worthy to be Hector's foe.

At this agreed, the heavenly powers withdrew;  
Sage Helenus their secret counsels knew:  
Hector, inspir'd, he sought: to him address, 50  
Thus told the dictates of his sacred breast.  
O son of Priam! let thy faithful ear  
Receive my words; thy friend and brother hear!  
Go forth persuasive, and a while engage  
The warring nations to suspend their rage;  
Then dare the boldest of the hostile train 55  
To mortal combat on the listed plain.  
For not this day shall end thy glorious date,  
The Gods have spoke it, and their voice is fate.  
He said: the warrior heard the word with joy;  
Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy, 60  
Held by the midst athwart. On either hand  
The squadrons part; the expecting Trojans stand:

Great Agamemnon bids the Greeks forbear;  
They breathe, and hush the tumult of the war.  
Th' Athenian Maid, and glorious God of Day, 65  
With silent joy the settling hosts survey:  
In form of vultures, on the beech's height  
They sit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.

The thronging troops obscure the dusky fields,  
Horrid with bristling spears, and gleaming shields. 70  
As when a general darkness veils the main,  
(Soft Zephyr curling the wide watery plain)  
The waves scarce heave, the face of ocean sleeps,  
And a still horror saddens all the deeps:  
Thus in thick orders settling wide around, 75  
At length compos'd they sit, and shade the ground.  
Great Hector first amidst both armies broke  
The solemn silence, and their powers bespoke.

Hear, all ye Trojan, all ye Grecian bands,  
What my soul prompts, and what some God commands.  
Great Jove, averse our warfare to compose, 81  
O'erwhelms the nations with new toils and woes;  
War with a fiercer tide once more returns,  
Till Ilium falls, or till yon navy burns.  
You then, O princes of the Greeks! appear; 85  
'Tis Hector speaks, and calls the Gods to hear:  
From all your troops select the boldest knight,  
And him, the boldest, Hector dares to fight.  
Here, if I fall, by chance of battle slain,  
Be his my spoil, and his these arms remain; 90  
But let my body, to my friends return'd,  
By Trojan hands and Trojan flames be burn'd.  
And if Apollo, in whose aid I trust,  
Shall stretch your daring champion in the dust:  
If mine the glory to despoil the foe; 95  
On Phœbus' temple I'll his arms bestow;  
The breathless carcass to your navy sent,  
Greece on the shore shall raise a monument;  
Which when some future mariner surveys,  
Wash'd by broad Hellespont's resounding seas, 100

Thus shall he say, "A valiant Greek lies there,  
"By Hector slain, the mighty man of war."

The stone shall tell your vanquish'd hero's name,  
And distant ages learn the victor's fame.

This fierce defiance Greece astonish'd heard, 105  
Blush'd to refuse, and to accept it fear'd.  
Stern Menelaüs first the silence broke,  
And, inly groaning, thus opprobrious spoke.

Women of Greece! Oh scandal of your race,  
Whose coward souls your manly form disgrace. 110  
How great the shame, when every age shall know  
That not a Grecian met this noble foe!

Go then, resolve to earth, from whence ye grew,  
A heartless, spiritless, inglorious crew!  
Be what ye seem, unanimated clay! 115  
Myself will dare the danger of the day.  
'Tis man's bold task the generous strife to try,  
But in the hands of God is victory.

These words scare spoke, with generous ardor prest,  
His manly limbs in azure arms he drest: 120

That day, Atrides! a superior hand  
Had stretch'd thee breathless on the hostile strand,  
But all at once, thy fury to compose,  
The kings of Greece, an awful band, arose:  
Ev'n he their chief, great Agamemnon, press'd 125  
Thy daring hand, and this advice address'd.

Whither, O Menelaüs! wouldst thou run,  
And tempt a fate, which prudence bids thee shun?  
Griev'd though thou art, forbear the rash design;  
Great Hector's arm is mightier far than thine. 130

Ev'n fierce Achilles learn'd its force to fear,  
And trembling met this dreadful son of war.  
Sit thou secure amidst thy social band;  
Greece in our cause shall arm some powerful hand.  
The mightiest warrior of the Achaian name, 135  
Though bold, and burning with desire of fame,  
Content, the doubtful honor might forego,  
So great the danger, and so brave the foe.

He said, and turn'd his brother's vengeful mind;  
He stoop'd to reason, and his rage resign'd, 140  
No longer bent to rush on certain harms;  
His joyful friends unbrace his azure arms.

He, from whose lips divine persuasion flows,  
Grave Nestor, then, in graceful act arose.  
Thus to the kings he spoke. What grief, what shame  
Attend on Greece, and all the Grecian name! 146  
How shall, alas! her hoary heroes mourn  
Their sons degenerate, and their race a scorn!  
What tears shall down thy silver beard be roll'd,  
Oh Pelius, old in arms, in wisdom old! 150  
Once with what joy the generous prince would hear  
Of every chief who fought this glorious war;  
Participate their fame, and pleas'd inquire  
Each name, each action, and each hero's sire!  
Gods! should he see our warriors trembling stand, 155  
And trembling all before one hostile hand;  
How would he lift his aged arms on high,  
Lament inglorious Greece, and beg to die!  
Oh! would to all th' immortal powers above,  
Minerva, Phœbus, and almighty Jove! 160  
Years might again roll back, my youth renew,  
And give this arm the spring which once it knew:  
When, fierce in war, where Jordan's waters fall  
I led my troops to Phœa's trembling wall,  
And with the Arcadian spears my prowess try'd, 165  
Where Celadon rolls down his rapid tide.  
There Ereuthalion brav'd us in the field,  
Proud, Areïthous' dreadful arms to wield;  
Great Areïthous, known from shore to shore  
By the huge, knotted, iron mace he bore; 170  
No lance he shook, nor bent the twanging bow,  
But broke, with this, the battle of the foe.  
Him not by manly force Lycurgus slew,  
Whose guileful javelin from the thicket flew,  
Deep in a winding way his breast assail'd, 175  
Nor aught the warrior's thundering mace avail'd.

Supine he fell: those arms which Mars before  
Had given the vanquish'd now the victor bore:  
But when old age had dimm'd Lycurgus' eyes,  
'To Ereuthalion he consign'd the prize. 180  
Furious with this, he crush'd our level'd bands,  
And dar'd the trial of the strongest hands;  
Nor could the strongest hands his fury stay;  
All saw, and fear'd, his huge tempestuous sway.  
Till I, the youngest of the host, appear'd, 185  
And, youngest, met whom all our army fear'd:  
I fought the chief: my arms Minerva crown'd:  
Prone fell the giant o'er a length of ground.  
What then he was, Oh were your Nestor now!  
Not Hector's self should want an equal foe. 190  
But, warriors, you, that youthful vigor boast,  
The flower of Greece, th' examples of our host,  
Sprung from such fathers, who such numbers sway,  
Can you stand trembling, and desert the day?  
His warm reproofs the listening kings inflame; 195  
And nine, the noblest of the Grecian name,  
Up-started fierce: but far before the rest  
'The king of men advanc'd his dauntless breast:  
Then bold Tydides, great in arms, appear'd;  
And next his bulk gigantic Ajax rear'd: 200  
Oileus follow'd; Idomen was there,  
And Merion dreadful as the God of War:  
With these Eurypylus and Thoas stand,  
And wise Ulysses clos'd the daring band.  
All these, alike inspir'd with noble rage, 205  
Demand the fight. To whom the Pylian sage:  
Let thirst of glory your brave souls divide;  
What chief shall combat, let the lots decide.  
Whom heaven shall choose, be his the chance to raise  
His country's fame, his own immortal praise. 210  
The lots produc'd, each hero signs his own;  
Then in the general's helm the fates are thrown.  
The people pray, with lifted eyes and hands,  
And vows like these ascend from all the bands.

Grant, thou Almighty! in whose hand is fate, 215  
A worthy champion for the Grecian state.

This task let Ajax or Tydides prove,  
Or he, the King of Kings, belov'd by Jove!

Old Nestor shook the cask, By heaven inspir'd,  
Leap'd forth the lot, of every Greek desir'd. 220

This from the right to left the herald bears,  
Held out in order to the Grecian peers;  
Each to his rival yields the mark unknown,  
Till godlike Ajax finds the lot his own;  
Surveys th' inscription with rejoicing eyes, 225  
Then casts before him, and with transport cries:

Warriors! I claim the lot, and arm with joy;  
Be mine the conquest of this chief of Troy.  
Now, while my brightest arms my limbs invest,  
To Saturn's son be all your vows address: 230

But pray in secret, lest the foes should hear,  
And deem your prayers the mean effect of fear.  
Said I in secret? No, your vows declare,  
In such a voice as fills the earth and air.  
Lives there a chief whom Ajax ought to dread, 235  
Ajax, in all the toils of battle bred?

From warlike Salamis I drew my birth,  
And, born to combats, fear no force on earth.

He said. The troops with elevated eyes,  
Implore the God whose thunder rends the skies. 240

O father of mankind, superior Lord!  
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd;  
Who in the highest heaven hast fix'd thy throne,  
Supreme of Gods! unbounded and alone:

Grant thou, that Telamon may bear away 245  
The praise and conquest of this doubtful day;  
Or if illustrious Hector be thy care,  
That both may claim it, and that both may share.

Now Ajax brac'd his dazzling armor on;  
Sheath'd in bright steel the giant-warrior shone: 250

He moves to combat with majestic pace;  
So stalks in arms the grisly God of Thrace,

When Jove to punish faithless men prepares,  
And gives whole nations to the waste of wars.  
Thus march'd the chief, tremendous as a God: 255  
Grimly he smil'd; earth trembled as he strode:  
His massy javelin quivering in his hand,  
He stood, the bulwark of the Grecian band.  
Through every Argive heart new transport ran;  
All Troy stood trembling at the mighty man: 260  
Ev'n Hector paus'd; and, with new doubt oppress'd,  
Felt his great heart suspended in his breast:  
'Twas vain to seek retreat, and vain to fear;  
Himself had challeng'd, and the foe drew near.

Stern Telamon behind his ample shield, 265  
As from a brazen tower, o'erlook'd the field.  
Huge was its orb, with seven thick folds o'ercast.  
Of tough bull-hides; of solid brass the last,  
(The work of Tychius, who in Hylè dwell'd,  
And all in arts of armory excell'd.) 270  
This Ajax bore before his manly breast,  
And threatening, thus his adverse chief address.

Hector! approach my arm, and singly know  
What strength thou hast, and what the Grecian foe.  
Achilles shuns the fight; yet some there are, 275  
Not void of soul, and not unskill'd in war:  
Let him, unactive on the sea-beat shore,  
Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more;  
Whole troops of heroes Greece has yet to boast,  
And sends thee one, a sample of her host. 280  
Such as I am, I come to prove thy might;  
No more—be sudden, and begin the fight.

O son of Telamon, thy country's pride!  
(To Ajax thus the Trojan prince reply'd)  
Me, as a boy or woman wouldst thou fright, 285  
New to the field, and trembling at the fight?  
Thou meet'st a chief deserving of thy arms,  
To combat born, and bred amidst alarms:  
I know to shift my ground, remount the car,  
Turn, charge, and answer every call of war; 290



To right, to left, the dextrous lance I wield,  
And bear thick battle on my sounding shield.  
But open be our fight, and bold each blow;  
I steal no conquest from a noble foe.

He said, and, rising, high above the field 295  
Whirl'd the long lance against the sevenfold shield.  
Full on the brass descending from above  
Through six bull-hides the furious weapon drove,  
Till in the seventh it fix'd. Then Ajax threw;  
Through Hector's shield the forceful javelin flew, 300  
His corslet enters, and his garment rends,  
And glancing downwards near his flank descends.  
The wary Trojan shrinks, and, bending low  
Beneath his buckler, disappoints the blow.  
From their bor'd shields the chiefs their javelins drew,  
Then close impetuous, and the charge renew: 306  
Fierce as the mountain lions bath'd in blood,  
Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood.  
At Ajax, Hector his long lance extends;  
The blunted point against the buckler bends: 310  
But Ajax, watchful as his foe drew near,  
Drove through the Trojan targe the knotty spear;  
It reach'd his neck, with matchless strength impell'd;  
Spouts the black gore, and dims his shining shield.  
Yet ceas'd not Hector thus; but, stooping down, 315  
In his strong hand upheav'd a flinty stone,  
Black, craggy, vast: to this his force he bends;  
Full on the brazen boss the stone descends;  
The hollow brass resounded with the shock.  
Then Ajax seiz'd the fragment of a rock, 320  
Apply'd each nerve, and swinging round on high,  
With force tempestuous let the ruin fly:  
The huge stone thundering thro' his buckler broke:  
His slacken'd knees receiv'd the numbing stroke;  
Great Hector falls extended on the field. 325  
His bulk supporting on the shatter'd shield:  
Nor wanted heavenly aid: Apollo's might  
Confirm'd his sinews, and restor'd to fight.

And now both heroes their broad falchions drew  
 In flaming circles round their heads they flew; 330  
 But then by heralds' voice the word was given,  
 The sacred ministers of earth and heaven:  
 Divine Talthybius whom the Greeks employ,  
 And sage Idæus on the part of Troy,  
 Between the swords their peaceful sceptres rear'd 335  
 And first Idæus' awful voice was heard.

Forbear, my sons! your further force to prove,  
 Both dear to men, and both belov'd of Jove.  
 To either host your matchless worth is known,  
 Each sounds your praise, and war is all your own.  
 But now the night extends her awful shade; 341  
 The Goddess parts you: be the night obey'd.

To whom great Ajax his high soul exprest.  
 O sage! to Hector be these words address'd.  
 Let him who first provok'd our chiefs to fight, 345  
 Let him demand the sanction of the night;  
 If first he ask it, I content obey,  
 And cease the strife when Hector shows the way.

Oh first of Greeks! (his noble foe rejoin'd)  
 Whom heaven adorns, superior to thy kind, 350 }  
 With strength of body, and with worth of mind!  
 Now martial law commands us to forbear;  
 Hereafter we shall meet in glorious war,  
 Some future day shall lengthen out the strife,  
 And let the Gods decide of death or life! 355  
 Since then the night extends her gloomy shade,  
 And heaven enjoins it, be the night obey'd.  
 Return, brave Ajax, to thy Grecian friends,  
 And joy the nations whom thy arm defends;  
 As I shall glad each chief, and Trojan wife, 360  
 Who wearies heaven with vows for Hector's life.  
 But let us, on this memorable day,  
 Exchange some gift; that Greece and Troy may say,  
 "Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs contend;  
 "And each brave foe was in his soul a friend." 365

With that, a sword with stars of silver grac'd,  
The baldric studded, and the sheath inchas'd,  
He gave the Greek. The generous Greek bestow'd  
A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd.  
Then with majestic grace they quit the plain; 370  
This seeks the Grecian, that the Phrygian train.

The Trojan bands returning Hector wait,  
And hail with joy the champion of their state:  
Escap'd great Ajax, they survey'd him round,  
Alive, unharm'd, and vigorous from his wound. 375  
To Troy's high gates the godlike man they bear,  
Their present triumph, as their late despair.

But Ajax, glorying in his hardy deed,  
The well-arm'd Greeks to Agamemnon lead.  
A steer for sacrifice the king design'd, 380  
Of full five years, and of the nobler kind.  
The victim falls; they strip the smoking hide,  
The beast they quarter, and the joints divide;  
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare, 384  
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.  
The king himself (an honorary sign)  
Before great Ajax plac'd the mighty chine.  
When now the rage of hunger was remov'd,  
Nestor, in each persuasive art approv'd, 389  
The sage whose counsels long had sway'd the rest,  
In words like these his prudent thought exprest.

How dear, O kings! this fatal day has cost,  
What Greeks are perish'd! what a people lost!  
What tides of blood have drench'd Scamandra's shore! · 395  
What crowds of heroes sunk, to rise no more!  
Then hear me, chief! nor let the morrow's light  
Awake thy squadrons to new toils of fight:  
Some space at least permit the war to breathe,  
While we to flames our slaughter'd friends bequeath.  
From the red field their scatter'd bodies bear, 400  
And nigh the fleet a funeral structure rear;  
So decent urns their snowy bones may keep,  
And pious children o'er their ashes weep.

Here, where on one promiscuous pile they blaz'd,  
High o'er them all a general tomb be rais'd; 405  
Next, to secure our camp, and naval powers,  
Raise an embattled wall, with lofty towers;  
From space to space be ample gates around,  
For passing chariots; and a trench profound.  
So Greece to combat shall in safety go, 410  
Nor fear the fierce incursions of the foe.

'Twas thus the sage his wholesome counsel mov'd;  
The sceptred kings of Greece his words approv'd.

Meanwhile, conven'd at Priam's palace-gate,  
The Trojan peers in nightly council sat: 415  
A senate void of order, as of choice;  
Their hearts were fearful, and confus'd their voice.  
Antenor rising, thus demands their ear:  
Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliars, hear!  
'Tis heaven the counsel of my breast inspires, 420  
And I but move what every God requires:  
Let Sparta's treasures be this hour restor'd,  
And Argive Helen own her ancient lord.  
The ties of faith, the sworn alliance broke,  
Our impious battles the just Gods provoke. 425  
As this advice ye practise, or reject,  
So hope success, or dread the dire effect.

The senior spoke, and sat. To whom reply'd  
The graceful husband of the Spartan bride.  
Cold counsels, Trojan, may become thy years, 430  
But sound ungrateful in a warrior's ears:  
Old man, if void of fallacy or art,  
Thy words express the purpose of thy heart,  
Thou, in thy time, more sound advice hast given,  
But wisdom has its date, assign'd by heaven. 435  
'Then hear me, princes of the Trojan name!  
Their treasures I'll restore, but not the dame;  
My treasures too, for peace, I will resign;  
But be this bright possession ever mine.

'Twas then, the growing discord to compose, 440  
Slow from his seat the reverend Priam rose:

His godlike aspect deep attention drew:  
He paus'd, and these pacific words ensue.

Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliar bands!  
Now take refreshment as the hour demands: 445  
Guard well the walls, relieve the watch of night,  
Till the new sun restore the cheerful light:  
Then shall our herald to th' Atrides sent,  
Before their ships proclaim my son's intent.  
Next let a truce be ask'd, that 'Troy may burn 450  
Her slaughter'd heroes, and their bones inurn;  
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,  
And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide!

The monarch spoke! the warriors snatch'd with haste  
(Each at his post in arms) a short repast. 455  
Soon as the rosy morn had wak'd the day,  
To the black ships Idæus bent his way;  
There, to the sons of Mars, in council found,  
He rais'd his voice: the host stood listening round.

Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Greeks, give ear! 460  
The words of Troy, and Troy's great monarch hear.  
Pleas'd may ye hear (so heaven succeed my prayers)  
What Paris, author of the war, declares.  
The spoils and treasures he to Ilion bore, 464  
(Oh had he perish'd ere they touch'd our shore!)  
He proffers injur'd Greece; with large increase  
Of added 'Trojan wealth to buy the peace.

But to restore the beauteous bride again,  
This Greece demands, and Troy requests in vain.  
Next, O ye chiefs! we ask a truce to burn 470  
Our slaughter'd heroes, and their bones inurn.  
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,  
And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide!

The Greeks gave ear, but none the silence broke;  
At length Tydides rose, and rising spoke. 475  
Oh, take not, friends! defrauded of your fame,  
Their proffer'd wealth, nor e'en the Spartan dame.  
Let conquest make them ours: fate shakes their wall,  
And Troy already totters to her fall. 479

Th' admiring chiefs, and all the Grecian name,  
With general shouts return'd him loud acclaim.  
Then thus the King of Kings rejects the peace:  
Herald! in him thou hear'st the voice of Greece.  
For what remains; let funeral flames be fed  
With heroes' corpse; I war not with the dead: 485  
Go search your slaughter'd chiefs on yonder plain,  
And gratify the manes of the slain.  
Be witness, Jove, whose thunder rolls on high!  
He said, and rear'd his sceptre to the sky.

To sacred Troy, where all her princes lay 490  
To wait th' event, the herald bent his way.  
He came, and, standing in the midst, explain'd  
The peace rejected, but the truce obtain'd.  
Straight to their several cares the Trojans move,  
Some search the plains, some fell the sounding grove:  
Nor less the Greeks, descending on the shore, 496  
Hew'd the green forests, and the bodies bore.  
And now from forth the chambers of the main,  
To shed his sacred light on earth again,  
Arose the golden chariot of the day, 500  
And tipt the mountains with a purple ray.  
In mingled throngs the Greek and Trojan train  
Through heaps of carnage search the mournful plain.  
Scarce could the friend his slaughter'd friend explore,  
With dust dishonor'd, and deform'd with gore. 505  
The wounds they wash'd, their pious tears they shed,  
And, laid along their cars, deplor'd the dead.  
Sage Priam check'd their grief: with silent haste  
The bodies decent on their piles were plac'd:  
With melting hearts the cold remains they burn'd;  
And sadly slow to sacred Troy return'd. 511  
Nor less the Greeks their pious sorrows shed,  
And decent on the pile dispose the dead;  
The cold remains consume with equal care;  
And, slowly, sadly, to their fleet repair. 515  
Now, ere the morn had streak'd with reddening light  
The doubtful confines of the day and night;

About the dying flames the Greeks appear'd,  
And round the pile a general tomb they rear'd.  
Then, to secure the camp and naval powers, 520  
They rais'd embattled walls with lofty towers:  
From space to space were ample gates around,  
For passing chariots; and a trench profound,  
Of large extent; and deep in earth, below,  
Strong piles infix'd stood adverse to the foe. 525

So toil'd the Greeks: meanwhile the Gods above  
In shining circle round their father Jove,  
Amaz'd beheld the wondrous works of man:  
Then he, whose trident shakes the earth, began. 529

What mortals henceforth shall our power adore,  
Our fanes frequent, our oracles implore,  
If the proud Grecians thus successful boast  
Their rising bulwarks on the sea-beat coast?  
See the long walls extending to the main,  
No God consulted, and no victim slain! 535  
Their fame shall fill the world's remotest ends;  
Wide, as the morn her golden beam extends,  
While old Laomedon's divine abodes,  
Those radiant structures rais'd by laboring Gods,  
Shall, raz'd and lost, in long oblivion sleep. 540  
Thus spoke the hoary monarch of the deep.

Th' Almighty Thunderer with a frown replies,  
That clouds the world, and blackens half the skies.  
Strong God of Ocean! thou, whose rage can make  
The solid earth's eternal basis shake! 545  
What cause of fear from mortal works could move  
The meanest subject of our realms above?  
Where'er the sun's refulgent rays are cast,  
Thy power is honor'd, and thy fame shall last.  
But yon proud work no future age shall view, 550  
No trace remain where once the glory grew.  
The sapp'd foundations by thy force shall fall,  
And, whelm'd beneath thy waves, drop the huge wall:  
Vast drifts of sand shall change the former shore;  
The ruin vanish'd, and the name no more. 555

Thus they in heaven: while o'er the Grecian train,  
The rolling sun descending to the main  
Beheld the finish'd work. Their bulls they slew:  
Black from the tents the savory vapors flew. 559  
And now the fleet, arriv'd from Lemnos' strands,  
With Bacchus' blessings cheer'd the generous bands.  
Of fragrant wines the rich Eunæus sent  
A thousand measures to the royal tent.  
(Eunæus, whom Hypsipyle of yore  
To Jason, shepherd of his people, bore) 565  
The rest they purchas'd at their proper cost,  
And well the plenteous freight supply'd the host:  
Each, in exchange, proportion'd treasures gave:  
Some brass, or iron; some an ox, or slave. 569  
All night they feast, the Greek and Trojan powers;  
Those on the fields, and these within their towers.  
But Jove averse the signs of wrath display'd,  
And shot red lightnings through the gloomy shade:  
Humbled they stood; pale horror seiz'd on all,  
While the deep thunder shook th' ærial hall. 575  
Each pour'd to Jove, before the bowl was crown'd;  
And large libations drench'd the thirsty ground:  
Then late, refresh'd with sleep from toils of fight,  
Enjoy'd the balmy blessings of the night.



**THE**  
**ILIAD.**  
**BOOK VIII.**

## ARGUMENT.

*The second battle, and the distress of the Greeks.*

Jupiter assembles a council of the Deities, and threatens them with the pains of Tartarus if they assist either side: Minerva only obtains of him that she may direct the Greeks by her counsels. The armies join battle: Jupiter on Mount Ida weighs in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his thunders and lightnings. Nestor alone continues in the field in great danger; Diomed relieves him; whose exploits, and those of Hector, are excellently described. Juno endeavours to animate Neptune to the assistance of the Greeks, but in vain. The acts of Teucer, who is at length wounded by Hector, and carried off. Juno and Minerva prepare to aid the Grecians; but are restrained by Iris, sent from Jupiter. The night puts an end to the battle. Hector continues in the field (the Greeks being driven to their fortification before the ships) and gives orders to keep the watch all night in the camp, to prevent the enemy from reembarking and escaping by flight. They kindle fires through all the field, and pass the night under arms.

The time of seven and twenty days is employed from the opening of the poem to the end of this book. The scene here (except of the celestial machines) lies in the field towards the sea-shore.

THE  
ILIAD.

BOOK VIII.

**A**URORA now, fair daughter of the dawn,  
 Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn;  
 When Jove conven'd the senate of the skies,  
 Where high Olympus' cloudy tops arise.  
 The Sire of Gods his awful silence broke, 5  
 The heavens attentive trembled as he spoke.  
 Celestial states, immortal Gods! give ear,  
 Hear our decree, and reverence what ye hear;  
 The fix'd decree, which not all heaven can move;  
 Thou Fate! fulfil it; and, ye powers! approve! 10  
 What God but enters yon forbidden field,  
 Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield;  
 Back to the skies with shame he shall be driven,  
 Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heaven;  
 Or far, oh far from steep Olympus thrown, 15  
 Low in the dark Tartarean gulf shall groan,  
 With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,  
 And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors;  
 As deep beneath the infernal centre hurl'd,  
 As from that centre to the ethereal world. 20  
 Let him who tempts me, dread those dire abodes;  
 And know, th' Almighty is the God of Gods.  
 League all your forces then, ye powers above,  
 Join all, and try th' omnipotence of Jove:

Let down our golden everlasting chain, 25  
Whose strong embrace holds heaven, and earth, and  
main:

Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,  
To drag, by this, the Thunderer down to earth:  
Ye strive in vain! If I but stretch this hand,  
I heave the Gods, the ocean, and the land; 30  
I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,  
And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight!  
For such I reign, unbounded and above;  
And such are men, and Gods, compar'd to Jove.

Th' Almighty spoke, nor durst the powers reply,  
A reverent horror silenc'd all the sky; 36  
Trembling they stood before their sovereign's look;  
At length his best-belov'd, the power of wisdom spoke.

Oh first and greatest! God, by Gods ador'd!  
We own thy might, our father and our Lord! 40  
But ah! permit to pity human state:  
If not to help, at least lament their fate.  
From fields forbidden we submit refrain,  
With arms unaiding mourn our Argives slain;  
Yet grant my counsels still their breasts may move,  
Or all must perish in the wrath of Jove. 45

The cloud-compelling God her suit approv'd,  
And smil'd superior on his best-belov'd.  
Then call'd his coursers, and his chariot took;  
The stedfast firmament beneath them shook: 50  
Rapt by th' etherial steeds the chariot roll'd;  
Brass were their hoofs, their curling manes of gold.  
Of heaven's undrossy gold the God's array  
Refulgent, flash'd intolerable day.

High on the throne he shines: his coursers fly 55  
Between th' extended earth and starry sky.

But when to Ida's topmost height he came,  
(Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game)  
Where, o'er her pointed summits proudly rais'd,  
His fane breath'd odors, and his altars blaz'd: 60

There, from his radiant car the sacred Sire  
Of Gods and men releas'd the steeds of fire:  
Blue ambient mists th' immortal steeds embrac'd;  
High on the cloudy point his seat he plac'd;  
Thence his broad eye the subject world surveys,  
The town, and tents, and navigable seas. 66

Now had the Grecians snatch'd a short repast,  
And buckled on their shining arms with haste.  
Troy rous'd as soon; for on this dreadful day  
The fate of fathers, wives, and infants, lay. 70

The gates unfolding pour forth all their train;  
Squadrons on squadrons cloud the dusky plain:  
Men, steeds, and chariots, shake the trembling ground;  
The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.  
And now with shouts the shocking armies clos'd,  
To lances lances, shields to shields oppos'd, 76

Host against host with shadowy legions drew,  
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew,  
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,  
Triumphant shouts and dying groans arise; 80  
With streaming blood the slippery fields are dy'd,  
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.

Long as the morning beams increasing bright,  
O'er heaven's clear azure spread the sacred light;  
Communal death the fate of war confounds,  
Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds. 85

But when the sun the height of heaven ascends;  
The Sire of Gods his golden scales suspends,  
With equal hand: in these explor'd the fate  
Of Greece and Troy, and pois'd the mighty weight.  
Press'd with its load, the Grecian balance lies 91  
Low sunk on earth, the Trojan strikes the skies.

Then Jove from Ida's top his horror spreads;  
The clouds burst dreadful o'er the Grecian heads:  
Thick lightnings flash; the muttering thunder rolls; 95  
Their strength he withers, and unmans their souls.  
Before his wrath the trembling hosts retire;  
The God in terrors, and the skies on fire,

Nor great Idomeneus that sight could bear,  
Nor each stern Ajax, thunderbolts of war: 100  
Nor he, the king of men, th' alarm sustain'd;  
Nestor alone amidst the storm remain'd.

Unwilling he remain'd, for Paris' dart  
Had pierc'd his courser in a mortal part: 104

Fix'd in the forehead where the springing mane  
Curl'd o'er the brow, it stung him to the brain:

Mad with his anguish, he begins to rear,  
Paw with his hoofs aloft, and lash the air.

Scarce had his falchion cut the reins, and freed  
Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying steed, 110

When dreadful Hector, thundering through the war,  
Pour'd to the tumult on his whirling car.

That day had stretch'd beneath his matchless hand  
The hoary monarch of the Pylian band,

But Diomed beheld: from forth the crowd 115  
He rush'd, and on Ulysses call'd aloud.

Whither, oh whither does Ulysses run?

Oh flight unworthy great Laërtes' son!

Mix'd with the vulgar shall thy fate be found,  
Pierc'd in the back, a vile, dishonest wound? 120

Oh turn and save from Hector's direful rage

The glory of the Greeks, the Pylian sage.

His fruitless words are lost unheard in air,

Ulysses seeks the ships, and shelters there.

But bold Tydides to the rescue goes, 125

A single warrior 'midst a host of foes;

Before the coursers with a sudden spring

He leap'd, and anxious thus bespoke the king.

Great perils, father! wait th' unequal fight;

These younger champions will oppress thy might.

Thy veins no more with ancient vigor glow, 131

Weak is thy servant, and thy coursers slow.

Then haste, ascend my seat, and from the car

Observe the steeds of Tros, renown'd in war,

Practis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chase, 135

To dare the fight, or urge the rapid race:

These late obey'd Æneas' guiding rein;  
Leave thou thy chariot to our faithful train:  
With these against yon Trojans we will go,  
Nor shall great Hector want an equal foe; 140  
Fierce as he is, ev'n he may learn to fear  
The thirsty fury of my flying spear.

Thus said the chief; and Nestor, skill'd in war,  
Approves his counsel, and ascends the car:  
The steeds he left, their trusty servants hold; 145  
Eurymedon, and Sthenelus the bold:  
The reverend charioteer directs the course,  
And strains his aged arm to lash the horse.  
Hector they face; unknowing how to fear,  
Fierce he drove on; Tydides whirl'd his spear.  
The spear with erring haste mistook its way, 151  
But plung'd in Eniopeus' bosom lay.  
His opening hand in death forsakes the rein;  
The steeds fly back: he falls, and spurns the plain.  
Great Hector sorrows for his servant kill'd, 155  
Yet unreveng'd permits to press the field;  
Till to supply his place and rule the car,  
Rose Archeptolemus, the fierce in war.  
And now had death and horror cover'd all;  
Like timorous flocks the Trojans in their wall 160  
Inclos'd had bled: but Jove with awful sound  
Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vast profound:  
Full in Tydides' face the lightning flew;  
The ground before him flam'd with sulphur blue;  
The quivering steeds fell prostrate at the sight; 165  
And Nestor's trembling hand confess'd his fright;  
He dropt the reins; and shook with sacred dread,  
Thus, turning, warn'd th' intrepid Diomed.

O chief! too daring in thy friend's defence,  
Retire advis'd, and urge the chariot hence. 170  
This day, averse, the sovereign of the skies  
Assists great Hector, and our palm denies.  
Some other sun may see the happier hour,  
When Greece shall conquer by his heavenly power.

'Tis not in man his fix'd decree to move: 175

The great will glory to submit to Jove.

O reverend Prince! (Tydides thus replies)

Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.

But ah, what grief! should haughty Hector boast,

I fled inglorious to the guarded coast. 180

Before that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,

O'erwhelm me, earth; and hide a warrior's shame.

To whom Gerenian Nestor thus reply'd:

Gods! can thy courage fear the Phrygian's pride? 184

Hector may vaunt, but who shall heed the boast?

Not those who felt thy arm, the Dardan host,

Nor Troy, yet bleeding in her heroes lost;

Not ev'n a Phrygian dame, who dreads the sword

That laid in dust her lov'd, lamented lord.

He said, and hasty o'er the gasping throng 190

Drives the swift steeds; the chariot smokes along.

The shouts of Trojans thicken in the wind;

The storm of hissing javelins pours behind.

'Then, with a voice that shakes the solid skies,

Pleas'd Hector braves the warrior as he flies. 195

Go, mighty hero, grac'd above the rest

In seats of council and the sumptuous feast:

Now hope no more those honors from thy train;

Go, less than woman, in the form of man!

To scale our walls, to wrap our towers in flames, 200

To lead in exile the fair Phrygian dames,

Thy once proud hopes, presumptuous prince! are fled;

This arm shall reach thy heart, and stretch thee dead.

Now fears dissuade him, and now hopes invite,

To stop his coursers, and to stand the fight; 205

Thrice turn'd the chief, and thrice imperial Jove

On Ida's summits thunder'd from above:

Great Hector heard; he saw the flashing light,

(The sign of conquest) and thus urg'd the fight.

Hear, every Trojan, Lycian, Dardan band, 210

All fam'd in war, and dreadful hand to hand.



Be mindful of the wreaths your arms have won,  
Your great forefathers' glories, and your own.  
Heard ye the voice of Jove? Success and fame  
Await on Troy, on Greece eternal shame. 215

In vain they skulk behind their boasted wall,  
Weak bulwarks! destin'd by this arm to fall:  
High o'er their slighted trench our steeds shall bound;  
And pass victorious o'er the level'd mound.

Soon as before yon hollow ships we stand, 220  
Fight each with flames, and toss the blazing brand;  
Till their proud navy wrapt in smoke and fires,  
All Greece, encompass'd, in one blaze expires.

Furious he said; then, bending o'er the yoke,  
Encourag'd his proud steeds, while thus he spoke. 225  
Now Xanthus, Æthon. Lampus! urge the chase,  
And, thou, Podargus! prove thy generous race:  
Be fleet, be fearless, this important day,  
And all your master's well-spent care repay.

For this, high-fed in plenteous stalls ye stand, 230  
Serv'd with pure wheat, and by a princess' hand;  
For this my spouse, of great Aëtion's line,  
So oft has steep'd the strengthening grain in wine.

Now swift pursue, now thunder uncontroll'd;  
Give me to seize rich Nestor's shield of gold; 235  
From Tydeus' shoulders strip the costly load,  
Vulcanian arms, the labor of a God:

These if we gain, then victory, ye powers!  
This night; this glorious night, the fleet is ours. 239

That heard, deep anguish stung Saturnia's soul;  
She shook her throne that shook the starry pole:  
And thus to Neptune: Thou, whose force can make  
The stedfast earth from her foundations shake,  
Seest thou the Greeks by fates unjust oppress,  
Nor swells thy heart in that immortal breast? 245

Yet Ægæ, Helicè, thy power obey,  
And gifts unceasing on thine altars lay.  
Would all the Deities of Greece combine,  
In vain the gloomy Thunderer might repine:

Sole should he sit, with scarce a God to friend, 250  
And see his Trojans to the shades descend:  
Such be the scene from his Idæan bower;  
Ungrateful prospect to the sullen power!

Neptune with wrath rejects the rash design:  
What rage, what madness, furious Queen, is thine? 255  
I war not with the Highest. All above  
Submit and tremble at the hand of Jove.

Now godlike Hector, to whose matchless might,  
Jove gave the glory of the destin'd fight,  
Squadrons on squadrons drives, and fills the fields 260  
With close-rang'd chariots, and with thicken'd shields.  
Where the deep trench in length extended lay,  
Compacted troops stand wedg'd in firm array,  
A dreadful front! they shake the brands, and threat  
With long-destroying flames the hostile fleet. 265

The king of men, by Juno's self inspir'd,  
Toil'd thro' the tents, and all his army fir'd.  
Swift as he mov'd, he lifted in his hand  
His purple robe, bright ensign of command.  
High on the midmost bark the king appear'd; 270  
There, from Ulysses' deck his voice was heard:

To Ajax and Achilles reach'd the sound,  
Whose distant ships the guarded navy bound.  
Oh Argives! shame of human race; he cry'd,  
(The hollow vessels to his voice reply'd) 275

Where now are all your glorious boasts of yore,  
Your hasty triumphs on the Lemnian shore?  
Each fearless hero dares an hundred foes,  
While the feast lasts, and while the goblet flows;  
But who to meet one martial man is found, 280  
When the fight rages, and the flames surround?

O mighty Jove! oh sire of the distress'd!  
Was ever king like me, like me oppress'd?  
With power immense, with justice arm'd in vain;  
My glory ravish'd, and my people slain! 285  
To thee my vows were breath'd from every shore;  
What altar smok'd not with our victim's gore?

With fat of bulls I fed the constant flame,  
And ask'd destruction to the Trojan name.  
Now, gracious God! far humbler our demand; 290 }  
Give these at least t' escape from Hector's hand, }  
And save the relics of the Grecian land!  
Thus pray'd the king, and heaven's great Father heard  
His vows, in bitterness of soul prefer'd;  
The wrath appeas'd, by happy signs declares, 295  
And gives the people to their monarch's prayers.  
His eagle, sacred bird of heaven! he sent,  
A fawn his talons truss'd (divine portent!)  
High o'er the wondering hosts he soar'd above,  
Who paid their vows to Panomphæan Jove; 300  
Then let the prey before his altar fall,  
The Greeks beheld, and transport seiz'd on all:  
Encourag'd by the sign, the troops revive,  
And fierce on Troy with double fury drive.  
Tydides first, of all the Grecian force, 305  
O'er the broad ditch impell'd his foaming horse,  
Pierc'd the deep ranks, their strongest battle tore,  
And dy'd his javelin red with Trojan gore.  
Young Agelaius (Phradmon was his sire)  
With flying coursers shun'd his dreadful ire: 310  
Struck through the back, the Phrygian fell opprest;  
The dart drove on, and issued at his breast:  
Headlong he quits the car; his arms resound:  
His ponderous buckler thunders on the ground.  
Forth rush a tide of Greeks, the passage freed; 315  
Th' Atridæ first, th' Ajaces next succeed:  
Meriones, like Mars in arms renown'd,  
And godlike Idomen, now pass'd the mound:  
Evæmon's son next issues to the foe,  
And last, young Teucer with his bended bow. 320  
Secure behind the Telamonian shield  
The skilful archer wide survey'd the field,  
With every shaft some hostile victim slew,  
Then close beneath the seven-fold orb withdrew:

The conscious infant so, when fear alarms, 325  
Retires for safety to the mother's arms.

Thus Ajax guards his brother in the field,  
Moves as he moves, and turns the shining shield.

Who first by Teucer's mortal arrows bled?  
Orsilochus; then fell Ormenus dead: 330

The godlike Lycophon next press'd the plain,  
With Chromius, Dætor, Ophelestes slain:

Bold Hamopæon breathless sunk to ground;  
The bloody pile great Melanippus crown'd.  
Heaps fell on heaps, sad trophies of his art, 335  
A Trojan ghost attended every dart.

Great Agamemnon views with joyful eye  
The ranks grow thinner as his arrows fly:  
Oh youth for ever dear! (the monarch cry'd)  
Thus, always thus, thy early worth be try'd; 340

Thy brave example shall retrieve our host,  
Thy country's savior, and thy father's boast!  
Sprung from an alien's bed thy sire to grace,  
The vigorous offspring of a stol'n embrace,  
Proud of his boy, he own'd the generous flame, 345  
And the brave son repays his cares with fame.

Now hear a monarch's vow: If heav'n's high powers  
Give me to raze Troy's long-defended towers;  
Whatever treasures Greece for me design,  
The next rich honorary gift be thine: 350

Some golden tripod, or distinguish'd ear,  
With coursers dreadful in the ranks of war;  
Or some fair captive whom thy eyes approve,  
Shall recompense the warrior's toils with love.

To this the chief: With praise the rest inspire, 355  
Nor urge a soul already fill'd with fire,

What strength I have, be now in battle try'd,  
Till every shaft in Phrygian blood be dy'd.  
Since rallying from our wall we forc'd the foe,  
Still aim'd at Hector have I bent my bow: 360

Eight forky arrows from this hand have fled,  
And eight bold heroes by their points lie dead:

But sure some God denies me to destroy  
'This fury of the field, this dog of Troy.  
He said, and twang'd the string. The weapon flies 365  
At Hector's breast, and sings along the skies:  
He miss'd the mark; but pierc'd Gorgythio's heart,  
And drench'd in royal blood the thirsty dart.  
(Fair Castianira, nymph of form divine,  
'This offspring added to king Priam's line.) 370  
As full blown poppies, overcharg'd with rain,  
Decline the head, and drooping kiss the plain;  
So sinks the youth: his beauteous head, deprest  
Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breast.  
Another shaft the raging archer drew: 375  
That other shaft with erring fury flew,  
(From Hector Phœbus turn'd the flying wound)  
Yet fell not dry or guiltless to the ground:  
Thy breast, brave Archeptolemus! it tore,  
And dipt its feathers in no vulgar gore. 380  
Headlong he falls; his sudden fall alarms  
The steeds, that startle at his sounding arms.  
Hector with grief his charioteer beheld,  
All pale and breathless on the sanguine field.  
Then bids Cebriones direct the rein, 385  
Quits his bright car, and issues on the plain.  
Dreadful he shouts: from earth a stone he took,  
And rush'd on Teucer with the lifted rock.  
The youth already strain'd the forceful yew;  
The shaft already to his shoulder drew; 390  
The feather in his hand, just wing'd for flight,  
Touch'd where the neck and hollow chest unite;  
There, where the juncture knits the channel bone,  
The furious chief discharg'd the craggy stone;  
The bow-string burst beneath the ponderous blow, 395  
And his numb'd hand dismiss'd his useless bow.  
He fell: but Ajax his broad shield display'd,  
And screen'd his brother with a mighty shade;  
Till great Alastor, and Mecistheus bore  
The batter'd archer groaning to the shore. 400

Troy yet found grace before th' Olympian Sire,  
 He arm'd their hands, and fill'd their breasts with fire.  
 The Greeks, repuls'd, retreat behind their wall,  
 Or in the trench on heaps confus'dly fall.

First of the foe, great Hector march'd along, 405  
 With terror cloth'd, and more than mortal strong.

As the bold hound, that gives the lion chase,  
 With beating bosom, and with eager pace,  
 Hangs on his haunch, or fastens on his heels,  
 Guards as he turns, and circles as he wheels: 410

Thus oft the Grecians turn'd, but still they flew;  
 Thus following Hector still the hindmost slew.

When flying they had pass'd the trench profound,  
 And many a chief lay gasping on the ground;  
 Before the ships a desperate stand they made, 415  
 And fir'd the troops, and call'd the Gods to aid.

Fierce on his rattling chariot Hector came;  
 His eyes like Gorgon shot a sanguine flame  
 That wither'd all their host: like Mars he stood;  
 Dire as the monster, dreadful as the God! 420

Their strong distress the wife of Jove survey'd;  
 Then pensive thus, to war's triumphant maid.

Oh daughter of that God, whose arm can wield  
 Th' avenging bolt, and shake the sable shield!

Now, in this moment of her last despair, 425  
 Shall wretched Greece no more confess our care,  
 Condemn'd to suffer the full force of fate,

And drain the dregs of heaven's relentless hate?  
 Gods! shall one raging hand thus level all?

What numbers fell! what numbers yet shall fall! 430

What power divine shall Hector's wrath assuage?  
 Still swells the slaughter, and still grows the rage?

So spake th' imperial regent of the skies;  
 To whom the Goddess with the azure eyes:

Long since had Hector stain'd these fields with gore,  
 Stretch'd by some Argive on his native shore; 436

But He above, the Sire of heaven withstands,  
 Mocks our attempts, and slights our just demands.

The stubborn God, inflexible and hard,  
 Forgets my service and deserv'd reward: 440  
 Sav'd I, for this, his favorite\* son distress'd,  
 By stern Euristheus with long labors press'd?  
 He begg'd, with tears he begg'd, in deep dismay;  
 I shot from heaven, and gave his arm the day.  
 Oh had my wisdom known this dire event, 445  
 When to grim Pluto's gloomy gates he went;  
 The triple dog had never felt his chain,  
 Nor Styx been cross'd, nor hell explor'd in vain,  
 Averse to me of all his heaven of Gods,  
 At Thetis' suit the partial Thunderer nods. 450  
 To grace her gloomy, fierce, resenting son,  
 My hopes are frustrate, and my Greeks undone.  
 Some future day, perhaps, he may be mov'd  
 To call his blue-ey'd maid his best belov'd.  
 Haste, launch thy chariot, thro' yon ranks to ride; 455  
 Myself will arm, and thunder at thy side.  
 Then, Goddess! say, shall Hector glory then,  
 (That terror of the Greeks, that Man of Men)  
 When Juno's self, and Pallas shall appear,  
 All dreadful in the crimson walks of war? 460  
 What mighty Trojan then, on yonder shore,  
 Expiring, pale, and terrible no more,  
 Shall feast the fowls, and glut the dogs with gore? }  
 She ceas'd, and Juno rein'd the steeds with care;  
 (Heaven's awful empress, Saturn's other heir) 465  
 Pallas, meanwhile, her various veil unbound,  
 With flowers adorn'd, with art immortal crown'd;  
 The radiant robe her sacred fingers wove  
 Floats in rich waves, and spreads the court of Jove.  
 Her father's arms her mighty limbs invest, 470  
 His cuirass blazes on her ample breast.  
 The vigorous power the trembling car ascends;  
 Shook by her arm, the massy javelin bends;

\* Hercules.

Huge, ponderous, strong! that, when her fury burns,  
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns. 475

Saturnia lends the lash; the coursers fly;  
Smooth glides the chariot through the liquid sky.  
Heaven's gates spontaneous open to the powers,  
Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours.  
Commission'd in alternate watch they stand, 480  
The sun's bright portals and the skies command;  
Close, or unfold, th' eternal gates of day,  
Bar heaven with clouds, or roll those clouds away.  
The sounding hinges ring, the clouds divide;  
Prone down the steep of heaven their course they guide.  
But Jove incens'd, from Ida's top survey'd, 485  
And thus enjoin'd the many-color'd Maid.

Thaumantia! mount the winds, and stop their car;  
Against the Highest who shall wage the war?  
If furious yet they dare the vain debate, 490  
Thus have I spoke, and what I speak is Fate.  
Their coursers crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,  
Their car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky;  
My lightning these rebellious shall confound,  
And hurl them flaming, headlong to the ground, 495  
Condemn'd for ten revolving years to weep  
The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.  
So shall Minerva learn to fear our ire,  
Nor dare to combat hers and nature's Sire.  
For Juno, headstrong and imperious still, 500  
She claims some title to transgress our will.

Swift as the wind the various-colour'd Maid  
From Ida's top her golden wings display'd;  
To great Olympus' shining gates she flies,  
There meets the chariot rushing down the skies, 505  
Restrains their progress from the bright abodes,  
And speaks the mandate of the Sire of Gods.

What frenzy, Goddesses! what rage can move  
Celestial minds to tempt the wrath of Jove?  
Desist, obedient to his high command; 510  
This is the word: and know, his word shall stand.



His lightning your rebellion shall confound,  
And hurl you headlong, flaming to the ground:  
Your horses crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,  
Your car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky: 515  
Yourselves condemn'd ten rolling years to weep  
The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.  
So shall Minerva learn to fear his ire,  
Nor dare to combat hers and Nature's Sire.  
For Juno, headstrong and imperious still, 520  
She claims some title to transgress his will:  
But thee what desperate insolence has driven,  
To lift thy lance against the King of heaven?  
Then mounting on the pinions of the wind,  
She flew; and Juno thus her rage resign'd. 525  
O daughter of that God, whose arm can wield  
Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!  
No more let beings of superior birth  
Contend with Jove for this low race of earth:  
Triumphant now, now miserably slain, 530  
They breathe or perish as the Fates ordain.  
But Jove's high counsels full effect shall find;  
And, ever constant, ever rule mankind.

She spoke, and backward turn'd her steeds of light,  
Adorn'd with manes of gold, and heavenly bright. 535  
The Hours unloos'd them, panting as they stood,  
And heap'd their mangers with ambrosial food.  
There ty'd, they rest in high celestial stalls;  
The chariot propt against the crystal walls.  
The pensive Goddesses, abash'd, controll'd, 540  
Mix with the Gods, and fill their seats of gold.

And now the Thunderer meditates his flight  
From Ida's summits to th' Olympian height.  
Swifter than thought the wheels instinctive fly,  
Flame thro' the vast of air, and reach the sky. 545  
'Twas Neptune's charge his coursers to unbrace,  
And fix the car on its immortal base;  
There stood the chariot, beaming forth its rays,  
Till with a snowy veil he screen'd the blaze.

He, whose all conscious eyes the world behold, 550  
Th' eternal Thunderer sat inthron'd in gold,  
High heaven the footstool of his feet he makes,  
And wide beneath him all Olympus shakes.

Trembling afar, th' offending powers appear'd,  
Confus'd and silent, for his frown they fear'd. 555

He saw their soul, and thus his word imparts;  
Pallas and Juno! say, why heave your hearts?

Soon was your battle o'er: proud Troy retir'd  
Before your face, and in your wrath expir'd.

But know, whoe'er almighty power withstand! 560  
Unmatch'd our force, unconquer'd is our hand:

Who shall the Sovereign of the skies control?  
Not all the Gods that crown the starry pole.

Your hearts shall tremble, if our arms we take,  
And each immortal nerve with horror shake. 565

For thus I speak, and what I speak shall stand;  
What power soe'er provokes our lifted hand,

On this our hill no more shall hold his place;  
Cut off, and exil'd from th' etherial race.

Juno and Pallas grieving hear the doom, 570  
But feast their souls on Ilion's woes to come.

Though secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast,  
The prudent Goddess yet her wrath repress:

But Juno, impotent of rage, replies. 575  
What hast thou said, Oh tyrant of the skies?

Strength and omnipotence invest thy throne;  
'Tis thine to punish; ours to grieve alone.

For Greece we grieve, abandon'd by her fate,  
'To drink the dregs of thy unmeasur'd hate:

From fields forbidden we submit refrain, 580  
With arms unaiding see our Argives slain;

Yet grant our counsels still their breasts may move,  
Lest all should perish in the rage of Jove.

The Goddess thus: and thus the God replies, 585  
Who swells the clouds, and blackens all the skies.

The morning sun awak'd by loud alarms,  
Shall see th' Almighty Thunderer in arms:

What heaps of Argives then shall load the plain,  
Those radiant eyes shall view, and view in vain.  
Nor shall great Hector cease the rage of fight, 590  
The navy flaming, and thy Greeks in flight,  
Ev'n till the day, when certain fates ordain  
That stern Achilles (his Patroclus slain)  
Shall rise in vengeance, and lay waste the plain.  
For such is fate, nor canst thou turn its course 595  
With all thy rage, with all thy rebel force.

Fly, if thou wilt, to earth's remotest bound,  
Where on her utmost verge the seas resound;  
Where curs'd Iäpetus and Saturn dwell,  
Fast by the brink, within the steams of hell; 600  
No sun e'er gilds the gloomy horrors there;  
No cheerful gales refresh the lazy air;  
There arm once more the bold Titanian band;  
And arm in vain; for what I will, shall stand.

Now deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light, 605  
And drew behind the cloudy veil of night:  
The conquering Trojans mourn his beams decay'd;  
The Greeks rejoicing bless the friendly shade.

The victors keep the field; and Hector calls  
A martial council near the navy walls: 610  
These to Scamander's bank apart he led,  
Where thinly scatter'd lay the heaps of dead.  
Th' assembled chiefs, descending on the ground,  
Attend his order, and their prince surround.  
A massy spear he bore of mighty strength, 615  
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length,  
The point was brass, refulgent to behold,  
Fix'd to the wood with circling rings of gold:  
The noble Hector on this lance reclin'd,  
And bending forward, thus reveal'd his mind. 620

Ye valiant Trojans, with attention hear!  
Ye Dardan bands, and generous aids, give ear!  
This day, we hop'd, would wrap in conquering flame  
Greece with her ships, and crown our toils with fame.

But darkness now, to save the cowards, falls, 625  
And guards them trembling in their wooden walls.  
Obey the Night, and use her peaceful hours  
Our steeds to forage, and refresh our powers.  
Straight from the town be sheep and oxen sought,  
And strengthening bread, and generous wine be brought,  
Wide o'er the field, high blazing to the sky, 631  
Let numerous fires the absent sun supply,  
The flaming piles with plenteous fuel, raise,  
Till the bright morn her purple beam displays;  
Lest, in the silence and the shades of night, 635  
Greece on her sable ships attempt her flight.  
Not unmolested let the wretches gain  
Their lofty decks, or safely cleave the main;  
Some hostile wound let every dart bestow,  
Some lasting token of the Phrygian foe, 640  
Wounds, that long hence may ask their spouses' care,  
And warn their children from a Trojan war.  
Now through the circuit of our Ilion wall,  
Let sacred heralds sound the solemn call;  
To bid the sires with hoary honors crown'd, 645  
And beardless youths, our battlements surround.  
Firm be the guard, while distant lie our powers,  
And let the matrons hang with lights the towers:  
Lest, under covert of the midnight shade,  
Th' insidious foe the naked town invade, 650  
Suffice, to night, these orders to obey;  
A nobler charge shall rouse the dawning day.  
The Gods, I trust, shall give to Hector's hand,  
From these detested foes to free the land,  
Who plough'd, with fates averse, the watery way; 655  
For Trojan vultures a predestin'd prey.  
Our common safety must be now the care;  
But soon as morning paints the fields of air,  
Sheath'd in bright arms let every troop engage,  
And the fir'd fleet behold the battle rage. 660  
Then, then shall Hector and Tydides prove,  
Whose fates are heaviest in the scales of Jove.

To-morrow's light (O haste the glorious morn!)  
Shall see his bloody spoils in triumph borne,  
With this keen javelin shall his breast be gor'd, 665  
And prostrate heroes bleed around their lord.  
Certain as this, oh! might my days endure,  
From age inglorious, and black death secure;  
So might my life and glory know no bound,  
Like Pallas worshipp'd, like the sun renown'd! 670  
As the next dawn, the last they shall enjoy,  
Shall crush the Greeks, and end the woes of Troy.

The leader spoke. From all his host around  
Shouts of applause along the shores resound.  
Each from the yoke the smoking steeds unty'd, 675  
And fix'd their headstalls to his chariot-side.  
Fat sheep and oxen from the town are led,  
With generous wine, and all-sustaining bread.  
Full hecatombs lay burning on the shore;  
The winds to heaven the curling vapors bore. 680  
Ungrateful offering to th' immortal powers!  
Whose wrath hung heavy o'er the Trojan towers,  
Nor Priam nor his sons obtain'd their grace;  
Proud Troy they hated, and her guilty race.

The troops exulting sat in order round, 685  
And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground.  
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!  
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,  
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,  
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene; 690  
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,  
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,  
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,  
And tip with silver every mountain's head;  
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise, 695  
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:  
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,  
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.  
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,  
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays: 700

The long reflections of the distant fires  
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.

A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,  
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.

Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend, 705

Whose umber'd arms, by fits, thick flashes send,

Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,

And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

THE  
**ILIAD.**

BOOK IX.

## ARGUMENT.

### *The Embassy to Achilles.*

Agamemnon, after the last day's defeat, proposes to the Greeks to quit the siege, and return to their country. Diomed opposes this, and Nestor seconds him, praising his wisdom and resolution. He orders the guard to be strengthened, and a council summoned to deliberate what measures are to be followed in this emergency. Agamemnon pursues this advice, and Nestor further prevails upon him to send ambassadors to Achilles, in order to move him to a reconciliation. Ulysses and Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phoenix. They make, each of them, very moving and pressing speeches, but are rejected with roughness by Achilles, who notwithstanding retains Phoenix in his tent. The ambassadors return unsuccessful to the camp, and the troops betake themselves to sleep.

This book, and the next following, take up the space of one night, which is the twenty-seventh from the beginning of the poem. The scene lies on the sea-shore, the station of the Grecian ships.



THE  
ILIAD.

BOOK IX.

**T**HUS joyful Troy maintain'd the watch of night;  
While fear, pale comrade of inglorious flight,  
And heaven-bred horror, on the Grecian part,  
Sat on each face, and sadden'd every heart.  
As, from its cloudy dungeon issuing forth, 5  
A double tempest of the west and north  
Swells o'er the sea, from Thracia's frozen shore,  
Heaps waves on waves, and bids th' Ægean roar;  
This way and that, the boiling deeps are tost;  
Such various passions urge the troubled host. 10  
Great Agamemnon griev'd above the rest;  
Superior sorrows swell'd his royal breast;  
Himself his orders to the heralds bears,  
To bid to council all the Grecian peers,  
But bid in whispers: these surround their chief, 15  
In solemn sadness, and majestic grief.  
The king amidst the mournful circle rose;  
Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows:  
So silent fountains, from a rock's tall head,  
In sable streams soft-trickling waters shed. 20  
With more than vulgar grief he stood oppress;  
Words, mixt with sighs, thus bursting from his breast.  
Ye sons of Greece! partake your leader's care;  
Fellows in arms, and princes of the war!

Of partial Jove too justly we complain, 25  
And heavenly oracles believ'd in vain.  
A safe return was promis'd to our toils,  
With conquest honor'd, and enrich'd with spoils:  
Now shameful flight alone can save the host;  
Our wealth, our people, and our glory lost. 30  
So Jove decrees. Almighty Lord of all!

Jove, at whose nod whole empires rise or fall,  
Who shakes the feeble props of human trust,  
And towers and armies humbles to the dust.  
Haste then, for ever quit these fatal fields, 35  
Haste to the joys our native country yields;  
Spread all your canvas, all your oars employ,  
Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy.

He said; deep silence held the Grecian band,  
Silent, unmov'd, in dire dismay they stand, 40  
A pensive scene! till Tydeus' warlike son  
Roll'd on the king his eyes, and thus begun.

When kings advise us to renounce our fame,  
First let him speak, who first has suffer'd shame.  
If I oppose thee, prince, thy wrath withhold, 45  
The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.  
Thou first, and thou alone, in fields of fight,  
Durst brand my courage, and defame my might:  
Nor from a friend th' unkind reproach appear'd,  
The Greeks stood witness, all our army heard. 50  
The Gods, O chief! from whom our honors spring,  
The Gods have made thee but by halves a king.  
They gave thee sceptres, and a wide command,  
They gave dominion o'er the seas and land;  
The noblest power that might the world control 55  
They gave thee not—a brave and virtuous soul.  
Is this a general's voice, that would suggest  
Fears like his own to every Grecian breast?  
Confiding in our want of worth, he stands;  
And if we fly, 'tis what our king commands. 60  
Go thou, inglorious! from th' embattled plain;  
Ships thou hast store, and nearest to the main;

A nobler care the Grecians shall employ,  
To combat, conquer, and extirpate Troy.  
Here Greece shall stay; or if all Greece retire, 65  
Myself will stay, till Troy or I expire;  
Myself and Sthenelus will fight for fame;  
God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.

He ceas'd; the Greeks loud acclamations raise,  
And voice to voice resounds Tydides' praise. 70  
Wise Nestor then his reverend figure rear'd;  
He spoke: the host in still attention heard.

O truly great! in whom the Gods have join'd  
Such strength of body with such force of mind;  
In conduct, as in courage, you excel, 75  
Still first to act what you advise so well.

Those wholesome counsels which thy wisdom moves,  
Applauding Greece with common voice approves.  
Kings thou canst blame; a bold but prudent youth;  
And blame e'en kings with praise, because with truth.  
And yet those years that since thy birth have run, 81  
Would hardly style thee Nestor's youngest son.

Then let me add what yet remains behind,  
A thought unfinish'd in that generous mind;  
Age bids me speak; nor shall th' advice I bring 85  
Distaste the people, or offend the king:

Curs'd is the man, and void of law and right,  
Unworthy property, unworthy light,  
Unfit for public rule, or private care;  
That wretch, that monster, who delights in war: 90  
Whose lust is murder, and whose horrid joy,  
To tear his country, and his kind destroy!

This night, refresh and fortify thy train;  
Between the trench and wall let guards remain:  
Be that the duty of the young and bold; 95

But thou, O king, to council call the old:  
Great is thy sway, and weighty are thy cares;  
Thy high commands must spirit all our wars.  
With Thracian wines recruit thy honor'd guests,  
For happy counsels flow from sober feasts. 100

Wise, weighty counsels aid a state distrest,  
And such a monarch as can choose the best.  
See! what a blaze from hostile tents aspires,  
How near our fleet approach the Trojan fires!  
Who can, unmov'd, behold the dreadful light, 105  
What eye beholds them, and can close to-night?  
This dreadful interval determines all;  
To-morrow, Troy must flame, or Greece must fall.

Thus spoke the hoary sage: the rest obey;  
Swift through the gates the guards direct their way.  
His son was first to pass the lofty mound, 111  
The generous Thrasymed, in arms renown'd:  
Next him, Ascalaphus, Iälmen, stood,  
The double offspring of the Warrior-God.  
Deïpyrus, Aphareus, Merion join, 115  
And Lycomed, of Creon's noble line.  
Seven were the leaders of the nightly bands,  
And each bold chief a hundred spears commands.  
The fires they light, to short repasts they fall,  
Some line the trench, and others man the wall. 120

The king of men, on public counsels bent,  
Conven'd the princes in his ample tent;  
Each seiz'd a portion of the kingly feast,  
But stay'd his hand when thirst and hunger ceas'd.  
Then Nestor spoke, for wisdom long approv'd, 125  
And, slowly rising, thus the council mov'd.

Monarch of nations! whose superior sway  
Assembled states and lords of earth obey,  
The laws and sceptres to thy hand are given,  
And millions own the care of thee and heaven. 130  
O king! the counsels of my age attend;  
With thee my cares begin, in thee must end.  
Thee, prince! it fits alike to speak and hear,  
Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear,  
To see no wholesome motion be withstood, 135  
And ratify the best for public good.  
Nor, though a meaner give advice, repine,  
But follow it, and make the wisdom thine.

Hear then a thought, not now conceiv'd in haste,  
At once my present judgment, and my past. 140  
When from Pelides' tent you fore'd the maid,  
I first oppos'd, and faithful durst dissuade;  
But bold of soul, when headlong fury fir'd,  
You wrong'd the man, by men and Gods admir'd:  
Now seek some means his fatal wrath to end, 145  
With prayers to move him, or with gifts to bend.

To whom the king. With justice hast thou shown  
A prince's faults, and I with reason own.  
That happy man, whom Jove still honors most,  
Is more than armies, and himself an host. 150  
Blest in his love, this wondrous hero stands;  
Heaven fights his war, and humbles all our bands.  
Fain would my heart, which err'd through frantic rage,  
The wrathful chief and angry Gods assuage.  
If gifts immense his mighty soul can bow, 155  
Hear, all ye Greeks, and witness what I vow.  
Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,  
And twice ten vases of refulgent mould;  
Seven sacred tripods, whose unsully'd frame  
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame: 160  
Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,  
And still victorious in the dusty course,  
(Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed  
The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed.)  
Seven lovely captives of the Lesbian line, 165  
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine:  
The same I chose for more than vulgar charms,  
When Lesbos sunk beneath the hero's arms:  
All these, to buy his friendship, shall be paid,  
And join'd with these the long-contested maid; 170  
With all her charms, Briseïs I resign,  
And solemn swear those charms were never mine;  
Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes,  
Pure from my arms, and guiltless of my loves.  
These instant shall be his; and if the powers 175  
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hostile towers,

Then shall he store (when Greece the spoil divides)  
With gold and brass his loaded navy's sides.  
Besides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race  
With copious love shall crown his warm embrace; 180  
Such as himself will choose; who yield to none,  
Or yield to Helen's heavenly charius alone.  
Yet hear me further: when our wars are o'er,  
If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,  
There shall he live my son, our honors share, 185  
And with Orestes' self divide my care.  
Yet more—three daughters in my court are bred,  
And each well worthy of a royal bed;  
Laodicé and Iphigenia fair,  
And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair; 190  
Her let him choose, whom most his eyes approve,  
I ask no presents, no reward for love:  
Myself will give the dower; so vast a store  
As never father gave a child before.  
Seven ample cities shall confess his sway, 195  
Him Enopé, and Pheræ him obey,  
Cardamylé with ample turrets crown'd,  
And sacred Pedasus for vines renown'd;  
Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,  
And rich Anthéia with her flowery fields: 200  
The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain,  
Along the verdant margin of the main.  
There heifers graze, and laboring oxen toil;  
Bold are the men, and generous is the soil;  
There shall he reign with power and justice crown'd,  
And rule the tributary realms around. 206  
All this I give, his vengeance to control,  
And sure all this may move his mighty soul.  
Pluto, the grisly God, who never spares,  
Who feels no mercy, and who hears no prayers, 210  
Lives dark and dreadful in deep hell's abodes,  
And mortals hate him, as the worst of Gods.  
Great though he be, it fits him to obey;  
Since more than his my years, and more my swāy.

The monarch thus, the reverend Nestor then: 215  
Great Agamemnon! glorious king of men!  
Such are thy offers as a prince may take,  
And such as fits a generous king to make.  
Let chosen delegates this hour be sent,  
(Myself will name them) to Pelides' tent: 220  
Let Phoenix lead, rever'd for hoary age,  
Great Ajax next, and Ithacus the sage.  
Yet more to sanctify the word you send,  
Let Hodius and Eurybates attend.  
Now pray to Jove to grant what Greece demands; 225  
Pray, in deep silence, and with purest hands.

He said, and all approv'd. The heralds bring  
The cleansing water from the living spring.  
'The youth with wine the sacred goblets crown'd,  
And large libations drench'd the sands around. 230  
'The rite perform'd, the chiefs their thirst allay,  
Then from the royal tent they take their way;  
Wise Nestor turns on each his careful eye,  
Forbids t' offend, instructs them to apply:  
Much he advis'd them all, Ulysses most, 235  
To deprecate the chief, and save the host.  
Through the still night they march, and hear the roar  
Of murmuring billows on the sounding shore.  
'To Neptune, ruler of the seas profound,  
Whose liquid arms the mighty globe surround, 240  
'They pour forth vows, their embassy to bless,  
And calm the rage of stern Æacides.  
And now, arriv'd, where, on the sandy bay  
The Myrniidonian tents and vessels lay;  
Amus'd at ease, the godlike man they found, 245  
Pleas'd with the solemn harp's harmonious sound,  
(The well-wrought harp from conquer'd Thebæ came,  
Of polish'd silver was its costly frame:)  
With this he soothes his angry soul, and sings  
Th' immortal deeds of heroes and of kings. 250  
Patroclus only of the royal train,  
Plac'd in his tent, attends the lofty strain:

Full opposite he sat, and listen'd long,  
In silence waiting till he ceas'd the song.  
Unseen the Grecian embassy proceeds 255  
To his high tent; the great Ulysses leads.  
Achilles starting, as the chiefs he spy'd,  
Leap'd from his seat, and laid the harp aside.  
With like surprise arose Menœtius' son:  
Pelides grasp'd their hands, and thus begun. 260  
Princes, all hail! whatever brought you here,  
Or strong necessity, or urgent fear;  
Welcome, though Greeks! for not as foes ye came;  
To me more dear than all that bear the name.  
With that, the chiefs beneath his roof he led, 265  
And plac'd in seats with purple carpets spread.  
Then thus—Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,  
Mix purer wine, and open every soul.  
Of all the warriors yonder host can send,  
'Thy friend most honors these, and these thy friend.  
He said; Patroclus o'er the blazing fire, 271  
Heaps in a brazen vase three chines entire:  
The brazen vase Automedon sustains,  
Which flesh of porket, sheep, and goat contains:  
Achilles at the genial feast presides, 275  
The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.  
Meanwhile Patroclus sweats the fire to raise;  
The tent is brighten'd with the rising blaze:  
Then, when the languid flames at length subside,  
He strows a bed of glowing embers wide, 280  
Above the coals the smoking fragments turns,  
And sprinkles sacred salt from lifted urns;  
With bread the glittering canisters they load,  
Which round the board Menœtius' son bestow'd;  
Himself, oppos'd t' Ulysses full in sight, 285  
Each portion parts, and orders every rite.  
'The first fat offerings, to th' immortals due,  
Amidst the greedy flames Patroclus threw;  
'Then each, indulging in the social feast,  
His thirst and hunger soberly repress. 290



That done, to Phœnix Ajax gave the sign;  
Not unperceiv'd; Ulysses crown'd with wine  
The foaming bowl, and instant thus began,  
His speech addressing to the godlike man.

Health to Achilles! happy are thy guests!  
Not those more honor'd whom Atrides feasts: 295

Though generous plenty crown thy loaded boards,  
That Agamemnon's regal tent affords;

But greater cares sit heavy on our souls,  
Not eas'd by banquets or by flowing bowls. 300

What scenes of slaughter in yon fields appear!

The dead we mourn, and for the living fear;

Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful stands,

And owns no help but from thy saving hands:

Troy and her aids for ready vengeance call; 305

Their threatening tents already shade our wall:

Hear how with shouts their conquest they proclaim,

And point at every ship their vengeful flame!

For them the Father of the Gods declares,

Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs. 310

See, full of Jove, avenging Hector rise!

See! heaven and earth the raging chief defies;

What fury in his breast, what lightning in his eyes! }

He waits but for the morn, to sink in flame

The ships, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name. 315

Heavens! how my country's woes distract my mind,

Lest fate accomplish all his rage design'd.

And must we, Gods! our heads inglorious lay

In Trojan dust, and this the fatal day?

Return, Achilles! oh return, though late, 320

To save thy Greeks, and stop the course of fate;

If in that heart or grief or courage lies,

Rise to redeem; ah yet, to conquer, rise!

The day may come, when, all our warriors slain,

That heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain. 325

Regard in time, O prince divinely brave!

Those wholesome counsels which thy father gave.

When Peleus in his aged arms embrac'd  
His parting son, these accents were his last.  
My child! with strength, with glory and success, 330  
Thy arms may Juno and Minerva bless!  
Trust that to heaven: but thou, thy cares engage  
To calm thy passions, and subdue thy rage:  
From gentler manners let thy glory grow,  
And shun contention, the sure source of wo; 335  
That young and old may in thy praise combine,  
The virtues of humanity be thine —  
This, now despis'd, advice thy father gave;  
Ah! check thy anger, and be truly brave.  
If thou wilt yield to great Atrides' prayers, 340  
Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares;  
If not—but hear me, while I number o'er  
The proffer'd presents, and exhaustless store.  
Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,  
And twice ten vases of refulgent mould; 345  
Seven sacred tripods, whose unsully'd frame  
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame:  
Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,  
And still victorious in the dusty course;  
(Rich were the man, whose ample stores exceed 350  
The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed.)  
Seven lovely captives of the Lesbian line,  
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine;  
The same he chose for more than vulgar charms,  
When Lesbos sunk beneath thy conquering arms. 355  
All these, to buy thy friendship, shall be paid,  
And join'd with these the long-contested maid;  
With all her charms, Briseïs he'll resign,  
And solemn swear those charms were only thine;  
Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes, 360  
Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.  
These instant shall be thine; and if the powers  
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hostile towers,  
Then shalt thou store (when Greece the spoil divides)  
With gold and brass thy loaded navy's sides. 365

Besides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race  
With copious love shall crown thy warm embrace;  
Such as thyself shall choose; who yield to none,  
Or yield to Helen's heavenly charms alone.  
Yet hear me further: when our wars are o'er, 370  
If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,  
There shalt thou live his son, his honors share,  
And with Orestes' self divide his care.  
Yet more—three daughters in his court are bred,  
And each well worthy of a royal bed; 375  
Laodicé and Iphigenia fair,  
And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair;  
Her shalt thou wed whom most thy eyes approve,  
He asks no presents, no reward for love:  
Himself will give the dower; so vast a store, 380  
As never father gave a child before.  
Seven ample cities shall confess thy sway,  
Thee Enopé, and Pheræ thee obey,  
Cardamylé with ample turrets crown'd,  
And sacred Pedasus, for vines renown'd: 385  
Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,  
And rich Anthéia with her flowery fields:  
The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain  
Along the verdant margin of the main.  
There heifers graze, and laboring oxen toil; 390  
Bold are the men, and generous is the soil.  
There shalt thou reign with power and justice crown'd,  
And rule the tributary realms around.  
Such are the proffers which this day we bring,  
Such the repentance of a suppliant king. 395  
But if all this relentless thou disdain,  
If honor, and if interest plead in vain;  
Yet some redress to suppliant Greece afford,  
And be, amongst her guardian Gods, ador'd.  
If no regard thy suffering country claim, 400  
Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame:  
For now that chief, whose unresisted ire  
Made nations tremble, and whole hosts retire,

Proud Hector, now, th' unequal fight demands,  
And only triumphs to deserve thy hands. 405

Then thus the Goddess-born. Ulysses, hear  
A faithful speech, that knows nor art, nor fear;  
What in my secret soul is understood,  
My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good.  
Let Greece then know, my purpose I retain: 410  
Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.  
Who dares think one thing, and another tell,  
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.

Then thus in short my fixt resolves attend,  
Which nor Atrides, nor his Greeks can bend; 415  
Long toils, long perils, in their cause I bore,  
But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.  
Fight or not fight, a like reward we claim,  
The wretch and hero find their prize the same;  
Alike regretted in the dust he lies, 420  
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.

Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,  
A life of labors, lo! what fruit remains?  
As the bold bird her helpless young attends,  
From danger guards them, and from want defends; 425  
In search of prey she wings the spacious air,  
And with th' untasted food supplies her care:  
For thankless Greece such hardships have I brav'd,  
Her wives, her infants, by my labors sav'd;  
Long sleepless nights in heavy arms I stood, 430  
And sweat laborious days in dust and blood.

I sack'd twelve ample cities on the main,  
And twelve lay smoking on the Trojan plain:  
Then at Atrides' haughty feet were laid  
The wealth I gather'd, and the spoils I made. 435  
Your mighty monarch these in peace possest;  
Some few my soldiers had, himself the rest.  
Some present too to every prince was paid;  
And every prince enjoys the gift he made:  
I only must refund, of all his train; 440  
See what preeminence our merits gain!

My spoil alone his greedy soul delights:  
My spouse alone must bless his lustful nights:  
The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy;  
But what's the quarrel then of Greece to Troy? 445  
What to these shores th' assembled nations draws,  
What calls for vengeance but a woman's cause?  
Are fair endowments and a beauteous face  
Belov'd by none but those of Atreus' race?  
'The wife whom choice and passion both approve, 450  
Sure every wise and worthy man will love.  
Nor did my fair-one less distinction claim;  
Slave as she was, my soul ador'd the dame.  
Wrong'd in my love, all proffers I disdain;  
Deceiv'd for once, I trust not kings again. 455  
Ye have my answer—what remains to do,  
Your king, Ulysses, may consult with you.  
What needs he the defence this arm can make?  
Has he not walls no human force can shake?  
Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round, 460  
With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound?  
And will not these (the wonders he has done)  
Repel the rage of Priam's single son?  
There was a time ('twas when for Greece I fought)  
When Hector's prowess no such wonders wrought; 465  
He kept the verge of Troy, nor dar'd to wait  
Achilles' fury at the Seæan gate;  
He try'd it once, and scarce was sav'd by Fate. }  
But now those ancient enmities are o'er;  
'To-morrow we the favoring Gods implore, 470  
'Then shall you see our parting vessels crown'd,  
And hear with oars the Hellespont resound.  
The third day hence shall Pthia greet our sails,  
If mighty Neptune send propitious gales;  
Pthia to her Achilles shall restore 475  
'The wealth he left for this detested shore:  
Thither the spoils of this long war shall pass,  
'The ruddy gold, the steel, and shining brass;

My beauteous captives thither I'll convey,  
 And all that rests of my unravish'd prey. 480  
 One only valued gift your tyrant gave,  
 And that resum'd, the fair Lyrnessian slave.  
 Then tell him, loud, that all the Greeks may hear,  
 And learn to scorn the wretch they basely fear;  
 (For, arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves, 485  
 And meditates new cheats on all his slaves;  
 Though shameless as he is, to face these eyes  
 Is what he dares not; if he dares, he dies.)  
 Tell him, all terms, all commerce I decline,  
 Nor share his council, nor his battle join; 490 }  
 For once deceiv'd, was his; but twice, were mine.  
 No—let the stupid prince, whom Jove deprives  
 Of sense and justice, run where frenzy drives;  
 His gifts are hateful: kings of such a kind  
 Stand but as slaves before a noble mind. 495  
 Not though he proffer'd all himself possess,  
 And all his rapine could from others wrest;  
 Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown  
 The many-peopled Orchomenian town;  
 Not all proud Thebes' unrivall'd walls contain, 500  
 The world's great empress on th' Ægyptian plain,  
 (That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states,  
 And pours her heroes through a hundred gates,  
 Two hundred horsemen, and two hundred cars  
 From each wide portal issuing to the wars) 505  
 Though bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number more  
 Than dust in fields, or sands along the shore;  
 Should all these offers for my friendship call;  
 'Tis he that offers, and I scorn them all.  
 Atides' daughter never shall be led 510  
 (An ill-match'd consort) to Achilles' bed;  
 Like golden Venus though she charm'd the heart,  
 And vy'd with Pallas in the works of art.  
 Some greater Greek let those high nuptials grace,  
 I hate alliance with a tyrant's race. 515

If heaven restore me to my realms with life,  
The reverend Peleus shall elect my wife.  
Thessalian nymphs there are, of form divine,  
And kings that sue to mix their blood with mine.  
Blest in kind love, my years shall glide away, 520  
Content with just hereditary sway;  
There, deaf for ever to the martial strife,  
Enjoy the dear prerogative of life.  
Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold;  
Not all Apollo's Pythian treasures hold, 525  
Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of sway,  
Can bribe the poor possession of a day!  
Lost herds and treasures, we by arms regain,  
And steeds unrivall'd on the dusty plain:  
But from our lips the vital spirit fled, 530  
Returns no more to wake the silent dead.  
My fates long since by Thetis were disclos'd,  
And each alternate, life or fame propos'd;  
Here, if I stay, before the Trojan town,  
Short is my date, but deathless my renown: 535  
If I return, I quit immortal praise  
For years on years, and long-extended days.  
Convinc'd, though late, I find my fond mistake,  
And warn the Greeks the wiser choice to make:  
To quit these shores, their native seats enjoy, 540  
Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy.  
Jove's arm display'd asserts her from the skies;  
Her hearts are strengthen'd, and her glories rise.  
Go then, to Greece report our fix'd design;  
Bid all your counsels, all your armies join, 545  
Let all your forces, all your arts conspire,  
To save the ships, the troops, the chiefs from fire.  
One stratagem has fail'd, and others will:  
Ye find, Achilles is unconquer'd still.  
Go then—digest my message as ye may— 550  
But here this night let reverend Phoenix stay:  
His tedious toils and hoary hairs demand  
A peaceful death in Pthia's friendly land.

But whether he remain, or sail with me,  
His age be sacred, and his will be free. 555

The son of Peleus ceas'd: the chiefs around  
In silence wrapt, in consternation drown'd,  
Attend the stern reply. Then Phoenix rose;  
(Down his white beard a stream of sorrow flows)  
And while the fate of suffering Greece he mourn'd,  
With accent weak these tender words return'd. 561

Divine Achilles! wilt thou then retire,  
And leave our hosts in blood, our fleets on fire?  
If wrath so dreadful fill thy ruthless mind,  
How shall thy friend, thy Phoenix, stay behind? 565  
The royal Peleus, when from Pthia's coast  
He sent thee early to th' Achaian host;  
Thy youth as then in sage debates unskill'd,  
And new to perils of the direful field:  
He bade me teach thee all the ways of war; 570  
To shine in councils, and in camps to dare.

Never, ah never let me leave thy side!  
No time shall part us, and no fate divide.  
Not though the God, that breath'd my life, restore  
The bloom I boasted, and the port I bore, 575

When Greece of old beheld my youthful flames,  
(Delightful Greece, the land of lovely dames!)  
My father, faithless to my mother's arms,  
Old as he was, ador'd a stranger's charms.  
I try'd what youth could do (at her desire) 580  
To win the damsel, and prevent my sire.

My sire with curses loads my hated head,  
And cries, "Ye furies! barren be his bed."  
Infernal Jove, the vengeful fiends below,  
And ruthless Proserpine confirm'd his vow. 585

Despair and grief distract my laboring mind!  
Gods! what a crime my impious heart design'd!  
I thought (but some kind God that thought suppress)  
To plunge the poniard in my father's breast:  
Then meditate my flight: my friends in vain 590  
With prayers intreat me, and with force detain:



On fat of rams, black bulls, and brawny swine,  
They daily feast, with draughts of fragrant wine:  
Strong guards they plac'd, and watch'd nine nights  
entire;  
The roofs and porches flam'd with constant fire. 595  
The tenth, I forc'd the gate unseen of all;  
And favor'd by the night o'erleap'd the wall.  
My travels thence through spacious Greece extend;  
In Pthia's court at last my labors end.  
Your sire receiv'd me, as his son caress'd, 600  
With gifts enrich'd, and with possessions bless'd.  
The strong Dolopians thenceforth own'd my reign,  
And all the coast that runs along the main.  
By love to thee his bounties I repaid,  
And early wisdom to thy soul convey'd: 605  
Great as thou art, my lessons made thee brave,  
A child I took thee, but a hero gave.  
Thy infant breast a like affection show'd;  
Still in my arms (an ever-pleasing load,)  
Or at my knee, by Phœnix wouldst thou stand; 610  
No food was grateful but from Phœnix' hand.  
I pass my watchings o'er thy helpless years,  
The tender labors, the compliant cares;  
The Gods (I thought) revers'd their hard decree,  
And Phœnix felt a father's joys in thee: 615  
Thy growing virtues justify'd my cares,  
And promis'd comfort to my silver hairs.  
Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage, resign'd;  
A cruel heart ill suits a manly mind:  
The Gods (the only great, and only wise) 620  
Are mov'd by offerings, vows, and sacrifice;  
Offending man their high compassion wins,  
And daily prayers atone for daily sins.  
Prayers are Jove's daughters, of celestial race,  
Same are their feet, and wrinkled is their face; 625  
With humble mein and with dejected eyes,  
Constant they follow where Injustice flies:

Injustice swift, erect, and unconfin'd,  
 Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind,  
 While Prayers, to heal her wrongs, move slow behind. }  
 Who hears these daughters of almighty Jove, 631  
 For him they mediate to the throne above:  
 When man rejects the humble suit they make,  
 The sire revenges for the daughters' sake;  
 From Jove commission'd, fierce Injustice then, 635  
 Descends, to punish unrelenting men.  
 Oh let not haughty passion bear the sway;  
 These reconciling Goddesses obey:  
 Due honors to the seed of Jove belong;  
 Due honors calm the fierce, and bend the strong. 640  
 Were these not paid thee by the terms we bring,  
 Were rage still harbor'd in the haughty king;  
 Nor Greece, nor all her fortunes, should engage  
 Thy friend to plead against so just a rage.  
 But since what honor asks, the general sends, 645  
 And sends by those whom most thy heart commends,  
 The best and noblest of the Grecian train;  
 Permit not these to sue, and sue in vain!  
 Let me (my son) an ancient fact unfold,  
 A great example drawn from times of old; 650  
 Hear what our fathers were, and what their praise,  
 Who conquer'd their revenge in former days.  
 Where Calydon on rocky mountains stands,  
 Once fought th' Ætolian and Curetian bands;  
 To guard it those, to conquer these advance; 655  
 And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance.  
 The silver Cynthia bade Contention rise,  
 In vengeance of neglected sacrifice;  
 On Oeneus' fields she sent a monstrous boar,  
 That levell'd harvests, and whole forests tore: 660  
 This beast (when many a chief his tusks had slain)  
 Great Meleager stretch'd along the plain.  
 Then, for his spoils, a new debate arose,  
 The neighbor nations thence commencing foes.

Strong as they were, the bold Curetes fail'd, 665  
While Meleager's thundering arm prevail'd:  
Till rage at length inflam'd his lofty breast,  
(For rage invades the wisest and the best.)  
Curs'd by Althæa, to his wrath he yields,  
And in his wife's embrace forgets the fields. 670  
" (She from Marpessa sprung, divinely fair  
" And matchless Idas, more than man in war;  
" The God of Day ador'd the mother's charms:  
" Against the God the father bent his arms:  
" Th' afflicted pair, their sorrows to proclaim, 675  
" From Cleopatra chang'd this daughter's name,  
" And call'd Aleyone; a name to show  
" The father's grief, the mourning mother's wo."  
To her the chief retir'd from stern debate,  
But found no peace from fierce Althæa's hate: 680  
Althæa's hate, th' unhappy warrior drew,  
Whose luckless hand his royal uncle slew;  
She beat the ground, and call'd the powers beneath  
On her own son to wreak her brother's death:  
Hell heard her curses from the realms profound, 685  
And the red fiends that walk the nightly round.  
In vain Ætolia her deliverer waits,  
War shakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.  
She sent ambassadors, a chosen band,  
Priests of the Gods, and elders of the land; 690  
Besought the chief to save the sinking state:  
Their prayers were urgent, and their proffers great:  
(Full fifty acres of the richest ground,  
Half pasture green, and half with vineyards crown'd.)  
His suppliant father, aged Oeneus, came; 695  
His sisters follow'd; ev'n the vengeful dame,  
Althæa sues; his friends before him fall:  
He stands relentless, and rejects them all.  
Meanwhile the victors' shouts ascend the skies;  
The walls are scal'd; the rolling flames arise; 700  
At length his wife (a form divine) appears,  
With piercing cries, and supplicating tears;

She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town,  
The heroes slain, the palaces o'erthrown,  
The matrons ravish'd, the whole race enslav'd: 705  
The warrior heard, he vanquish'd, and he sav'd.  
Thi' Ætolians, long disdain'd, now took their turn,  
And left the chief their broken faith to mourn.  
Learn hence, betimes to curb pernicious ire,  
Nor stay, till yonder fleets ascend in fire: 710  
Accept the presents; draw thy conquering sword;  
And be amongst our guardian Gods ador'd.

Thus he: the stern Achilles thus reply'd.  
My second father, and my reverend guide:  
Thy friend, believe me, no such gifts demands, 715  
And asks no honors from a mortal's hands:  
Jove honors me, and favors my designs;  
His pleasure guides me, and his will confines:  
And here I stay, (if such his high behest)  
While life's warm spirit beats within my breast. 720  
Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart;  
No more molest me on Atrides' part:  
Is it for him these tears are taught to flow;  
For him these sorrows? for my mortal foe?  
A generous friendship no cold medium knows, 725  
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows;  
One should our interests, and our passions be;  
My friend must hate the man that injures me.  
Do this, my Phoenix, 'tis a generous part;  
And share my realms, my honors, and my heart. 730  
Let these return: our voyage, or our stay,  
Rest undetermin'd till the dawning day.

He ceas'd: then order'd for the sage's bed  
A warmer couch with numerous carpets spread.  
With that, stern Ajax his long silence broke, 735  
And thus, impatient, to Ulysses spoke.

Hence let us go—why waste we time in vain?  
See what effect our low submissions gain!  
Lik'd or not lik'd, his words we must relate,  
The Greeks expect them, and our heroes wait. 740

Proud as he is, that iron-heart retains  
Its stubborn purpose, and his friends disdains.  
Stern, and un pitying! if a brother bleed,  
On just atonement, we remit the deed;  
A sire the slaughter of his son forgives; 745  
The price of blood discharg'd, the murderer lives:  
The haughtiest hearts at length their rage resign,  
And gifts can conquer every soul but thine.  
The Gods that unrelenting breast have steel'd,  
And curst thee with a mind that cannot yield. 750  
One woman-slave was ravish'd from thy arms:  
Lo, seven are offer'd, and of equal charms.  
Then hear, Achilles! be of better mind;  
Revere thy roof, and to thy guests be kind;  
And know the men, of all the Grecian host, 755  
Who honor worth, and prize thy valor most.

Oh soul of battles, and thy people's guide!  
(To Ajax thus the first of Greeks reply'd)  
Well hast thou spoke; but at the tyrant's name  
My rage rekindles, and my soul 's on flame: 760  
'Tis just resentment, and becomes the brave;  
Disgrac'd, dishonor'd, like the vilest slave!  
Return then, heroes! and our answer bear.  
The glorious combat is no more my care;  
Not till, amidst you sinking navy slain, 765  
The blood of Greeks shall dye the sable main;  
Not till, the flames, by Hector's fury thrown,  
Consume your vessels, and approach my own;  
Just there, th' impetuous homicide shall stand,  
There cease his battle, and there feel our hand. 770

This said, each prince a double goblet crown'd,  
And cast a large libation on the ground;  
Then to their vessels, through the gloomy shades,  
The chiefs return; divine Ulysses leads.  
Meantime Achilles' slaves prepar'd a bed, 775  
With fleeces, carpets, and soft linen spread:  
There, till the sacred morn restor'd the day,  
In slumbers sweet the reverend Phœnix lay.

But in his inner tent, an ampler space,  
 Achilles slept; and in his warm embrace, 780  
 Fair Diomedè of the Lesbian race.

Last, for Patroclus was the couch prepar'd,  
 Whose nightly joys the beauteous Iphis shar'd;  
 Achilles to his friend consign'd her charms,  
 When Scyros fell before his conquering arms. 785

And now th' elected chiefs, whom Greece had sent,  
 Pass'd through the hosts, and reach'd the royal tent.  
 Then rising all, with goblets in their hands,  
 The peers, and leaders of th' Achaian bands  
 Hail'd their return: Atrides first begun. 790

Say what success? divine Laertes' son!

Achilles' high resolves declare to all;  
 Returns the chief, or must our navy fall?

Great king of nations! (Ithacus reply'd)  
 Fix'd in his wrath, unconquer'd is his pride; 795  
 He slights thy friendship, thy proposals scorns,  
 And, thus implor'd, with fiercer fury burns.

To save our army, and our fleets to free,  
 Is not his care; but left to Greece and thee.  
 Your eyes shall view, when morning paints the sky,  
 Beneath his oars the whitening billows fly, 801

Us too he bids our oars and sails employ,  
 Nor hope the fall of heaven-protected Troy;  
 For Jove o'ershades her with his arm divine,  
 Inspires her war, and bids her glory shine. 805

Such was his word: what further he declar'd,  
 These sacred heralds and great Ajax heard.  
 But Phoenix in his tent the chief retains,  
 Safe to transport him to his native plains,  
 When morning dawns: if other he decree, 810  
 His age is sacred, and his choice is free.

Ulysses ceas'd: the great Achaian host,  
 With sorrow seiz'd, in consternation lost,  
 Attend the stern reply. Tydides broke  
 The general silence, and undaunted spoke. 815

Why should we gifts to proud Achilles send?  
Or strive with prayers his haughty soul to bend?  
His country's woes he glories to deride,  
And prayers will burst that swelling heart with pride.  
Be the fierce impulse of his rage obey'd; 820  
Our battles let him, or desert, or aid;  
Then let him arm when Jove or he think fit;  
That, to his madness, or to heaven commit:  
What for ourselves we can, is always ours;  
This night, let due repast refresh our powers: 825  
(For strength consists in spirits and in blood,  
And those are ow'd to generous wine and food)  
But when the rosy messenger of day  
Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray,  
Rang'd at the ships, let all our squadrons shine, 830  
In flaming arms, a long extended line:  
In the dread front let great Atrides stand,  
The first in danger, as in high command.

Shouts of acclaim the listening heroes raise,  
Then each to heaven the due libations pays; 835  
Till sleep, descending o'er the tents, bestows  
The grateful blessings of desir'd repose.





THE  
**ILIAD.**

BOOK X.

## ARGUMENT.

### *The Night Adventure of Diomed and Ulysses.*

Upon the refusal of Achilles to return to the army, the distress of Agameinnon is described in the most lively manner. He takes no rest that night, but passes through the camp, awakening the leaders, and contriving all possible methods for the public safety. Menelaus, Nestor, Ulysses, and Diomed, are employed in raising the rest of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to send scouts into the enemy's camp, to learn their posture, and discover their intentions. Diomed undertakes this hazardous enterprise, and makes choice of Ulysses for his companion. In their passage they surprise Dolon, whom Hector had sent on a like design to the camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of the situation of the Trojan and auxiliary forces, and particularly of Rhesus, and the Thracians who were lately arrived. They pass on with success; kill Rhesus, with several of his officers, and seize the famous horses of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

The same night continues; the scene lies in the two camps.

THE  
ILIAD.

BOOK X.

**A**LL night the chiefs before their vessels lay,  
And lost in sleep the labors of the day:  
All but the king; with various thoughts opprest,  
His country's cares lay rolling in his breast.  
As when, by lightnings, Jove's ethereal power 5  
Foretells the rattling hail, or weighty shower,  
Or sends soft snows to whiten all the shore,  
Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar;  
By fits one flash succeeds as one expires,  
And heaven flames thick with momentary fires. 10  
So bursting frequent from Atrides' breast,  
Sighs following sighs his inward fears confess.  
Now o'er the fields, dejected, he surveys  
From thousand Trojan fires the mounting blaze;  
Hears in the passing wind their music blow, 15  
And marks distinct the voices of the foe.  
Now looking backwards to the fleet and coast,  
Anxious he sorrows for the endanger'd host.  
He rends his hairs in sacrifice to Jove,  
And sues to him that ever lives above: 20  
Inly he groans; while glory and despair  
Divide his heart, and wage a doubtful war.  
A thousand cares his laboring breast revolves;  
'To seek sage Nestor now the chief resolves,

With him, in wholesome counsels, to debate 25  
What yet remains to save th' afflicted state.  
He rose, and first he cast his mantle round,  
Next on his feet the shining sandals bound;  
A lion's yellow spoils his back conceal'd;  
His warlike hand a pointed javelin held. 30  
Meanwhile his brother, prest with equal woes,  
Alike deny'd the gifts of soft repose,  
Laments for Greece; that in his cause before  
So much had suffer'd, and must suffer more.  
A leopard's spotted hide his shoulders spread; 35  
A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head:  
Thus (with a javelin in his hand) he went  
To wake Atrides in the royal tent.  
Already wak'd, Atrides he descry'd,  
His armor buckling at his vessel's side. 40  
Joyful they met; the Spartan thus begun:  
Why puts my brother his bright armor on?  
Sends he some spy, amidst these silent hours,  
To try yon camp, and watch the Trojan powers?  
But say, what hero shall sustain that task, 45  
Such bold exploits uncommon courage ask;  
Guideless, alone, through night's dark shade to go,  
And 'midst a hostile camp explore the foe.  
To whom the king. In such distress we stand,  
No vulgar counsels our affairs demand; 50  
Greece to preserve, is now no easy part;  
But asks high wisdom, deep design, and art.  
For Jove averse our humble prayer denies,  
And bows his head to Hector's sacrifice.  
What eye has witness'd, or what ear believ'd, 55  
In one great day, by one great arm achiev'd,  
Such wondrous deeds as Hector's hand has done,  
And we beheld, the last revolving sun  
What honors the belov'd of Jove adorn!  
Sprung from no God, and of no Goddess born, 60  
Yet such his acts, as Greeks unborn shall tell,  
And curse the battle where their fathers fell.

Now speed thy hasty course along the fleet,  
There call great Ajax, and the prince of Crete;  
Ourself to hoary Nestor will repair; 65  
To keep the guards on duty, be his care;  
(For Nestor's influence best that quarter guides,  
Whose son with Merion o'er the watch presides.)  
To whom the Spartan: These thy orders borne,  
Say shall I stay, or with despatch return? 70  
There shalt thou stay, (the king of men reply'd)  
Else may we miss to meet, without a guide,  
The paths so many, and the camp so wide. }  
Still, with your voice, the slothful soldiers raise,  
Urge, by their fathers' fame, their future praise. 75  
Forget we now our state and lofty birth;  
Not titles here, but works must prove our worth.  
To labor is the lot of man below;  
And when Jove gave us life, he gave us wo.

This said, each parted to his several cares; 80  
The king to Nestor's sable ship repairs:  
The sage protector of the Greeks he found  
Stretch'd in his bed with all his arms around;  
The various-color'd scarf, the shield he rears,  
The shining helmet, and the pointed spears: 85  
The dreadful weapons of the warrior's rage,  
That, old in arms, disdain'd the peace of age.  
Then leaning on his hand his watchful head,  
The hoary monarch rais'd his eyes, and said, 89

What art thou, speak, that on designs unknown,  
While others sleep, thus range the camp alone;  
Seek'st thou some friend, or nightly sentinel?  
Stand off, approach not, but thy purpose tell.

O son of Neleus (thus the king rejoind)  
Pride of the Greeks, and glory of thy kind! 95  
Lo here the wretched Agamemnon stands,  
Th' unhappy general of the Grecian bands;  
Whom Jove decrees with daily cares to bend,  
And woes, that only with his life shall end!

Scarce can my knees these trembling limbs sustain,  
 And scarce my heart support its load of pain. 101  
 No taste of sleep these heavy eyes have known;  
 Confus'd, and sad, I wander thus alone,  
 With fears distracted, with no fix'd design;  
 And all my people's miseries are mine. 105  
 If aught of use thy waking thoughts suggest,  
 (Since cares, like mine, deprive thy soul of rest)  
 Impart thy counsel, and assist thy friend;  
 Now let us jointly to the trench descend,  
 At every gate the fainting guard excite, 110  
 Tir'd with the toils of day and watch of night:  
 Else may the sudden foe our works invade,  
 So near, and favor'd by the gloomy shade.

To him thus Nestor. Trust the powers above,  
 Nor think proud Hector's hopes confirm'd by Jove.  
 How ill agree the views of vain mankind, 116  
 And the wise counsels of th' eternal mind?  
 Audacious Hector, if the Gods ordain, }  
 That great Achilles rise and rage again, }  
 What toils attend thee, and what woes remain! }  
 Lo faithful Nestor thy command obeys; 121  
 The care is next our other chiefs to raise:  
 Ulysses, Diomed, we chiefly need;  
 Meges for strength, Oileus fam'd for speed.  
 Some other be despatch'd of nimbler feet, 125 }  
 To those tall ships, remotest of the fleet, }  
 Where lie great Ajax, and the king of Crete. }  
 To rouse the Spartan I myself decree;  
 Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee,  
 Yet must I tax his sloth, that claims no share 130  
 With his great brother in this martial care:  
 Him it behov'd to every chief to sue,  
 Preventing every part perform'd by you;  
 For strong necessity our toils demands,  
 Claims all our hearts, and urges all our hands. 135

To whom the king: With reverence we allow  
 Thy just rebukes, yet learn to spare them now.

My generous brother is of gentle kind,  
He seems remiss, but bears a valiant mind;  
Through too much deference to our sovereign sway,  
Content to follow when we lead the way. 141

But now, our ills industrious to prevent,  
Long ere the rest, he rose, and sought my tent.  
The chiefs you nam'd, already at his call,  
Prepare to meet us near the navy wall; 145  
Assembling there, between the trench and gates,  
Near the night-guards, our chosen council waits.

Then none (said Nestor) shall his rule withstand,  
For great examples justify command.

With that the venerable warrior rose; 150  
The shining greaves his manly legs inclose;  
His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,  
Warm with the softest wool, and doubly lin'd.  
Then, rushing from his tent, he snatch'd in haste  
His steely lance, that lighten'd as he past. 155

The camp he travers'd through the sleeping crowd,  
Stopp'd at Ulysses' tent, and call'd aloud.

Ulysses, sudden as the voice was sent,  
Awakes, starts up, and issues from his tent.  
What new distress, what sudden cause of fright, 160  
Thus leads you wandering in the silent night?

O prudent chief! (the Pylian sage reply'd)  
Wise as thou art, be now thy wisdom try'd:  
Whatever means of safety can be sought,  
Whatever counsels can inspire our thought, 165  
Whatever methods, or to fly or fight;  
All, all depend on this important night!

He heard, return'd, and took his painted shield:  
Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd through the field.  
Without his tent, bold Diomed they found, 170  
All sheath'd in arms, his brave companions round:  
Each sunk in sleep, extended on the field,  
His head reclining on his bossy shield.

A wood of spears stood by, that, fix'd upright,  
Shot from their flashing points a quivering light. 175

A bull's black hide compos'd the hero's bed;  
 A splendid carpet roll'd beneath his head.  
 Then, with his foot, old Nestor gently shakes  
 The slumbering chief, and in these words awakes.

Rise, son of Tydeus! to the brave and strong 180  
 Rest seems inglorious, and the night too long.  
 But sleep'st thou now? when from yon hill the foe  
 Hangs o'er the fleet, and shades our walls below?

At this, soft slumber from his eyelids fled;  
 The warrior saw the hoary chief, and said, 185  
 Wondrous old man! whose soul no respite knows,  
 Though years and honors bid thee seek repose.  
 Let younger Greeks our sleeping warriors wake;  
 Ill fits thy age these toils to undertake.

My friend, (he answer'd) generous is thy care, 190  
 These toils, my subjects and my sons might bear,  
 Their loyal thoughts and pious loves conspire  
 To ease a sovereign, and relieve a sire.

But now the last despair surrounds our host;  
 No hour must pass, no moment must be lost; 195  
 Each single Greek, in this conclusive strife,  
 Stands on the sharpest edge of death or life:

Yet, if my years thy kind regard engage,  
 Employ thy youth as I employ my age;  
 Succeed to these my cares, and rouse the rest; 200  
 He serves me most, who serves his country best.

This said, the hero o'er his shoulders flung  
 A lion's spoils that to his ancles hung; }  
 Then seiz'd his pond'rous lance, and strode along. }  
 Meges the bold, with Ajax fam'd for speed, 205  
 The warrior rous'd, and to th' entrenchments led.

And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard;  
 A wakeful squadron, each in arms prepar'd:  
 Th' unweary'd watch their listening leaders keep,  
 And, couching close, repel invading sleep. 210  
 So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,  
 With toil protected from the prowling train,



When the gaunt lioness, with hunger bold,  
Springs from the mountains toward the guarded fold:  
'Through breaking woods her rustling course they hear;  
Loud, and more loud, the clamors strike their ear 216  
Of hounds and men; they start, they gaze around,  
Watch every side, and turn to every sound.

Thus watch'd the Grecians, cautious of surprise,  
Each voice, each motion, drew their ears and eyes;  
Each step of passing feet increas'd th' affright; 221  
And hostile Troy was ever full in sight.

Nestor with joy the wakeful band survey'd,  
And thus accosted through the gloomy shade.  
'Tis well, my sons! your nightly cares employ;  
Else must our host become the scorn of Troy. 226

Watch thus, and Greece shall live—The hero said;  
Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led.  
His son, and godlike Merion march'd behind,  
(For these the princes to their council join'd) 230  
'The trenches past; th' assembled kings around  
In silent state the consistory crown'd.

A place there was yet undefil'd with gore,  
The spot where Hector stopp'd his rage before;  
When night descending, from his vengeful hand 235  
Repriev'd the relics of the Grecian band:  
(The plain beside with mangled corpse was spread,  
And all his progress mark'd by heaps of dead.)  
There sat the mournful kings: when Neleus' son  
The council opening, in these words begun. 240

Is there (said he) a chief so greatly brave,  
His life to hazard, and his country save?  
Lives there a man, who singly dares to go  
To yonder camp, or seize some straggling foe?  
Or favor'd by the night approach so near, 245  
Their speech, their counsels, and designs to hear?  
If to besiege our navies they prepare,  
Or Troy once more must be the seat of war?  
This could he learn, and to our peers recite,  
And pass unharm'd the dangers of the night; 250

What fame were his through all succeeding days,  
 While Phœbus shines, or men have tongues to praise?  
 What gifts his grateful country would bestow?  
 What must not Greece to her deliverer owe?  
 A sable ewe each leader should provide, 255  
 With each a sable lambkin by her side;  
 At every rite his share should be increas'd,  
 And his the foremost honors of the feast.  
 Fear held them mute: alone, untaught to fear,  
 Tydides spoke—The man you seek, is here. 260  
 Through yon black camps to bend my dangerous way,  
 Some God within commands, and I obey.  
 But let some other chosen warrior join,  
 To raise my hopes and second my design.  
 By mutual confidence, and mutual aid, 265  
 Great deeds are done, and great discoveries made;  
 The wise new prudence from the wise acquire,  
 And one brave hero fans another's fire.

Contending leaders at the word arose:  
 Each generous breast with emulation glows: 270  
 So brave a task each Ajax strove to share,  
 Bold Merion strove, and Nestor's valiant heir;  
 The Spartan wish'd the second place to gain,  
 And great Ulysses wish'd, nor wish'd in vain.  
 Then thus the king of men the contest ends: 275  
 Thou first of warriors, and thou best of friends,  
 Undaunted Diomed! what chief to join  
 In this great enterprise, is only thine.  
 Just be thy choice, without affection made;  
 To birth, or office, no respect be paid; 280  
 Let worth determine here. The monarch spake,  
 And inly trembled for his brother's sake.

Then thus (the godlike Diomed rejoin'd)  
 My choice declares the impulse of my mind,  
 How can I doubt while great Ulysses stands 285  
 To lend his counsels, and assist our hands?  
 A chief, whose safety is Minerva's care;  
 So fam'd, so dreadful, in the works of war:

Blest in his conduct, I no aid require;  
Wisdom like his might pass through flames of fire.

It fits thee not, before these chiefs of fame, 291  
(Reply'd the sage) to praise me, or to blame:

Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,  
Are lost on hearers that our merits know.

But let us haste—Night rolls the hours away, 295

The reddening Orient shows the coming day,

The stars shine fainter on th' etherial plains,

And of Night's empire but a third remains.

Thus having spoke, with generous ardor prest,  
In arms terrific their huge limbs they drest. 300

A two-edg'd falchion Thrasymed the brave,

And ample buckler to Tydides gave:

Then in a leathern helm he cas'd his head,

Short of its crest, and with no plume o'erspread: 305

(Such as by youths unus'd to arms are worn;

No spoils enrich it, and no studs adorn.)

Next him Ulysses took a shining sword,

A bow and quiver, with bright arrows stor'd:

A well-prov'd cask, with leather braces bound,

(Thy gift, Meriones) his temples crown'd; 310

Soft wool within; without, in order spread,

A boar's white teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head.

This from Amyntor, rich Ormenus' son,

Autolychus by fraudulent rapine won,

And gave Amphidamas; from him the prize 315

Molus receiv'd the pledge of social ties;

The helmet next by Merion was possess'd,

And now Ulysses' thoughtful temples press'd.

Thus sheath'd in arms, the council they forsake,

And dark through paths oblique their progress take.

Just then, in sign she favor'd their intent, 321

A long-wing'd heron great Minerva sent:

This, though surrounding shades obscur'd their view,

By the shrill clang, and whistling wings, they knew.

As from the right she soar'd, Ulysses pray'd, 325

Hail'd the glad omen, and address'd the Maid

O daughter of that God, whose arm can wield  
Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!  
O thou! for ever present in my way,  
Who, all my motions, all my toils survey! 330  
Safe may we pass beneath the gloomy shade,  
Safe by thy succor to our ships convey'd;  
And let some deed this signal night adorn,  
To claim the tears of Trojans yet unborn.

Then godlike Diomed preferr'd his prayer: 335  
Daughter of Jove, unconquer'd Pallas! hear.  
Great Queen of arms, whose favor Tydeus won,  
As thou defend'st the sire, defend the son.  
When on Æsopus' banks the banded powers 339  
Of Greece he left, and sought the Theban towers,  
Peace was his charge; receiv'd with peaceful show,  
He went a legate, but return'd a foe:  
Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy shield,  
He fought with numbers, and made numbers yield.  
So now be present, oh celestial Maid! 345  
So still continue to the race thine aid!  
A youthful steer shall fall beneath the stroke,  
Untam'd, unconscious of the galling yoke,  
With ample forehead, and with spreading horns,  
Whose taper tops refulgent gold adorns. 350

The heroes pray'd, and Pallas from the skies  
Accords their vow, succeeds their enterprise.  
Now, like two lions panting for the prey,  
With deathful thoughts they trace the dreary way, 354  
Through the black horrors of th' ensanguin'd plain,  
Through dust, through blood, o'er arms and hills of slain.

Nor less bold Hector, and the sons of Troy,  
On high designs the wakeful hours employ;  
Th' assembled peers their lofty chief inclos'd;  
Who thus the counsels of his breast propos'd. 360

What glorious man, for high attempts prepar'd,  
Dares greatly venture for a rich reward?  
Of yonder fleet a bold discovery make,  
What watch they keep, and what resolves they take?

If now subdu'd they meditate their flight, 365  
And spent with toil neglect the watch of night?  
His be the chariot that shall please him most,  
Of all the plunder of the vanquish'd host;  
His the fair steeds that all the rest excel,  
And his the glory to have serv'd so well. 370

A youth there was among the tribes of Troy,  
Dolon his name, Eumedes' only boy.  
(Five girls beside the reverend herald told)  
Rich was the son in brass, and rich in gold;  
Not blest by nature with the charms of face, 375  
But swift of foot, and matchless in the race.  
Hector! (he said) my courage bids me meet  
This high achievement, and explore the fleet:  
But first exalt thy sceptre to the skies,  
And swear to grant me the demanded prize; 380  
Th' immortal coursers, and the glittering car,  
That bear Pelides through the ranks of war.  
Encourag'd thus, no idle scout I go,  
Fulfil thy wish, their whole intention know,  
Ev'n to the royal tent pursue my way, 385  
And all their counsels, all their aims betray.

The chief then heav'd the golden sceptre high,  
Attesting thus the monarch of the sky.  
Be witness thou! immortal Lord of all!  
Whose thunder shakes the dark aërial hall: 390  
By none but Dolon shall this prize be borne,  
And him alone th' immortal steeds adorn.

Thus Hector swore: the Gods were call'd in vain,  
But the rash youth prepares to scour the plain:  
Across his back the bended bow he flung, 395  
A wolf's gray hide around his shoulders hung,  
A ferret's downy fur his helmet lin'd,  
And in his hand a pointed javelin shin'd.  
Then (never to return) he sought the shore,  
And trod the path his feet must tread no more. 400  
Scarcely had he pass'd the steeds and Trojan throng  
(Still bending forward as he cours'd along.)

When, on the hollow way, th' approaching tread  
Ulysses mark'd, and thus to Diomed.

O friend! I hear some step of hostile feet, 405  
Moving this way, or hastening to the fleet;  
Some spy perhaps, to lurk beside the main;  
Or nightly pillager that strips the slain.

Yet let him pass, and win a little space;  
Then rush behind him, and prevent his pace. 410

But if too swift of foot he flies before,  
Confine his course along the fleet and shore,  
Betwixt the camp and him our spears employ,  
And intercept his hop'd return to Troy. 414

With that they stepp'd aside, and stoop'd their head  
(As Dolon pass'd) behind a heap of dead:  
Along the path the spy unwary flew;  
Soft, at just distance, both the chiefs pursue.  
So distant they, and such the space between,  
As when two teams of mules divide the green 420  
(To whom the hind like shares of land allows,)

When now new furrows part th' approaching ploughs.  
Now Dolon listening heard them as they past;  
Hector (he thought) had sent, and check'd his haste,  
Till scarce at distance of a javelin's throw, 425  
No voice succeeding, he perceiv'd the foe.

As when two skilful hounds the leveret wind;  
Or chase through woods obscure the trembling hind;  
Now lost, now seen, they intercept his way,  
And from the herd still turn the flying prey: 430  
So fast, and with such fears, the Trojan flew;  
So close, so constant, the bold Greeks pursue.

Now almost on the fleet the dastard falls,  
And mingles with the guards that watch the walls;  
When brave Tydides stopp'd; a generous thought  
(Inspir'd by Pallas) in his bosom wrought, 436  
Lest on the foe some forward Greek advance,  
And snatch the glory from his lifted lance.

Then thus aloud: Whoe'er thou art, remain;  
This javelin else shall fix thee to the plain, 440

He said, and high in air the weapon cast,  
Which wilful err'd, and o'er his shoulder past;  
Then fix'd in earth. Against the trembling wood  
The wretch stood propp'd, and quiver'd as he stood;  
A sudden palsy seiz'd his turning head; 445  
His loose teeth chatter'd, and his color fled:  
The panting warriors seize him as he stands,  
And with unmanly tears his life demands.  
O spare my youth, and for the breath I owe,  
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow. 450  
Fast heaps of brass shall in your ships be told,  
And steel well-temper'd, and refulgent gold.  
To whom Ulysses made this wise reply;  
Whoe'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die. 454  
What moves thee, say, when sleep has clos'd the sight,  
To roam the silent fields in dead of night?  
Cam'st thou the secrets of our camp to find,  
By Hector prompted, or thy daring mind?  
Or art some wretch by hopes of plunder led  
Through heaps of carnage to despoil the dead? 460  
Then thus pale Dolon with a fearful look,  
Still as he spoke, his limbs with horror shook)  
Either I came, by Hector's words deceiv'd;  
Much did he promise, rashly I believ'd:  
No less a bribe than great Achilles' car, 465  
And those swift steeds that sweep the ranks of war,  
Urg'd me, unwilling, this attempt to make;  
To learn what counsels, what resolves you take:  
If, now subdued, you fix your hopes on flight,  
And tir'd with toils, neglect the watch of night? 470  
Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the prize!  
(Ulysses, with a scornful smile, replies.)  
Far other rulers those proud steeds demand,  
And scorn the guidance of a vulgar hand;  
E'en great Achilles scarce their rage can tame, 475  
Achilles sprung from an immortal dame.  
But say, be faithful, and the truth recite!  
Where lies encamp'd the Trojan chief to-night?

Where stand his coursers? in what quarter sleep  
 Their other princes? tell what watch they keep: 480  
 Say, since their conquest, what their counsels are;  
 Or here to combat, from their city far, }  
 Or back to Ilion's walls transfer the war.

Ulysses thus, and thus Eumedes' son:  
 What Dolon knows, his faithful tongue shall own.  
 Hector, the peers assembling in his tent, 486  
 A council holds at Illus' monument.  
 No certain guards the nightly watch partake;  
 Where'er yon fires ascend, the Trojans wake:  
 Anxious for Troy, the guard the natives keep; 490  
 Safe in their cares, th' auxiliar forces sleep,  
 Whose wives and infants, from the danger far,  
 Discharge their souls of half the fears of war.

Then sleep those aids among the Trojan train,  
 (Inquir'd the chief) or scatter'd o'er the plain? 495

To whom the spy: Their powers they thus dispose:  
 The Pæons, dreadful with their bended bows,  
 The Carians, Caucons, the Pelasgian host,  
 And Leleges, encamp along the coast.  
 Not distant far, lie higher on the land 500  
 The Lycian, Mysian, and Mæonian band,  
 And Phrygia's horse, by Thymbras' ancient wall;  
 The Thracians utmost, and apart from all.  
 These Troy but lately to her succor won,  
 Led on by Rhesus, great Eioneus' son: 505  
 I saw his coursers in proud triumph go,  
 Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow:  
 Rich silver plates his shining car infold;  
 His solid arms, refulgent, flame with gold;  
 No mortal shoulders suit the glorious load, 510  
 Celestial panoply, to grace a God!  
 Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be born,  
 Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,  
 In cruel chains; till your return reveal,  
 The truth or falsehood of the news I tell. 515



To this Tydides, with a gloomy frown:  
Think not to live, though all the truth be shown:  
Shall we dismiss thee, in some future strife  
To risk more bravely thy now forfeit life?  
Or that again our camps thou may'st explore? 520  
No—once a traitor, thou betray'st no more.

Sternly he spoke, and as the wretch prepar'd  
With humble blandishment to stroke his beard,  
Like lightning swift the wrathful falchion flew,  
Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two; 525  
One instant snatch'd his trembling soul to hell,  
The head, yet speaking, mutter'd as it fell.  
The furry helmet from his brow they tear,  
The wolf's gray hide, th' unbended bow and spear;  
These great Ulysses lifting to the skies, 530  
To favoring Pallas dedicates the prize.

Great Queen of arms! receive this hostile spoil,  
And let the Thracian steeds reward our toil:  
Thee first of all the heavenly host we praise;  
O speed our labors, and direct our ways! 535  
This said, the spoils with dropping gore defac'd,  
High on a spreading tamarisk he plac'd;  
Then heap'd with reeds and gather'd boughs the plain,  
To guide their footsteps to the place again. 539

Through the still night they cross the devious fields  
Slippery with blood, o'er arms and heaps of shields,  
Arriving where the Thracian squadrons lay,  
And eas'd in sleep the labors of the day.  
Rang'd in three lines they view the prostrate band:  
The horses yok'd beside each warrior stand; 545  
Their arms in order on the ground reclin'd,  
Through the brown shade the fulgid weapons shin'd;  
Amidst lay Rhesus, stretch'd in sleep profound,  
And the white steeds behind his chariot bound.  
The welcome sight Ulysses first descries, 550  
And points to Diomed the tempting prize.  
The man, the coursers, and the car behold!  
Describ'd by Dolon, with the arms of gold.

Now, brave Tydides! now thy courage try,  
Approach the chariot, and the steeds untie; 555  
Or if thy soul aspire to fiercer deeds,  
Urge thou the slaughter, while I seize the steeds.

Pallas (this said) her hero's bosom warms,  
Breath'd in his heart, and strung his nervous arms;  
Where'er he pass'd a purple stream pursu'd; 560  
His thirsty falchion, fat with hostile blood,  
Bath'd all his footsteps, dy'd the fields with gore,  
And a low groan remurmur'd through the shore.  
So the grim lion, from his nightly den,  
O'erleaps the fences, and invades the pen; 565  
On sheep or goats, resistless in his way,

He falls, and foaming rends the guardless prey.  
Nor stopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand,  
Till twelve lay breathless of the Thracian band.  
Ulysses following, as his partner slew, 570  
Back by the foot each slaughter'd warrior drew;  
The milk-white coursers studious to convey  
Safe to the ships, he wisely clear'd the way;  
Lest the fierce steeds, not yet to battles bred,  
Should start, and tremble at the heaps of dead. 575

Now twelve despatch'd, the monarch last they found;  
Tydides' falchion fix'd him to the ground.  
Just then a deathful dream Minerva sent;  
A warlike form appear'd before his tent,  
Whose visionary steel his bosom tore: 580  
So dream'd the monarch, and awak'd no more.

Ulysses now the snowy steeds detains,  
And leads them, fasten'd by the silver reins;  
These, with his bow unbent, he lash'd along;  
(The scourge forgot, on Rhesus' chariot hung.) 585  
Then gave his friend the signal to retire;  
But him, new dangers, new achievements fire:  
Doubtful he stood, or with his reeking blade  
To send more heroes to th' infernal shade,  
Drag off the car where Rhesus' armor lay, 590  
Or heave with manly force, and lift away.

While unresolv'd the son of Tydeus stands,  
Pallas appears, and thus her chief commands.

Enough, my son; from further slaughter cease,  
Regard thy safety, and depart in peace; 595  
Haste to the ships, the gotten spoils enjoy,  
Nor tempt too far the hostile Gods of Troy.

The voice divine confess'd the martial Maid;  
In haste he mounted, and her word obey'd;  
The coursers fly before Ulysses' bow, 600  
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow.

Not unobserv'd they pass'd: the God of Light  
Had watch'd his Troy, and mark'd Minerva's flight,  
Saw Tydeus' son with heavenly succor blest,  
And vengeful anger fill'd his sacred breast. 605  
Swift to the Trojan camp descends the Power,  
And wakes Hippocoön in the morning-hour,  
(On Rhesus' side accustom'd to attend,  
A faithful kinsman, and instructive friend.)  
He rose and saw the field deform'd with blood,  
An empty space where late the coursers stood, 611  
The yet-warm Thracians panting on the coast;  
For each he wept, but for his Rhesus most:  
Now while on Rhesus' name he calls in vain,  
The gathering tumult spreads o'er all the plain;  
On heaps the Trojans rush, with wild affright, 616  
And wondering view the slaughters of the night.

Meanwhile the chiefs arriving at the shade  
Where late the spoils of Hector's spy were laid,  
Ulysses stopp'd; to him Tydides bore 620  
The trophy, dropping yet with Dolon's gore:  
Then mounts again; again their nimble feet  
The coursers ply, and thunder tow'rd's the fleet.

Old Nestor first perceiv'd th' approaching sound,  
Bespeaking thus the Grecian peers around. 625  
Methinks the noise of trampling steeds I hear,  
Thickening this way, and gathering on my ear;  
Perhaps some horses of the Trojan breed  
(So may, ye Gods! my pious hopes succeed)

The great Tydides and Ulysses bear, 630  
Return'd triumphant with this prize of war.  
Yet much I fear (ah, may that fear be vain!)  
The chiefs out-number'd by the Trojan train;  
Perhaps, ev'n now pursued, they seek the shore;  
Or, oh! perhaps those heroes are no more. 635

Scarce had he spoke, when lo! the chiefs appear,  
And spring to earth; the Greeks dismiss their fear:  
With words of friendship and extended hands  
They greet the kings; and Nestor first demands:

Say thou, whose praises all our host proclaim,  
Thou living glory of the Grecian name! 641

Say whence these coursers? by what chance bestow'd?  
The spoil of foes, or present of a God?

Not those fair steeds so radiant and so gay,  
That draw the burning chariot of the day. 645

Old as I am, to age I scorn to yield,  
And daily mingle in the martial field;  
But sure till now no coursers struck my sight  
Like these, conspicuous through the ranks of fight.  
Some God, I deem, conferr'd the glorious prize,  
Blest as ye are, and favorites of the skies; 651

The care of him who bids the thunder roar,  
And her,\* whose fury bathes the world with gore.

Father! not so, (sage Ithacus rejoin'd)  
The gifts of heaven are of a nobler kind. 655

Of Thracian lineage are the steeds ye view,  
Whose hostile king the brave Tydides slew;  
Sleeping he died, with all his guards around,  
And twelve beside lay gasping on the ground.  
These other spoils from conquer'd Dolon came, 660  
A wretch, whose swiftness was his only fame,  
By Hector sent our forces to explore,  
He now lies headless on the sandy shore.

Then o'er the trench the bounding coursers flew;  
The joyful Greeks with loud acclaim pursue. 665

\* Minerva.

Straight to Tydides' high pavilion born,  
The matchless steeds his ample stall adorn:  
'The neighing coursers their new fellows greet,  
And the full racks are heap'd with generous wheat.  
But Dolon's armor, to his ship's convey'd, 670  
High on the painted stern Ulysses laid,  
A trophy destin'd to the blue-ey'd Maid. }

Now from nocturnal sweat, and sanguine stain,  
They cleanse their bodies in the neighboring main:  
Then in the polish'd bath, refresh'd from toil, 675  
Their joints they supple with dissolving oil,  
In due repast indulge the genial hour,  
And first to Pallas the libations pour:  
They sit, rejoicing in her aid divine,  
And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of wine.



THE  
**ILIAD.**

BOOK XI.

## ARGUMENT.

*The third Battle, and the Acts of Agamemnon.*

Agamemnon having armed himself, leads the Grecians to battle: Hector prepares the Trojans to receive them; while Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, give the signals of war. Agamemnon bears all before him; and Hector is commanded by Jupiter (who sends Iris for that purpose) to decline the engagement, till the king shall be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great slaughter of the enemy; Ulysses and Diomed put a stop to him for a time; but the latter being wounded by Paris, is obliged to desert his companion, who is encompassed by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmost danger, till Menelaüs and Ajax rescue him. Hector comes against Ajax; but that hero alone opposes multitudes, and rallies the Greeks. In the meantime Machaon, in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an arrow by Paris, and carried from the fight in Nestor's chariot. Achilles (who overlooked the action from his ship) sent Patroclus to inquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner? Nestor entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of some former wars which he remembered, tending to put Patroclus upon persuading Achilles to fight for his countrymen, or at least permit him to do it, clad in Achilles's armor. Patroclus in his return meets Eurypylus also wounded, and assists him in that distress.

This book opens with the eight and twentieth day of the poem; and the same day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The scene lies in the field, near the monument of Ilus.



THE  
ILIAD.

BOOK XI.

THE saffron morn, with early blushes spread,  
Now rose refulgent from Tithonius' bed;  
With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,  
And gild the courts of heaven with sacred light:  
When baleful Eris, sent by Jove's command, 5  
The torch of discord blazing in her hand,  
Through the red skies her bloody sign extends,  
And wrapt in tempests, o'er the fleet descends.  
High on Ulysses' bark, her horrid stand  
She took, and thunder'd through the seas and land. 10  
E'en Ajax and Achilles heard the sound,  
Whose ships, remote, the guarded navy bound.  
Thence the black Fury through the Grecian throng  
With horror sounds the loud Orthian song:  
The navy shakes, and at the dire alarms 15  
Each bosom boils, each warrior starts to arms.  
No more they sigh, inglorious to return,  
But breathe revenge and for the combat burn.  
The king of men his hardy bosts inspires  
With loud command, with great example fires; 20  
Himself first rose, himself before the rest  
His mighty limbs in radiant armor drest.  
And first he cas'd his manly legs around  
In shining greaves, with silver buckles bound:

The beaming cuirass next adorn'd his breast, 25  
The same which once king Cinyras possest;  
(The fame of Greece and her assembled host  
Had reach'd that monarch on the Cyprian coast;  
'Twas then, the friendship of the chief to gain,  
This glorious gift he sent, nor sent in vain.) 30  
Ten rows of azure steel the work infold,  
Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold;  
Three glittering dragons to the gorget rise,  
Whose imitated scales, against the skies  
Reflected various light, and arching bow'd, 35  
Like color'd rainbows o'er a showery cloud:  
(Jove's wondrous bow, of three celestial dyes,  
Plac'd as a sign to man amid the skies.)  
A radiant baldrick o'er his shoulder ty'd,  
Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side: 40  
Gold was the hilt, a silver sheath incas'd  
The shining blade, and golden hangers grac'd.  
His buckler's mighty orb was next display'd,  
That round the warrior cast a dreadful shade;  
Ten zones of brass its ample brim surround, 45  
And twice ten bosses the bright convex crown'd:  
Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field,  
And circling terrors fill'd th' expressive shield:  
Witbin its concave hung a silver thong,  
On which a mimic serpent creeps along, 50  
His azure length in easy waves extends,  
Till in three heads th' embroider'd monster ends.  
Last o'er his brows his fourfold helm he plac'd,  
With nodding horse-hair formidably grac'd;  
And in his hands two steely javelins weilds, 55  
That blaze to heaven, and lighten all the fields.  
That instant Juno and the Martial Maid  
In happy thunders promis'd Greece their aid;  
High o'er the chief they clash'd their arms in air,  
And, leaning from the clouds, expect the war. 60  
Close to the limits of the trench and mound,  
The fiery coursers to their chariots bound

The squires restrain'd: the foot, with those who wield  
The lighter arms, rush forward to the field.  
To second these, in close array combin'd, 65  
The squadrons spread their sable wings behind.  
Now shouts and tumults wake the tardy sun,  
As with the light the warrior's toils begun.  
Ev'n Jove, whose thunder spoke his wrath, distill'd  
Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field; 70  
The woes of men unwilling to survey,  
And all the slaughters that must stain the day.  
Near Ilus' tomb in order rang'd around,  
The Trojan lines possess'd the rising ground,  
There wise Polydamas and Hector stood; 75  
Æneas honor'd as a guardian God;  
Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine;  
The brother warriors of Antenor's line;  
With youthful Acamas, whose beauteous face  
And fair proportion match'd th' ethereal race; 80  
Great Hector, cover'd with his spacious shield,  
Plies all the troops, and orders all the field.  
As the red star now shows his sanguine fires  
Through the dark clouds, and now in night retires;  
Thus through the ranks appear'd the godlike man, 85  
Plung'd in the rear, or blazing in the van;  
While streamy sparkles, restless as he flies,  
Flash from his arms as lightning from the skies.  
As sweating reapers in some wealthy field,  
Rang'd in two bands, their crooked weapons wield, 90  
Bear down the furrows, till their labors meet;  
Thick fall the heapy harvest at their feet:  
So Greece and Troy the field of war divide,  
And falling ranks are strow'd on every side.  
None stoop'd a thought to base inglorious flight; 95  
But horse to horse, and man to man they fight.  
Not rabid wolves more fierce contest their prey;  
Each wounds, each bleeds, but none resign the day.  
Discord with joy the scene of death describes,  
And drinks large slaughter at her sanguine eyes: 100

Discord alone of all th' immortal train,  
Swells the red horrors of this direful plain:  
'The Gods in peace their golden mansions fill,  
Rang'd in bright order on th' Olympian hill;  
But general murmurs told their griefs above, 105  
And each accus'd the partial will of Jove.  
Meanwhile apart, superior, and alone,  
'Th' eternal Monarch, on his awful throne,  
Wrapt in the blaze of boundless glory sat;  
And, fix'd, fulfill'd the just decrees of fate. 110  
On earth he turn'd his all-considering eyes,  
And mark'd the spot where Ilion's towers arise;  
'The sea with ships, the fields with armies spread,  
'The victor's rage, the dying and the dead.

Thus while the morning-beams increasing bright 115  
O'er heaven's pure azure spread the growing light,  
Commatural death the fate of war confounds,  
Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds.  
But now (what time in some sequester'd vale  
'The weary woodman spreads his sparing meal, 120  
When his tir'd arms refuse the ax to rear,  
And claim a respite from the sylvan war;  
But not till half the prostrate forests lay  
Stretch'd in long ruin, and expos'd to day)  
'Then, nor till then, the Greeks' impulsive might 125  
Pierc'd the black phalanx, and let in the light.  
Great Agamemnon then the slaughter led,  
And slew Bienor at his people's head:  
Whose squire Oileus, with a sudden spring,  
Leap'd from the chariot to revenge his king, 130  
But in his front he felt the fatal wound,  
Which pierc'd his brain, and stretch'd him on the ground.  
Atrides spoil'd, and left them on the plain:  
Vain was their youth, their glittering armor vain:  
Now soil'd with dust, and naked to the sky, 135  
'Their snowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie.

'Two sons of Priam next to battle move,  
'The product one of marriage, one of love;

In the same car the brother warriors ride,  
'This took the charge to combat, that to guide: 140  
Far other task! than when they went to keep,  
On Ida's tops, their father's fleecy sheep.  
'These on the mountains once Achilles found,  
And captive led, with pliant osiers bound;  
'Then to their sire for ample sums restor'd; 145  
But now to perish by Atrides' sword;  
Pierc'd in the breast the base-born Isus bleeds:  
Cleft through the head, his brother's fate succeeds.  
Swift to the spoil the hasty victor falls,  
And stript, their features to his mind recalls. 150  
The Trojans see the youths untimely die,  
But helpless tremble for themselves, and fly.  
So when a lion, ranging o'er the lawns,  
Finds, on some grassy lair, the couching fawns,  
'Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals draws, 155  
And grinds the quivering flesh with bloody jaws;  
The frightened hind beholds, and dares not stay,  
But swift through rustling thickets bursts her way;  
All drown'd in sweat the panting mother flies,  
And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes. 160

Amidst the tumult of the routed train,  
The sons of false Antimachus were slain;  
He, who for bribes his faithless counsels sold,  
And voted Helen's stay for Paris' gold.  
Atrides mark'd, as these their safety sought, 165  
And slew the children for the father's fault;  
Their headstrong horse unable to restrain,  
They shook with fear, and dropp'd the silken rein;  
Then in their chariot on their knees they fall,  
And thus with lifted hands for mercy call. 170

Oh spare our youth, and for the life we owe  
Antimachus shall copious gifts bestow,  
Soon as he hears that, not in battle slain,  
The Grecian ships his captive sons detain,  
Large heaps of brass in ransom shall be told, 175  
And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive gold.

These words attended with a flood of tears,  
The youths address'd to unrelenting ears:  
The vengeful monarch gave this stern reply;  
If from Antimachus ye spring, ye die: 180  
The daring wretch who once in council stood  
To shed Ulysses' and my brother's blood,  
For proffer'd peace! and sows his seed for grace!  
No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race.

This said, Pisander from the car he cast, 185  
And pierc'd his breast: supine he breath'd his last.  
His brother leap'd to earth; but as he lay,  
The trenchant falchion lopp'd his hands away;  
His sever'd head was toss'd among the throng,  
And, rolling, drew a bloody trail along. 190

Then, where the thickest fought, the victor flew;  
The king's example all his Greeks pursue.  
Now by the foot the flying foot was slain,  
Horse trod by horse, lay foaming on the plain.  
From the dry fields thick clouds of dust arise, 195  
Shade the black host, and intercept the skies.

The brass-hoof'd steeds tumultuous plunge and bound,  
And the thick thunder beats the laboring ground.  
Still slaughtering on, the king of men proceeds;  
The distanc'd army wonders at his deeds. 200

As when the winds with raging flames conspire,  
And o'er the forests roll the flood of fire,  
In blazing heaps the grove's old honors fall,  
And one refulgent ruin levels all:  
Before Atrides' rage so sinks the foe, 205

Whole squadrons vanish, and proud heads lie low:  
The steeds fly trembling from his waving sword;  
And many a car, now lighted of its lord,  
Wide o'er the field with guideless fury rolls, 209  
Breaking their ranks, and crushing out their souls;  
While his keen falchion drinks the warriors' lives;  
More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives!

Perhaps great Hector then had found his fate,  
But Jove and Destiny prolong'd his date.

Safe from the darts, the care of heaven he stood, 215  
Amidst alarms, and death, and dust, and blood.

Now past the tomb where ancient Ilus lay,  
'Through the mid field the routed urge their way.  
Where the wild figs th' adjoining summit crown,  
That path they take, and speed to reach the town. 220  
As swift Atrides with loud shouts pursu'd,  
Hot with his toil, and bath'd in hostile blood,  
Now near the beech-tree, and the Scæan gates,  
'The hero halts, and his associates waits.

Meanwhile on every side, around the plain, 225  
Dispers'd, disorder'd, fly the Trojan train.

So flies a herd of beeves, that hear dismay'd  
The lions roaring through the midnight shade;  
On heaps they tumble with successful haste:  
The savage seizes, draws, and rends the last: 230

Not with less fury stern Atrides flew,  
Still press'd the rout, and still the hindmost slew;  
Hurl'd from their cars the bravest chiefs are kill'd,  
And rage, and death, and carnage, load the field.

Now storms the victor at the Trojan wall; 235  
Surveys the towers, and meditates their fall.

But Jove descending shook th' Idæan hills,  
And down their summits pour'd a hundred rills:  
Th' unkindled lightnings in his hand he took;  
And thus the many-color'd Maid bespoke. 240

Iris, with haste thy golden wings display,  
To godlike Hector this our word convey.  
While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,  
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,  
Bid him give way; but issue forth commands, 245  
And trust the war to less important hands:

But when, or wounded by the spear or dart,  
That chief shall mount his chariot, and depart:  
Then Jove shall string his arm, and fire his breast,  
Then to her ships shall flying Greece be prest, 250  
Till to the main the burning sun descend,  
And sacred night her awful shade extend.

He spoke, and Iris at his word obey'd;  
On wings of winds descends the various Maid.  
The chief she found amidst the ranks of war, 255  
Close to the bulwarks on his glittering car.  
The Goddess then: O son of Priam, hear!  
From Jove I come, and his high mandate bear.  
While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,  
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,  
Abstain from fight, yet issue forth commands, 261  
And trust the war to less important hands.  
But when, or wounded by the spear or dart,  
The chief shall mount his chariot, and depart:  
Then Jove shall string thy arm, and fire thy breast,  
Then to her ships shall flying Greece be prest, 266  
Till to the main the burning sun descend,  
And sacred night her awful shade extend.

She said, and vanish'd: Hector, with a bound,  
Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground, 270  
In clanging arms: he grasps in either hand  
A pointed lance, and speeds from band to band;  
Revives their ardor, turns their steps from flight,  
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.  
They stand to arms: the Greeks their onset dare, 275  
Condense their powers, and wait the coming war.  
New force, new spirit, to each breast returns:  
The fight renew'd, with fiercer fury burns:  
The king leads on; all fix on him their eye,  
And learn from him to conquer, or to die. 280

Ye sacred nine, celestial Muses! tell,  
Who fac'd him first, and by his prowess fell?  
The great Iphidamas, the bold and young:  
From sage Antenor and Theano sprung;  
Whom from his youth his grandsire Cisseus bred, 285  
And nurs'd in Thrace where snowy flocks are fed.  
Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest,  
And early honor warm his generous breast,  
When the kind sire consign'd his daughter's charms  
(Theano's sister) to his youthful arms. 290



But call'd by glory to the wars of Troy.  
He leaves untasted the first fruits of joy;  
From his lov'd bride departs with melting eyes,  
And swift to aid his dearer country flies.  
With twelve black ships he reach'd Percope's strand,  
Thence took the long laborious march by land: 296  
Now fierce for fame before the ranks he springs,  
Towering in arms, and braves the King of Kings.  
Atrides first discharg'd the missive spear;  
The Trojan stoop'd, the javelin pass'd in air. 300  
Then near the corselet, at the monarch's heart,  
With all his strength the youth directs his dart:  
But the broad belt, with plates of silver bound,  
The point rebated, and repell'd the wound.  
Encumber'd with the dart, Atrides stands, 305  
Till, grasp'd with force, he wrench'd it from his hands,  
At once his weighty sword discharg'd a wound  
Full on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground.  
Stretch'd in the dust th' unhappy warrior lies,  
And sleep eternal seals his swimming eyes. 310  
Oh worthy better fate! oh early slain!  
Thy country's friend; and virtuous, though in vain!  
No more the youth shall join his consort's side,  
At once a virgin, and at once a bride!  
No more with presents her embraces meet, 315  
Or lay the spoils of conquest at her feet,  
On whom his passion, lavish of his store,  
Bestow'd so much, and vainly promis'd more!  
Unwept, uncover'd, on the plain he lay,  
While the proud victor bore his arms away. 320  
Coön, Antenor's eldest hope, was nigh:  
Tears, at the sight, came starting from his eye,  
While pierc'd with grief the much-lov'd youth he view'd,  
And the pale features now deform'd with blood.  
Then with his spear, unseen, his time he took, 325  
Aim'd at the king, and near his elbow strook.  
The thrilling steel transpiere'd the brawny part,  
And through his arm stood forth the barbed dart.

Surpris'd the monarch feels, yet void of fear  
On Coön rushes with his lifted spear: 330

His brother's corpse the pious Trojan draws,  
And calls his country to assert his cause,  
Defends him breathless on the sanguine field,  
And o'er the body spreads his ample shield.

Atrides, marking an unguarded part, 335  
Transfix'd the warrior with the brazen dart;  
Prone on his brother's bleeding breast he lay,  
The monarch's falchion lopp'd his head away:  
The social shades the same dark journey go,  
And join each other in the realms below. 340

The vengeful victor rages round the fields,  
With every weapon, art or fury yields:  
By the long lance, the sword, or pond'rous stone,  
Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'erthrown.  
This, while yet warm, distill'd the purple flood; 345  
But when the wound grew stiff with clotted blood,  
Then grinding tortures his strong bosom rend,  
Less keen those darts the fierce Ilythiæ send,  
(The powers that cause the teeming matron's throes,  
Sad mothers of unutterable woes!) 350

Stung with the smart, all-panting with the pain,  
He mounts the car, and gives his squire the rein:  
Then with a voice which fury made more strong,  
And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng.

O friends! O Greeks! assert your honors won; 355  
Proceed, and finish what this arm begun:  
Lo! angry Jove forbids your chief to stay,  
And envies half the glories of the day.

He said; the driver whirls his lengthful thong;  
The horses fly! the chariot smokes along. 360  
Clouds from their nostrils the fierce coursers blow,  
And from their sides the foam descends in snow;  
Shot through the battle in a moment's space,  
The wounded monarch at his tent they place.

No sooner Hector saw the king retir'd, 365  
But thus his Trojans and his aids he fir'd;

Hear, all ye Dardan, all ye Lycian race!  
Fam'd in close fight, and dreadful face to face.  
Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,  
Your great forefathers' virtues, and your own. 370  
Behold the general flies! deserts his powers!  
Lo Jove himself declares the conquest ours!  
Now on yon ranks impel your foaming steeds;  
And, sure of glory, dare immortal deeds.  
With words like these the fiery chief alarms 375  
His fainting host, and every bosom warms.  
As the bold hunter cheers his hounds, to tear  
The brindled lion, or the tusky bear;  
With voice and hand provoke their doubting heart,  
And springs the foremost with his lifted dart: 380  
So godlike Hector prompts his troops to dare;  
Nor prompts alone, but leads himself the war.  
On the black body of the foes he pours;  
As from the cloud's deep bosom, swell'd with showers,  
A sudden storm the purple ocean sweeps, 385  
Drives the wild waves, and tosses all the deeps.  
Say, Muse! when Jove the Trojans' glory crown'd,  
Beneath his arm what heroes bit the ground?  
Assæus, Dolops and Autonous dy'd,  
Opites next was added to their side, 390  
Then brave Hipponous fam'd in many a fight,  
Opheltius, Orus, sunk to endless night;  
Æsymnus, Agelaus; all chiefs of name;  
The rest were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame.  
As when a western whirlwind, charg'd with storms, 395  
Dispels the gather'd clouds that Notus forms;  
The gust continued, violent, and strong,  
Rolls sable clouds in heaps on heaps along;  
Now to the skies the foaming billows rears,  
Now breaks the surge, and wide the bottom bares: 400  
Thus raging Hector, with resistless hands,  
O'erturns, confounds, and scatters all their bands.  
Now the last ruin the whole host appals;  
Now Greece had trembled in her wooden walls;

But wise Ulysses call'd Tydides forth, 405  
His soul rekindled, and awak'd his worth.  
And stand we deedless, O eternal shame!  
Till Hector's arm involve the ships in flame?  
Haste, let us join, and combat side by side.  
The warrior thus, and thus the friend reply'd. 410  
No martial toil I shun, no danger fear;  
Let Hector come; I wait his fury here.  
But Jove with conquest crowns the Trojan train;  
And, Jove our foe, all human force is vain.  
He sigh'd; but, sighing, rais'd his vengeful steel, 415  
And from his ear the proud Thymbræus fell:  
Molion, the charioteer, pursued his lord,  
His death ennobled by Ulysses' sword.  
There slain, they left them in eternal night,  
Then plung'd amidst the thickest ranks of fight. 420  
So two wild boars outstrip the following hounds,  
Then swift revert, and wounds return for wounds.  
Stern Hector's conquests in the middle plain  
Stood check'd awhile, and Greece respir'd again.  
The sons of Merops shone amidst the war; 425  
Towering they rode in one refulgent car:  
In deep prophetic arts their father skill'd,  
Had warn'd his children from the Trojan field;  
Fate urg'd them on; the father warn'd in vain,  
They rush'd to fight, and perish'd on the plain! 430  
Their breasts no more the vital spirit warms;  
The stern Tydides strips their shining arms.  
Hypirochus by great Ulysses dies,  
And rich Hippodamus becomes his prize,  
Great Jove from Ide with slaughter fills his sight, 435  
And level hangs the doubtful scale of fight.  
By Tydeus' lance Agastrophus was slain,  
The far-fam'd hero of Pæonian strain;  
Wing'd with his fears, on foot he strove to fly,  
His steeds too distant, and the foe too nigh; 440  
Through broken orders, swifter than the wind,  
He fled, but flying left his life behind.

This Hector sees, as his experienc'd eyes  
Traverse the files, and to the rescue flies;  
Shouts, as he past, the crystal regions rend, 445  
And moving armies on his march attend.  
Great Diomed himself was seiz'd with fear,  
And thus bespoke his brother of the war.

Mark how this way yon bending squadrons yield!  
The storm rolls on, and Hector rules the field: 450  
Here stand his utmost force—The warrior said;  
Swift at the word, his pond'rous javelin fled;  
Nor miss'd its aim, but where the plumage danc'd,  
Raz'd the smooth cone, and thence obliquely glanc'd.  
Safe in his helm (the gift of Phœbus' hands) 455  
Without a wound the Trojan hero stands:  
But yet so stunn'd, that, staggering on the plain,  
His arm and knee his sinking bulk sustain;  
O'er his dim sight the misty vapors rise,  
And a short darkness shades his swimming eyes. 460  
Tydides follow'd to regain his lance;  
While Hector rose, recover'd from the trance;  
Remounts his car, and herds amidst the crowd:  
The Greek pursues him, and exults aloud.

Once more thank Phœbus for thy forfeit breath, 465  
Or thank that swiftness which outstrips the death.  
Well by Apollo are thy prayers repaid,  
And oft that partial power has lent his aid.  
'Thou shalt not long the death deserv'd withstand,  
If any God assist Tydides' hand. 470  
Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight, this day,  
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay.

Him, while he triumph'd, Paris ey'd from far,  
(The spouse of Helen, the fair cause of war)  
Around the fields his feather'd shafts he sent, 475  
From ancient Ilus' ruin'd monument;  
Behind the column plac'd, he bent his bow,  
And wing'd an arrow at th' unwary foe;  
Just as he stoop'd, Agastrophus's crest  
To seize, and draw the corselet from his breast, 480

The bow-string twang'd; nor flew the shaft in vain,  
But pierc'd his foot, and nail'd it to the plain.

The laughing Trojan, with a joyful spring,  
Leaps from his ambush, and insults the king.

He bleeds! (he cries) some God has sped my dart;  
Would the same God had fix'd it in his heart! 486

So Troy, reliev'd from that wide-wasting hand,  
Should breathe from slaughter, and in combat stand;

Whose sons now tremble at his darted spear,  
As scatter'd lambs the rushing lion fear. 490

He dauntless thus: Thou conqueror of the fair,

Thou woman-warrior with the curling hair;

Vain archer! trusting to the distant dart,

Unskill'd in arms to act a manly part!

Thou hast but done what boys or women can; 495

Such hands may wound, but not incense a man.

Nor boast the scratch thy feeble arrow gave,

A coward's weapon never hurts the brave.

Not so this dart, which thou may'st one day feel:

Fate wings its flight, and death is on the steel. 500

Where this but lights, some noble life expires;

Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of sires,

Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of air,

And leaves such objects, as distract the fair.

Ulysses hastens with a trembling heart, 505

Before him steps, and bending draws the dart:

Forth flows the blood; an eager pang succeeds;

Tydides mounts, and to the navy speeds.

Now on the field Ulysses stands alone,

The Greeks all fled, the Trojans pouring on: 510

But stands collected in himself and whole,

And questions thus his own unconquer'd soul.

What further subterfuge, what hopes remain?

What shame, inglorious, if I quit the plain?

What danger, singly if I stand the ground, 515

My friends all scatter'd, all the foes around?

Yet wherefore doubtful? let this truth suffice;

The brave meets danger, and the coward flies:

To die or conquer, proves a hero's heart;  
And knowing this, I know a soldier's part. 520

Such thoughts revolving in his careful breast,  
Near, and more near, the shady cohorts prest;  
These, in the warrior, their own fate inclose:  
And round him deep the steely circle grows. 525

So fares a boar whom all the troop surrounds  
Of shooting huntsmen, and of clamorous hounds;  
He grinds his ivory tusks; he foams with ire;  
His sanguine eye-balls glare with living fire;  
By these, by those, on every part is ply'd;  
And the red slaughter spreads on every side. 530

Pierc'd through the shoulder, first Deïopis fell;  
Next Ennomus and Thoön sunk to hell;  
Chersidamas, beneath the navel thrust,  
Falls prone to earth, and grasps the bloody dust. 535

Charops, the son of Hippasus, was near;  
Ulysses reach'd him with the fatal spear;  
But to his aid his brother Socus flies,  
Socus, the brave, the generous, and the wise:  
Near as he drew, the warrior thus began.

O great Ulysses, much-enduring man! 540  
Not deeper skill'd in every martial flight,  
Than worn to toils, and active in the fight!  
This day two brothers shall thy conquest grace,  
And end at once the great Hippasian race,  
Or thou beneath this lance must press the field— 545  
He said, and forceful pierc'd his spacious shield:  
Through the strong brass the ringing javelin thrown,  
Plow'd half his side, and bar'd it to the bone.  
By Pallas' care, the spear, though deep infix'd,  
Stopp'd short of life, nor with his entrails mix'd. 550

The wound not mortal wise Ulysses knew,  
Then furious thus (but first some steps withdrew:)  
Unhappy man! whose death our hands shall grace!  
Fate calls thee hence, and finish'd is thy race.

No longer check my conquests on the foe; 555  
 But, pierc'd by this, to endless darkness go,  
 And add one spectre to the realms below!

He spoke; while Socus, seiz'd with sudden fright,  
 Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to flight;  
 Between his shoulders pierc'd the following dart, 560  
 And held its passage through the panting heart.

Wide in his breast appear'd the grisly wound;  
 He falls; his armor rings against the ground.

Then thus Ulysses, gazing on the slain:  
 'Fam'd son of Hippasus! there press the plain; 565  
 'There ends thy narrow span assign'd by Fate,  
 Heaven owes Ulysses yet a longer date.

Ah, wretch! no father shall thy corpse compose,  
 'Thy dying eyes no tender mother close;  
 But hungry birds shall tear those balls away, 570  
 And hovering vultures scream around their prey.

Me Greece shall honor, when I meet my doom,  
 With solemn funerals and a lasting tomb.

Then, raging with intolerable smart,  
 He writhes his body, and extracts the dart. 575

The dart a tide of spouting gore pursu'd,  
 And gladden'd Troy with sight of hostile blood.  
 Now troops on troops, the fainting chief invade,  
 Forc'd he recedes, and loudly calls for aid.

Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears; 580  
 The well-known voice thrice Menelaüs hears:

Alarm'd, to Ajax Telamon he cry'd,  
 Who shares his labors, and defends his side.

O friend! Ulysses' shouts invade my ear;  
 Distress'd he seems, and no assistance near: 585

Strong as he is; yet, one oppos'd to all,  
 Oppress'd by multitudes, the best may fall.  
 Greece, robb'd of him, must bid her host despair,  
 And feel a loss, not ages can repair.

Then, where the cry directs, his course he bends;  
 Great Ajax, like the God of War, attends. 591



The prudent chief in sore distress they found,  
With bands of furious Trojans compass'd round.  
As when some huntsman, with a flying spear,  
From the blind thicket wounds a stately deer; 595  
Down his cleft side while fresh the blood distils,  
He bounds aloft, and scuds from hills to hills:  
Till life's warm vapor issuing through the wound,  
Wild mountain-wolves the fainting beast surround;  
Just as their jaws his prostrate limbs invade, 600  
The lion rushes through the woodland shade,  
The wolves, though hungry, scour dispers'd away;  
The lordly savage vindicates his prey.  
Ulysses thus, unconquer'd by his pains,  
A single warrior, half an host sustains: 605  
But soon as Ajax heaves his tower-like shield,  
The scatter'd crowds fly frighted o'er the field;  
Atrides' arm the sinking hero stays,  
And, sav'd from numbers, to his car conveys.

Victorious Ajax plies the routed crew; 610  
And first Doryclus, Priam's son, he slew;  
On strong Pandocus next inflicts a wound,  
And lays Lysander bleeding on the ground.  
As when a torrent, swell'd with wintry rains,  
Pours from the mountains o'er the delug'd plains, 615  
And pines and oaks, from their foundations torn,  
A country's ruins! to the seas are borne:  
Fierce Ajax thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng;  
Men, steeds, and chariots, roll in heaps along.

But Hector, from this scene of slaughter far, 620  
Rag'd on the left, and rul'd the tide of war:  
Loud groans proclaim his progress through the plain,  
And deep Scamander swells with heaps of slain.  
There Nestor and Idomeneus oppose  
The warrior's fury, there the battle glows; 625  
There fierce on foot, or from the chariot's height,  
His sword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight.  
The spouse of Helen dealing darts around,  
Had pierc'd Machaon with a distant wound:

In his right shoulder the broad shaft appear'd, 630  
And trembling Greece for her physician fear'd.  
To Nestor then Idomeneus begun:

Glory of Greece, old Neleus' valiant son!  
Ascend thy chariot, haste with speed away,  
And great Machaon to the ships convey. 635

A wise physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,  
Is more than armies to the public weal.

Old Nestor mounts the seat: beside him rode  
The wounded offspring of the healing God.  
He lends the lash; the steeds with sounding feet 640  
Shake the dry field, and thunder toward the fleet.

But now Cebriones, from Hector's car,  
Survey'd the various fortune of the war.  
While here (he cry'd) the flying Greeks are slain;  
Trojans on Trojans yonder load the plain. 645

Before great Ajax see the mingled throng  
Of men and chariots driven in heaps along!  
I know him well, distinguish'd o'er the field  
By the broad glittering of the seven-fold shield. 650

Thither, O Hector, thither urge thy steeds,  
There danger calls, and there the combat bleeds,  
There horse and foot in mingled deaths unite,  
And groans of slaughter mix with shouts of fight.

Thus having spoke, the driver's lash resounds:  
Swift through the ranks the rapid chariot bounds; 655  
Stung by the stroke, the coursers scour the fields,  
O'er heaps of carcasses, and hills of shields.

The horses' hoofs are bath'd in heroes' gore,  
And, dashing, purple all the car before;  
The groaning axle sable drops distils, 660  
And mangled carnage clogs the rapid wheels.

Here Hector, plunging through the thickest fight,  
Broke the dark phalanx, and let in the light:

(By the long lance, the sword, or pond'rous stone,  
The ranks lie scatter'd, and the troops o'erthrown.)  
Ajax he shuns, through all the dire debate, 666  
And fears that arm, whose force he felt so late.

But partial Jove, espousing Hector's part,  
Shot heaven-bred horror through the Grecian's heart;  
Confus'd, unnerv'd in Hector's presence grown, 670  
Amaz'd he stood, with terrors not his own.  
O'er his broad back his moony shield he threw,  
And, glaring round, with tardy steps withdrew.  
Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,  
Beset with watchful dogs, and shouting swains; 675  
Repuls'd by numbers from the nightly stalls,  
Though rage impels him, and though hunger calls,  
Long stands the showering darts, and missile fires;  
'Then sourly slow th' indignant beast retires.  
So turn'd stern Ajax, by whole hosts repell'd, 680  
While his swoln heart at every step rebell'd.

As the slow beast with heavy strength indued  
In some wide field by troops of boys pursued,  
Though round his sides a wooden tempest rain,  
Crops the tall harvest, and lays waste the plain; 685  
Thick on his hide the hollow blows resound,  
'The patient animal maintains his ground,  
Scarce from the field with all their efforts chas'd,  
And stirs but slowly when he stirs at last.  
On Ajax thus a weight of Trojans hung, 690  
'The strokes redoubled on his buckler rung;  
Confiding now in bulky strength he stands,  
Now turns, and backward bears the yielding bands;  
Now stiff recedes, yet hardly seems to fly,  
And threats his followers with retorted eye. 695  
Fix'd as the bar between two warring powers,  
While hissing darts descend in iron showers:  
In his broad buckler many a weapon stood,  
Its surface bristled with a quivering wood;  
And many a javelin, guiltless on the plain, 700  
Marks the dry dust, and thirsts for blood in vain.  
But bold Eurypylus his aid imparts,  
And dauntless springs beneath a cloud of darts;  
Whose eager javelin launch'd against the foe,  
Great Apisaon felt the fatal blow, 705

From his torn liver the red current flow'd,  
And his slack knees desert their dying load.  
The victor rushing to despoil the dead,  
From Paris' bow a vengeful arrow fled:  
Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon stood, 710  
Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood.  
Back to the lines the wounded Greek retir'd,  
Yet thus, retreating, his associates fir'd.

What God, O Grecians! has your hearts dismay'd?  
Oh, turn to arms; 'tis Ajax claims your aid. 715  
This hour he stands the mark of hostile rage,  
And this the last brave battle he shall wage;  
Haste, join your forces; from the gloomy grave  
The warrior rescue, and your country save. 719

Thus urg'd the chief; a generous troop appears,  
Who spread their bucklers, and advance their spears,  
To guard their wounded friend: while thus they stand  
With pious care, great Ajax joins the band:  
Each takes new courage at the hero's sight;  
The hero rallies and renews the fight. 725

Thus rag'd both armies like conflicting fires,  
While Nestor's chariot far from fight retires:  
His coursers steep'd in sweat, and stain'd with gore,  
The Greeks' preserver, great Machaon, bore.  
That hour, Achilles from the topmost height 730  
Of his proud fleet, o'erlook'd the fields of fight;  
His feasted eyes beheld around the plain  
The Grecian rout, the slaying, and the slain.  
His friend Machaon singled from the rest,  
A transient pity touch'd his vengeful breast. 735  
Straight to Menœtius' much-lov'd son he sent;  
Graceful as Mars, Patroclus quits his tent:  
In evil hour! Then fate decreed his doom;  
And fix'd the date of all his woes to come.

Why calls my friend? Thy lov'd injunctions lay, 740  
Whate'er thy will, Patroclus shall obey.

O first of friends! (Pelides thus reply'd)  
Still at my heart, and ever at my side!

The time is come, when yon despairing host  
Shall learn the value of the man they lost: 745  
Now at my knees the Greeks shall pour their moan,  
And proud Atrides tremble on his throne.  
Go now to Nestor, and from him be taught  
What wounded warrior late his chariot brought?  
For, seen at distance, and but seen behind, 750  
His form recall'd Machaon to my mind;  
Nor could I, through yon cloud, discern his face,  
'The coursers past me with so swift a pace.

The hero said. His friend obey'd with haste,  
Through intermingled ships and tents he past; 755  
The chiefs descending from their car he found;  
The panting steeds Eurymedon unbound.  
The warriors standing on the breezy shore,  
To dry their sweat, and wash away the gore,  
Here paus'd a moment, while the gentle gale 760  
Convey'd that freshness the cool seas exhale;

Then to consult on further methods went,  
And took their seats beneath the shady tent.  
The draught prescrib'd, fair Hecamede prepares,  
Arsinoüs' daughter, grac'd with golden hairs: 765

(Whom to his aged arms, a royal slave,  
Greece, as the prize of Nestor's wisdom, gave.)  
A table first with azure feet she plac'd;  
Whose ample orb a brazen charger grac'd:  
Honey new-press'd, the sacred flower of wheat, 770  
And wholesome garlic crown'd the savory treat.

Next her white hand a spacious goblet brings,  
A goblet sacred to the Pylian kings  
From eldest times: the massy sculptur'd vase,  
Glittering with golden studs, four handles grace; 775  
And curling vines around each handle roll'd  
Support two turtle-doves emboss'd in gold.

A massy weight, yet heav'd with ease by him,  
When the brisk nectar overlook'd the brim.  
Temper'd in this, the nymph of form divine 780  
Pours a large portion of the Pramnian wine;

With goat's-milk cheese a flavoured taste bestows,  
And last with flour the smiling surface strows.  
'This for the wounded prince the dame prepares;  
The cordial beverage reverend Nestor shares: 785  
Salubrious draughts the warriors' thirst allay,  
And pleasing conference beguiles the day.

Meantime Patroclus, by Achilles sent,  
Unheard approach'd, and stood before the tent.  
Old Nestor rising then, the hero led 790  
To his high seat; the chief refus'd, and said,  
'Tis now no season for these kind delays;  
The great Achilles with impatience stays.  
To great Achilles this respect I owe;  
Who asks what hero, wounded by the foe, 795  
Was borne from combat by thy foaming steeds.  
With grief I see the great Machaon bleeds,  
This to report, my hasty course I bend;  
Thou know'st the fiery temper of my friend.

Can then the sons of Greece (the sage rejoin'd) 800  
Excite compassion in Achilles' mind?  
Seeks he the sorrows of our host to know?  
'This is not half the story of our wo.  
'Tell him, not great Machaon bleeds alone.  
Our bravest heroes in the navy groan, 805  
Ulysses Agamemnon, Diomed,  
And stern Eurypylus, already bleed.  
But ah! what flattering hopes I entertain!  
Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain:  
Ev'n till the flames consume our fleet he stays, 810  
And waits the rising of the fatal blaze.  
Chief after chief the raging foe destroys;  
Calm he looks on, and every death enjoys.  
Now the slow course of all-impairing time  
Unstrings my nerves, and ends my manly prime; 815  
Oh! had I still that strength my youth possess'd,  
When this bold arm th' Epeian powers oppress'd,  
The bulls of Elis, in glad triumph led,  
And stretch'd the great Itymonæus dead!

Then from my fury fled the trembling swains, 820  
And ours was all the plunder of the plains:  
Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of swine,  
As many goats, as many lowing kine:  
And thrice the number of unrivall'd steeds,  
All teeming females, and of generous breeds. 825  
These, as my first essay of arms, I won;  
Old Neleus glory'd in his conquering son.  
Thus Elis forc'd, her long arrears restor'd,  
And shares were parted to each Pylian lord.  
The state of Pyle was sunk to last despair, 830  
When the proud Eliaus first commenc'd the war.  
For Neleus' sons Alcides' rage had slain;  
Of twelve bold brothers, I alone remain!  
Oppress'd, we arm'd; and now this conquest gain'd,  
My sire three hundred chosen sheep obtain'd. 835  
(That large reprisal he might justly claim,  
For prize defrauded, and insulted fame,  
When Elis' monarch at the public course  
Detain'd his chariot and victorious horse.)  
The rest the people shar'd; myself survey'd 840  
The just partition, and due victims paid.  
Three days were past, when Elis rose to war,  
With many a courser, and with many a car;  
The sons of Actor at their army's head  
(Young as they were) the vengeful squadrons led. 845  
High on a rock fair Thryoëssa stands,  
Our utmost frontier on the Pylian lands;  
Not far the streams of fam'd Alphæus flow;  
The stream they pass'd, and pitch'd their tents below.  
Pallas, descending in the shades of night, 850  
Alarms the Pylians, and commands the fight.  
Each burns for fame, and swells with martial pride;  
Myself the foremost; but my sire deny'd;  
Fear'd for my youth, expos'd to stern alarms;  
And stopp'd my chariot, and detain'd my arms. 855  
My sire deny'd in vain: on foot I fled  
Amidst our chariots: for the Goddess led.

Along fair Arene's delightful plain,  
 Soft Minyas rolls his waters to the main.  
 There, horse and foot, the Pylian troops unite, 860  
 And, sheath'd in arms, expect the dawning light.  
 Thence, ere the sun advanc'd his noon-day flame,  
 To great Alphæus' sacred source we came.  
 There first to Jove our solemn rites were paid;  
 An untam'd heifer pleas'd the blue-ey'd Maid; 865  
 A bull Alphæus; and a bull was slain  
 To the blue monarch of the watery main.  
 In arms we slept, beside the winding flood,  
 While round the town the fierce Epeians stood.  
 Soon as the sun, with all-revealing ray, 870  
 Flam'd in the front of heaven, and gave the day;  
 Bright scenes of arms, and works of war appear;  
 The nations meet; there Pylos, Elis here.  
 The first who fell, beneath my javelin bled;  
 King Augias' son, and spouse of Agamede: 875  
 (She that all simples' healing virtues knew,  
 And every herb that drinks the morning dew.)  
 I seiz'd his car, the van of battle led;  
 Th' Epeians saw, they trembled, and they fled.  
 The foe dispers'd, their bravest warrior kill'd, 880  
 Fierce as a whirlwind now I swept the field:  
 Full fifty captive chariots grac'd my train;  
 Two chiefs from each, fell breathless to the plain.  
 Then Actor's sons had dy'd, but Neptune shrouds  
 The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds. 885  
 O'er heapy shields, and o'er the prostrate throng,  
 Collecting spoils, and slaughtering all along,  
 Through wide Buprasian fields we forc'd the foes,  
 Where o'er the vales th' Olenian rocks arose;  
 Till Pallas stopp'd us where Alisium flows. 890  
 Ev'n there the hindmost of their rear I slay,  
 And the same arm that led, concludes the day,  
 Then back to Pyle triumphant take my way.  
 There to high Jove were public thanks assign'd,  
 As first of Gods; to Nestor, of mankind. 895



Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood;  
So prov'd my valor for my country's good.

Achilles with unactive fury glows,  
And gives to passion what to Greece he owes.  
How shall he grieve, when to th' eternal shade 900  
Her host shall sink, nor his the power to aid?

O friend! my memory recalls the day,  
When, gathering aids along the Grecian sea,  
I, and Ulysses, touch'd at Pthia's port,  
And enter'd Peleus' hospitable court. 905

A bull to Jove he slew in sacrifice,  
And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs.  
Thyself, Achilles, and thy reverend sire  
Menœtius, turn'd the fragments on the fire.  
Achilles sees us, to the feast invites; 910

Social we sit, and share the genial rites.  
We then explain'd the cause on which we came,  
Urg'd you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.  
Your ancient fathers generous precepts gave;  
Peleus said only this—"My son! be brave." 915

Menœtius thus: "Though great Achilles shine  
"In strength superior, and of race divine,  
"Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend;  
"Let thy just counsels aid, and rule thy friend."  
Thus spoke your father at Thessalia's court; 920

Words now forgot, though now of vast import.  
Ah! try the utmost that a friend can say,  
Such gentle force the fiercest minds obey.  
Some favoring God Achilles' heart may move;  
Though deaf to glory, he may yield to love. 925

If some dire oracle his breast alarm,  
If aught from heaven withhold his saving arm;  
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,  
If thou but lead the Myrmidonian line;  
Clad in Achilles' arms, if thou appear, 930

Proud Troy may tremble, and desist from war;  
Press'd by fresh forces her o'er-labor'd train  
Shall seek their walls, and Greece respire again.

This touch'd his generous heart, and from the tent  
Along the shore with hasty strides he went; 935  
Soon as he came, where, on the crowded strand,  
The public mart and courts of justice stand,  
Where the tall fleet of great Ulysses lies,  
And altars to the guardian Gods arise;  
There sad he met the brave Evæmon's son, 940  
Large painful drops from all his members run;  
An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,  
The sable blood in circles mark'd the ground.

As faintly reeling he confess'd the smart;  
Weak was his pace, but dauntless was his heart; 945  
Divine compassion touch'd Patroclus' breast,  
Who, sighing, thus his bleeding friend address.

Ah, hapless leaders of the Grecian host!  
Thus must ye perish on a barbarous coast?  
Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore, 950  
Far from your friends, and from your native shore?  
Say, great Eurypylus! shall Greece yet stand?  
Resist she yet the raging Hector's hand?  
Or are her heroes doom'd to die with shame,  
And this the period of our wars and fame? 955

Eurypylus replies: No more, my friend,  
Greece is no more! this day her glories end.  
E'en to the ships victorious Troy pursues,  
Her force increasing as her toil renews.  
Those chiefs, that us'd her utmost rage to meet, 960  
Lie pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in the fleet.

But thou, Patroclus, act a friendly part,  
Lead to my ships, and draw this deadly dart;  
With lukewarm water wash the gore away,  
With healing balms the raging smart allay, 965  
Such as sage Chiron, sire of pharmacy,  
Once taught Achilles, and Achilles thee.  
Of two fam'd surgeons, Podalirius stands  
This hour surrounded by the Trojan bands;  
And great Machaon, wounded in his tent, 970  
Now wants that succor which so oft he lent.

To him the chief. What then remains to do?  
Th' event of things the Gods alone can view.  
Charg'd by Achilles' great command I fly,  
And bear with haste the Pylian king's reply: 975  
But thy distress this instant claims relief.  
He said, and in his arms upheld the chief.  
The slaves their master's slow approach survey'd,  
And hides of oxen on the floor display'd:  
There stretch'd at length the wounded hero lay, 980  
Patroclus cut the forky steel away.  
Then in his hands a bitter root he bruis'd;  
The wound he wash'd, the styptic juice infus'd.  
The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow,  
The wound to torture, and the blood to flow. 985



THE  
**ILIAD.**  
BOOK XII.

N 2

## ARGUMENT.

### *The Battle at the Grecian Wall.*

The Greeks being retired into their intrenchments, Hector attempts to force them; but it proving impossible to pass the ditch, Polydamas advises to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counsel, and, having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the assault. But upon the signal of an eagle with a serpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavors to withdraw them again. This Hector opposes, and continues the attack; in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the first breach in the wall: Hector also casting a stone of a vast size, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriously pursue the Grecians even to their ships.

THE  
ILIAD.

BOOK XII.

**W**HILE thus the hero's pious cares attend  
The cure and safety of his wounded friend,  
Trojans and Greeks with clashing shields engage,  
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.  
Not long the trench or lofty walls oppose; 5  
With Gods averse th' ill-fated works arose;  
Their powers neglected, and no victim slain,  
The walls were rais'd, the trenches sunk in vain.  
Without the Gods, how short a period stands  
The proudest monument of mortal hands! 10  
'This stood while Hector and Achilles rag'd,  
While sacred Troy the warring hosts engag'd;  
But when her sons were slain, her city burn'd,  
And what surviv'd of Greece to Greece return'd;  
Then Neptune and Apollo shook the shore, 15  
Then Ida's summits pour'd their watery store;  
Rhesus and Rhodius then unite their rills,  
Caresus roaring down the stony hills,  
Æsopus, Granicus, with mingled force,  
And Xanthus foaming from his fruitful source; 20  
And gulfy Simoïs, rolling to the main  
Helmets, and shields, and godlike heroes slain:  
These turn'd by Phœbus from their wonted ways,  
Delug'd the rampire nine continual days;

'The weight of waters saps the yielding wall, 25  
And to the sea the floating bulwarks fall.  
Incessant cataracts the Thunderer pours,  
And half the skies descend in sluicy showers.  
The God of Ocean, marching stern before, 29  
With his huge trident wounds the trembling shore,  
Vast stones and piles from their foundation heaves,  
And whelms the smoky ruin in the waves.  
Now smooth'd with sand, and level'd by the flood,  
No fragment tells where once the wonder stood;  
In their old bounds the rivers roll again, 35  
Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.  
But this the Gods in later times perform;  
As yet the bulwark stood, and brav'd the storm;  
The strokes yet echo'd of contending powers;  
War thunder'd at the gates, and blood distain'd the  
towers.  
Smote by the arm of Jove, and dire dismay, 41  
Close by their hollow ships the Grecians lay:  
Hector's approach in every wind they bear,  
And Hector's fury every moment fear.  
He, like a whirlwind, toss'd the scattering throng,  
Mingled the troops, and drove the field along. 46  
So midst the dogs and hunters daring bands,  
Fierce of his might, a boar or lion stands;  
Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,  
And hissing javelins rain an iron storm: 50  
His powers untam'd their bold assault defy,  
And where he turns, the rout disperse, or die:  
He foams, he glares, he bounds against them all,  
And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.  
With equal rage encompass'd Hector glows; 55  
Exhorts his armies and the trenches shows.  
'The panting steeds impatient fury breathe,  
But snort and tremble at the gulf beneath;  
Just on the brink they neigh, and paw the ground,  
And the turf trembles, and the skies resound. 60



Eager they view'd the prospect dark and deep,  
Vast was the leap, and headlong hung the steep;  
The bottom bare, (a formidable show!)  
And bristled thick with sharpen'd stakes below.  
The foot alone this strong defence could force, 65  
And try the pass impervious to the horse.  
This saw Polydamas; who, wisely brave,  
Restrain'd great Hector, and this counsel gave.

Oh thou! bold leader of the Trojan bands,  
And you, confederate chiefs from foreign lands!  
What entrance here can cumbrous chariots find, 71  
The stakes beneath, the Grecian walls behind?  
No pass through those, without a thousand wounds,  
No space for combat in yon narrow bounds.  
Proud of the favors mighty Jove has shown, 75  
On certain dangers we too rashly run:  
If 'tis his will our haughty foes to tame,  
Oh may this instant end the Grecian name!  
Here, far from Argos, let their heroes fall,  
And one great day destroy, and bury all! 80  
But should they turn, and here oppress our train,  
What hopes, what methods of retreat remain?  
Wedg'd in the trench, by our own troops confus'd,  
In one promiscuous carnage crush'd and bruis'd;  
All Troy must perish, if their arms prevail, 85  
Nor shall a Trojan live to tell the tale.  
Hear then, ye warriors! and obey with speed;  
Back from the trenches let your steeds be led,  
Then all alighting, wedg'd in firm array,  
Proceed on foot, and Hector lead the way. 90  
So Greece shall stoop before our conquering power,  
And this (if Jove consent) her fatal hour.

This counsel pleas'd: the godlike Hector sprung  
Swift from his seat; his clanging armor rung.  
The chief's example follow'd by his train, 95  
Each quits his car, and issues on the plain.  
By orders strict the charioteers enjoin'd,  
Compel the coursers to their ranks behind.

The forces part in five distinguish'd bands,  
And all obey their several chiefs' commands. 100

The best and bravest in the first conspire,  
Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with fire:  
Great Hector glorious in the van of these,  
Polydamas, and brave Cebriones.

Before the next the graceful Paris shines, 105  
And bold Alcathoüs, and Agenor joins.

The sons of Priam with the third appear,  
Deïphobus, and Helenus the seer;

In arms with these the mighty Asius stood,  
Who drew from Hyrtacus his noble blood, 110

And whom Arisba's yellow coursers bore,  
The coursers fed on Selle's winding shore.

Antenor's sons the fourth battalion guide,  
And great Æneas, born on fountful Ide, 115

Divine Sarpedon the last band obey'd,  
Whom Glaucus and Asteropæus aid,

Next him, the bravest at their army's head,  
But he more brave than all the hosts he led.

Now with compacted shields in close array,  
The moving legions speed their headlong way: 120

Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,  
And see the Grecians gasping at their feet.

While every Trojan thus, and every aid,  
Th' advice of wise Polydamas obey'd; 125

Asius alone, confiding in his car,  
His vaunted coursers urg'd to meet the war.

Unhappy hero! and advis'd in vain!

Those wheels returning ne'er shall mark the plain;

No more those coursers with triumphant joy  
Restore their master to the gates of Troy! 130

Black death attends behind the Grecian wall,

And great Idomeneus shall boast thy fall.

Fierce to the left he drives, where from the plain

The flying Grecians strove their ships to gain;

Swift through the wall their horse and chariots past,

The gates half-open'd to receive the last. 136

Thither, exulting in his force, he flies:  
His following host with clamors rend the skies;  
To plunge the Grecians headlong in the main,  
Such their proud hopes, but all their hopes were vain!  
To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend, 141  
Who from the Lapiths warlike race descend;  
This Polypœtes, great Perithoïs' heir,  
And that Leonteus, like the God of War.  
As two tall oaks, before the wall they rise; 145  
Their roots in earth, their heads amidst the skies:  
Whose spreading arms with leafy honors crown'd,  
Forbid the tempest, and protect the ground;  
High on the hill appears their stately form,  
And their deep roots for ever brave the storm. 150  
So graceful these, and so the shock they stand  
Of raging Asius, and his furious band.  
Orestes, Acamus, in front appear,  
And Oenomaus and Thoön close the rear;  
In vain their clamors shake the ambient fields, 155  
In vain around them beat their hollow shields;  
The fearless brothers on the Grecians call,  
To guard their navies, and defend the wall.  
E'en when they saw Troy's sable troops impend,  
And Greece tumultuous from her towers descend, 160  
Forth from their portals rush'd th' intrepid pair,  
Oppos'd their breasts, and stood themselves the war.  
So two wild boars spring furious from their den,  
Rous'd with the cries of dogs and voice of men;  
On every side the crackling trees they tear, 165  
And root the shrubs, and lay the forest bare;  
They gnash their tusks, with fire their eye-balls roll,  
Till some wide wound lets out their mighty soul.  
Around their heads the whistling javelins sung,  
With sounding strokes their brazen targets rung; 170  
Fierce was the fight, while yet the Grecian powers  
Maintain'd the walls, and mann'd the lofty towers:  
To save their fleet, the last efforts they try,  
And stones and darts in mingled tempests fly.

As when sharp Boreas blows abroad, and brings  
The dreary winter on his frozen wings; 176  
Beneath the low-hung clouds the sheets of snow  
Descend, and whiten all the fields below:  
So fast the darts on either army pour,  
So down the rampires roll the rocky shower; 180  
Heavy and thick, resound the batter'd shields,  
And the deaf echo rattles round the fields.

With shame repuls'd, with grief and fury driven,  
The frantic Asius thus accuses heaven:  
In powers immortal who shall now believe? 185  
Can those too flatter, and can Jove deceive?  
What man could doubt but Troy's victorious power  
Should humble Greece, and this her fatal hour?  
But like when wasps from hollow crannies drive,  
To guard the entrance of their common hive, 190  
Darkening the rock, while with unweary'd wings  
They strike th' assailants, and infix their stings;  
A race determin'd, that to death contend:  
So fierce these Greeks their last retreats defend.  
Gods! shall two warriors only guard their gates, 195  
Repel an army, and defraud the Fates?

These empty accents mingled with the wind;  
Nor mov'd great Jove's unalterable mind;  
To godlike Hector and his matchless might  
Was ow'd the glory of the destin'd fight. 200  
Like deeds of arms through all the forts were try'd,  
And all the gates sustain'd an equal tide;  
Through the long walls the stony showers were heard,  
The blaze of flames, the flash of arms appear'd.  
The spirit of a God my breast inspire, 205  
To raise each act to life, and sing with fire!  
While Greece unconquer'd kept alive the war,  
Secure of death, confiding in despair;  
And all her guardian Gods, in deep dismay,  
With unassisting arms deplor'd the day. 210

E'en yet the dauntless Lapithæ maintain  
The dreadful pass, and round them heap the slain.

First Damasus, by Polypoetes' steel  
Pierc'd through his helmet's brazen vizor, fell;  
The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore; 215  
The warrior sinks, tremendous now no more!  
Next Ormenus and Pylon yield their breath.  
Nor less Leonteus strows the field with death:  
First through the belt Hippomachus he gor'd,  
Then sudden wav'd his unresisted sword; 220  
Antiphates as through the ranks he broke,  
The falchion struck, and fate pursu'd the stroke;  
Iämenus, Orestes, Menon, bled;  
And round him rose a monument of dead.  
Meantime, the bravest of the Trojan crew, 225  
Bold Hector and Polydamas pursue;  
Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,  
And wrap in rolling flames the fleet and wall.  
These on the further bank now stood and gaz'd,  
By heaven alarm'd, by prodigies amaz'd: 230  
A signal omen stopp'd the passing host,  
Their martial fury in their wonder lost.  
Jove's bird on sounding pinions beat the skies;  
A bleeding serpent of enormous size,  
His talons truss'd; alive, and curling round, 235  
He stung the bird, whose throat receiv'd the wound:  
Mad with the smart, he drops the fatal prey,  
In airy circle wings his painful way,  
Floats on the winds, and rends the heavens with cries:  
Amidst the host the fallen serpent lies. 240  
They, pale with terror, mark'd its spires unroll'd,  
And Jove's portent with beating hearts behold.  
Then first Polydamas the silence broke,  
Long weigh'd the signal, and to Hector spoke.  
How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear, 245  
For words well-meant, and sentiments sincere!  
True to those counsels which I judge the best,  
I tell the faithful dictates of my breast.  
To speak his thoughts, is every freeman's right,  
In peace and war, in council and in fight; 250

And all I move, deferring to thy sway,  
But tends to raise that power which I obey.  
Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain;  
Seek not, this day, the Grecian ships to gain;  
For sure to warn us Jove his omen sent, 255  
And thus my mind explains its clear event.  
The victor eagle, whose sinister flight  
Retards our host, and fills our hearts with fright,  
Dismiss'd his conquest in the middle skies,  
Allow'd to seize, but not possess the prize; 260  
Thus though we gird with fires the Grecian fleet,  
Though these proud bulwarks tumble at our feet,  
Toils unforeseen, and fiercer, are decreed;  
More woes shall follow, and more heroes bleed.  
So bodes my soul, and bids me thus advise: 265  
For thus a skilful seer would read the skies.

To him then Hector with disdain return'd;  
(Fierce as he spoke, his eyes with fury burn'd)  
Are these the faithful counsels of thy tongue?  
Thy will is partial, not thy reason wrong: 270  
Or, if the purpose of thy heart thou vent,  
Sure heaven resumes the little sense it lent.  
What coward counsels would thy madness move,  
Against the word, the will reveal'd of Jove?  
The leading sign, th' irrevocable nod, 275  
And happy thunders of the favoring God,  
These shall I slight? and guide my wavering mind  
By wandering birds, that flit with every wind?  
Ye vagrants of the sky! your wings extend,  
Or where the suns arise, or where descend; 280  
To right, to left, unheeded take your way,  
While I the dictates of high heaven obey.  
Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,  
And asks no omen but his country's cause.  
But why shouldst thou suspect the war's success? 285  
None fears it more, as none promotes it less:  
Though all our chiefs amid yon ships expire,  
Trust thy own cowardice t' escape their fire.

Troy and her sons may find a general grave,  
But thou canst live, for thou canst be a slave. 290  
Yet should the fears that wary mind suggests  
Spread their cold poison through our soldiers' breasts,  
My javelin can revenge so base a part,  
And free the soul that quivers in thy heart.

Furious he spoke, and, rushing to the wall, 295  
Calls on his host; his host obey the call;  
With ardor follow where their leader flies:  
Redoubling clamors thunder in the skies.  
Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of Ide,  
And drifts of dust the clouded navy hide: 300  
He fills the Greeks with terror and dismay,  
And gives great Hector the predestin'd day.  
Strong in themselves, but stronger in their aid,  
Close to the works their rigid siege they laid.  
In vain the mounds and massy beams defend, 305  
While these they undermine, and those they rend;  
Upheave the piles that prop the solid wall;  
And heaps on heaps the smoky ruins fall.  
Greece on her ramparts stands the fierce alarms;  
The crowded bulwarks blaze with waving arms, 310  
Shield touching shield, a long refulgent row;  
Whence hissing darts, incessant, rain below.  
The bold Ajaces fly from tower to tower,  
And rouse, with flame divine, the Grecian power.  
The generous impulse every Greek obeys; 315  
Threats urge the fearful; and the valiant, praise.

Fellows in arms! whose deeds are known to fame,  
And you whose ardor hopes an equal name!  
Since not alike indued with force or art;  
Behold a day when each may act his part! 320  
A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,  
To gain new glories, or augment the old.  
Urge those who stand; and those who faint, excite;  
Drown Hector's vaunts in loud exhortations to fight;  
Conquest, not safety, fill the thoughts of all; 325  
Seek not your fleet, but sally from the wall;

So Jove once more may drive their routed train,  
And Troy lie trembling in her walls again.

Their ardor kindles all the Grecian powers;  
And now the stones descend in heavier showers. 330  
As when high Jove his sharp artillery forms,  
And opes his cloudy magazine of storms;  
In winter's bleak, uncomfortable reign,  
A snowy inundation hides the plain;  
He stills the winds, and bids the skies to sleep; 335  
Then pours the silent tempest, thick and deep:  
And first the mountain-tops are cover'd o'er,  
Then the green fields, and then the sandy shore;  
Bent with the weight the nodding woods are seen,  
And one bright waste hides all the works of men:  
The circling seas alone absorbing all, 341  
Drink the dissolving fleeces as they fall.  
So from each side increas'd the stony rain,  
And the white ruin rises o'er the plain.

Thus godlike Hector and his troops contend 345  
To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend;  
Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks would yield,  
Till great Sarpedon tower'd amid the field;  
For mighty Jove inspir'd with martial flame  
His matchless son, and urg'd him on to fame. 350  
In arms he shines conspicuous from afar,  
And bears aloft his ample shield in air;  
Within whose orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,  
Ponderous with brass, and bound with ductile gold:  
And while two pointed javelins arm his hands, 355  
Majestic moves along, and leads his Lycian bands.

So, press'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow  
Descends a lion on the flocks below;  
So stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,  
In sullen majesty, and stern disdain: 360  
In vain loud mastiffs bay him from afar,  
And shepherds gall him with an iron war;  
Regardless, furious, he pursues his way;  
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.



Resolv'd alike, divine Sarpedon glows 365  
With generous rage that drives him on the foes.  
He views the towers, and meditates their fall,  
To sure destruction dooms th' aspiring wall;  
Then, casting on his friend an ardent look,  
Fir'd with the thirst of glory, thus he spoke. 370

Why boast we, Glaucus! our extended reign,  
Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain,  
Our numerous herds that range the fruitful field,  
And hills where vines their purple harvest yield,  
Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd, 375  
Our feasts enhanc'd with music's sprightly sound!  
Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd,  
Admir'd as heroes, and as Gods obey'd;  
Unless great acts superior merit prove,  
And vindicate the bounteous powers above? 380  
'Tis ours, the dignity they give to grace;  
The first in valor, as the first in place:  
That when with wondering eyes our martial bands  
Behold our deeds transcending our commands,  
Such, they may cry, deserve the sovereign state,  
Whom those that envy, dare not imitate! 386  
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,  
Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,  
For lust of fame I should not vainly dare  
In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war. 390  
But since, alas! ignoble age must come,  
Disease, and death's inexorable doom;  
The life which others pay, let us bestow,  
And give to fame what we to nature owe;  
Brave though we fall, and honor'd if we live, 395  
Or let us glory gain, or glory give!

He said; his words the listening chief inspire  
With equal warmth, and rouse the warrior's fire;  
The troops pursue their leaders with delight,  
Rush to the foe, and claim the promis'd fight. 400  
Menestheus from on high the storm beheld  
Threat'ning the fort, and blackening in the field:

Around the walls he gaz'd, to view from far  
What aid appear'd t' avert th' approaching war,  
And saw where Teucer with th' Ajaces stood, 405  
Of fight insatiate, prodigal of blood.

In vain he calls; the din of helms and shields  
Rings to the skies, and echoes through the fields,  
The brazen hinges fly, the walls resound,  
Heaven trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all the  
ground. 410

Then thus to Thoös;—Hence with speed, (he said)  
And urge the bold Ajaces to our aid;  
Their strength, united, best may help to bear  
The bloody labors of the doubtful war:  
Hither the Lycian princes bend their course, 415  
The best and bravest of the hostile force.  
But if too fiercely there the foes contend,  
Let Telamon at least our towers defend,  
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow,  
To share the danger, and repel the foe. 420

Swift at the word, the herald speeds along  
The lofty ramparts, through the martial throng;  
And finds the heroes bath'd in sweat and gore,  
Oppos'd in combat on the dusty shore.  
Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands! 425  
Your aid (said Thoös) Peteus' son demands,  
Your strength, united, best may help to bear  
The bloody labors of the doubtful war:  
Thither the Lycian princes bend their course,  
The best and bravest of the hostile force. 430  
But if too fiercely here the foes contend,  
At least, let Telamon those towers defend,  
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow;  
To share the danger, and repel the foe. 434

Straight to the fort great Ajax turn'd his care,  
And thus bespoke his brothers of the war.  
Now, valiant Lycomedes! exert your might,  
And, brave Oïleus, prove your force in fight:

To you I trust the fortune of the field,  
Till by this arm the foe shall be repell'd; 440  
That done, expect me to complete the day—  
Then, with his seven-fold shield, he strode away.  
With equal steps bold Teucer press'd the shore,  
Whose fatal bow the strong Pandion bore. 444

High on the walls appear'd the Lycian powers,  
Like some black tempest gathering round the towers;  
The Greeks, oppress'd, their utmost force unite,  
Prepar'd to labor in th' unequal fight;  
The war renews, mix'd shouts and groans arise;  
Tumultuous clamor mounts, and thickens in the skies.  
Fierce Ajax first th' advancing host invades, 451  
And sends the brave Epicles to the shades,  
Sarpedon's friend; across the warrior's way,  
Rent from the walls, a rocky fragment lay;  
In modern ages not the strongest swain 455  
Could heave th' unwieldy burden from the plain.  
He pois'd, and swung it round; then, toss'd on high,  
It flew with force, and labor'd up the sky;  
Full on the Lycian's helmet thundering down,  
The ponderous ruin crush'd his batter'd crown. 460  
As skilful divers from some airy steep,  
Headlong descend, and shoot into the deep,  
So falls Epicles; then in groans expires,  
And murmuring to the shades the soul retires.

While to the ramparts daring Glaucus drew, 465  
From Teucer's hand a winged arrow flew;  
The bearded shaft the destin'd passage found,  
And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.  
The chief, who fear'd some foe's insulting boast  
Might stop the progress of his warlike host, 470  
Conceal'd the wound, and, leaping from his height,  
Retir'd reluctant from th' unfinish'd fight.  
Divine Sarpedon with regret beheld  
Disabled Glaucus slowly quit the field;  
His beating breast with generous ardor glows, 475  
He springs to fight, and flies upon the foes.

Alcmæon first was doom'd his force to feel;  
Deep in his breast he plung'd the pointed steel;  
Then, from the yawning wound with fury tore  
The spear, pursu'd by gushing streams of gore; 480  
Down sinks the warrior with a thundering sound,  
His brazen armor rings against the ground.

Swift to the battlement the victor flies,  
Tugs with full force, and every nerve applies;  
It shakes; the ponderous stones disjointed yield;  
The rolling ruins smoke along the field. 486

A mighty breach appears, the walls lie bare;  
And, like a deluge, rushes in the war.

At once bold Teucer draws his twanging bow,  
And Ajax sends his javelin at the foe: 490

Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon stood,  
And through his buckler drove the trembling wood;

But Jove was present in the dire debate,  
To shield his offspring, and avert his fate.

The prince gave back, not meditating flight, 495  
But urging vengeance, and severer fight;

Then, rais'd with hope, and fir'd with glory's charms,  
His fainting squadrons to new fury warms.

O where, ye Lycians! is the strength you boast?  
Your former fame and ancient virtue lost! 500

The breach lies open, but your chief in vain  
Attempts alone the guardled pass to gain:

Unite, and soon that hostile fleet shall fall;  
The force of powerful union conquers all.

This just rebuke inflam'd the Lycian crew, 505  
They join, they thicken, and th' assault renew;

Unmov'd th' embodied Greeks their fury dare,  
And fix'd support the weight of all the war;

Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian powers,  
Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian towers. 510

As, on the confines of adjoining grounds,  
Two stubborn swains with blows dispute their bounds;  
They tug, they sweat; but neither gain or yield,  
One foot, one inch, of the contended field;

Thus obstinate to death they fight, they fall; 515

Nor these can keep, nor those can win the wall.

Their manly breasts are pierc'd with many a wound,

Loud strokes are heard, and rattling arms resound,

The copious slaughter covers all the shore,

And the high ramparts drop with human gore. 520

As when two scales are charg'd with doubtful loads,

From side to side the trembling balance nods,

(While some laborious matron, just and poor,

With nice exactness weighs her woolly store)

Till, pois'd aloft, the resting beam suspends 525

Each equal weight; nor this, nor that, descends:

So stood the war, till Hector's matchless might

With Fates prevailing, turn'd the scale of fight.

Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,

And fires his host with loud repeated cries. 530

Advance, ye Trojans! lend your valiant hands,

Haste to the fleet, and toss the blazing brands!

They hear, they run; and gathering at his call,

Raise scaling engines, and ascend the wall:

Around the works a wood of glittering spears 535

Shoots up, and all the rising host appears.

A ponderous stone bold Hector heav'd to throw,

Pointed above, and rough and gross below:

Not two strong men th' enormous weight could raise,

Such men as live in these degenerate days. 540

Yet this, as easy as a swain could bear

The snowy fleece, he toss'd, and shook in air:

For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its load

Th' unwieldy rock, the labor of a God.

Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came, 545

Of massy substance, and stupendous frame;

With iron bars and brazen hinges strong,

On lofty beams of solid timber hung:

Then, thundering thro' the planks with forceful sway,

Drives the sharp rock; the solid beams give way,

The folds are shatter'd; from the crackling door 551

Leap the resounding bars, the flying hinges roar.

Now rushing in, the furious chief appears,  
Gloomy as night! and shakes two shining spears:  
A dreadful gleam from his bright armor came, 55  
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living flame.  
He moves a God, resistless in his course,  
And seems a match for more than mortal force.  
Then pouring after, through the gaping space,  
A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place; 560  
The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly;  
The shore is heap'd with death, and tumult rends the  
sky.

·END OF VOL. I.







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